Campbell. 1. f. 22

Metrical Effusions,

ON A

VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

—— tamen ipse trementi
Carmina ducebam qualiacunque manu.
Ovid. Trist. Lib. I. Eleg. X.

THE SECOND EDITION,

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

BY

EWEN MACLACHLAN, A.M.

TEACHER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
OLD ABERDEEN.

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PREFACE.

THE volume that now bespeaks the Reader's indulgence, contains a selection of the Author's Metrical Performances, written at different intervals of time, since his arrival and settlement in Old Aberdeen. Specimens of these Compositions, having been nine years ago printed in a small duodecimo pamphlet, were received by the Public with flattering tokens of approbation.—Since the sale of the first impression, which was disposed of in less than two months, the Author had been repeatedly solicited to come forward with a second edition. He would have long since complied with the request of his partial friends, but was prevented from accomplishing his wish, by the urgency of incessant labour, unavoidably connected with the circumstances of his situation. Regretting, however, that several of his pieces were copied in manuscript, with inaccuracies which multiplied in the progress of circulation, he lately devoted a few days to their revisal and arrangement for publication, carefully removing what blemishes his limited opportunities enabled him to discover, and sparing no pains to render his little Delectus deserving of general encouragement.

In its present form, he now submits it, with respectful deference, to the perusal of a candid and enlightened Public.—On the subject of its poetical merit, he presumes not to hazard an opinion; but he would hope, that few errors, prominently gross, have escaped detection; and these, he trusts, the liberal Critic will either efface, or point out for future correction, with the hand of friendship and forgiveness. He feels happy in the

consciousness, that no sentiment, inimical to the cause of Religion or Morality, has been suffered to contaminate his page; and that his assiduous exertions have been directed to the cultivation of the youthful mind, attempting, through the instrumentality of simple and unambitious Song, to display Virtue in the costume of her own fascinating attractions, and to cheer the woes of Life's pilgrimage, with occasional glimpses and distant prospects of scenes unaffected by the storms of sublunary vicissitude, where afflicted worth shall obtain a permanent reward, where the tears of the weeping shall be dried, and, where the weary shall rest from the burden of earthly toil.

For the satisfaction of the Academical Student, it has been deemed proper to insert here a few concise notes illustrative of the versification employed in the Latin Poems that form the beginning of this collection. If unacquainted with scanning verse, the reader may derive considerable assistance from the study of the following general canons, before he enters on the detail of particulars.

1. A syllable at the end of a verse is common.

2. A vowel before two mute consonants, in the same word, is long.

3. A diphthong, generally long.

4. A vowel before a vowel, generally short.

5. *A*, *o*, *u*, in ablatives singular, *o*, *i*, in datives singular, and *e* of the first and fifth declensions, are all long; *e* of the second and third declensions, always short.—The Greek vowels, η, ω, are long, and ε, ο, short. The representatives of these in Latin, follow the quantity of their prototypes.

6. *As*, *es*, *is*, *os*, *us*, in accusatives plural, and *is* in datives and ablatives plural, are long. For exceptions, consult Watt's, or Ruddiman's Grammar.

SCANNING.

In tables of scanning, the stroke - marks a long syllable, and v a short.

The Common Feet.

Cæsura,	-	Dactylus,	- vv
Pyrrhichius,	vv	Anapæstus,	vv -
Spondæus,	- -	Tribrachys,	vvv
Iambus,	v -	Amphimacer,	- v -
Trochæus,	- v	Choriambus,	- vv -

Monocolon, signifies one kind of verse; *Dicolon*, two kinds; *Tricolon*, three kinds, (*carmen* or *genus* being understood.)

The word *Strophe* denotes a single line of poetry; *Distrophon*, (*carmen* vel *genus*), verse that runs in couplets; *Tristrophon*, such as runs in triplets; and *Tetrastrophon*, when four lines make a stanza.

Genera Carminum, or Kinds of Verse employed in this Collection.

I. Major Alcaic, or Carmen Horatianum. The form of this stanza is Tricolon Tetrastrophon. Horace has employed it in Lib. I. Od. 9. and George Buchanan in his 7th Psalm.—Scan it thus:

* - - | v - | - | - vv | - vv
v - | v - | - | - vv | - vv
- - | v - | - | - vv | - vv
- | v - | - | - vv | - vv
} Dactylic Alcaic

- - | v - | - - | v - | - Archilochian Iambic
v -

- vv | - vv | - v | - v Dactylic Pindaric

Scan thus, O Diva blandos, p. 5. Jam Noctis umbras, p. 12. Sic fatur, orbes, p. 27. Aurora, salve, p. 31.

* That is, - -, or v-, in the first foot, indifferently.

II. Minor Alcaic, like Hor. Lib. I. Od. 5. and Buchan. Psal. 9. The form is Tricolon Tetrastrophon, and the measure as follows:

- -	-vv	-	-vv	-vv	Major Asclepiadic
- -	-vv	-	-vv	-vv	
	--		-vv	--	Pherecratian Heroic
	--		-vv	-vv	Glyconic Trimeter

E. g. Qui sublime meas, p. 8. Vitæ dum roseis, p. 25. Auditis strepitum, p. 30. O quem Pierides, p. 37.

III. Dicolon Tetrastrophon. The verse is called Sapphic, like Hor. Lib. I. Od. 2. and Buch. Ps. 5.

-v	--	-vv	-v	-v	Sapphic
-v	--	-vv	-v	-v	
-v	--	-vv	-v	-v	
			-vv	--	Adonic

Desinis flavo, p. 9. Noctis obscuras, p, 77. Æthra consurgat, p. 32. are Sapphic verse.

IV. Dicolon Tetrastrophon, like Hor. Lib. I. Od. 6. Buchan. Ps. 23. Thus:

- -	-vv	-	-vv	-vv	Asclepiadeic
- -	-vv	-	-vv	-vv	
- -	-vv	-	-vv	-vv	
	- -		-vv	-vv	Glyconic Trimeter

Others scan the Asclepiadeic, thus:

- -	-vv-	-vv-	vv,
--		-vv-	vv;

and the Glyconic
but the former method is reckoned preferable.

The pieces Autumnum vario, p. 15. Ecquisnam Adamidum, p. 23. Vos, cœli, Dominum, p. 28. and Mulcebat placidis, p. 29. are Tetrastrophic Asclepiadeics of this form.

V. Dicolon Distrophon, like Hor. Lib. I. Ode 3. Buchan. Ps. 14. The shorter line is Glyconic trimeter; and the longer, an Asclepiadeic. Vid. Gen. IV. This is the measure of Durus conficitur mihi, p. 34.

VI. Monocolous Asclepiadeic, running in Quaternaries, like Buch. Ps. 28. Si non luctificas, p. 26. has this form and metre. Scan it like the first line of Genus II.

VII. Monocolous Alcaic, running in quaternaries, each line like the first of Genus I. Buchanan employs it in Ps. 26. Stulti frequentent, p. 26. is an example.

VIII. Dimeter Iambic, in quaternaries, like Buchan. Ps. 13.

v- | v- | v- | v-. Thus scan *Beatus ille,* p. 24.
-- | | -- |

IX. Trimeter Iambic, like Hor. Epod. 17. Buch. Ps. 25. Quid tum, nefandum, p. 33. is of this measure. It scans as follows:

v- | v- | v- | v - | v - | v-
-- | | -- | | - - |
| | | | vv- |

It admits other feet in the unequal places; but the verse would be very pleasing, if no foot but v- were introduced, in the equal cadences. See Ruddiman, and Dr Adam of Edinburgh, who give, severally, a complete account of this verse.

X. Hexameter Heroic, as in Virgil. This is the measure of Frondibus ut cesset, p. 34. Jam Sol auricomus, p. 20. It contains six feet, of which the fifth must be -vv, and the sixth - -; but the first four may be -vv, or - -, at pleasure.

XI. Dicolon Distrophon. This is Elegiac. It consists of Hexameters and Pentameters, alternately. For Hexameter, see Genus X. A Pentameter is thus divided:

- - | - - | - | -vv | -vv | -
-vv | -vv |

The pieces that begin with the words Hæc documenta, p. 10. Jam Sol hesperio, p. 18. Desiit ut stolidi, p. 25. Ad tua Lachlanidæ, p. 36. Istius ut cedens, p. 38. are composed in Elegiac verse.

N.B—To facilitate the scanning of Hexameter verse, detach from the line the final -vv and --. For the other four feet, ascertain the quantity of their syllables, as far as it can be done, by the Prosody Canons delivered in page IV. Remember that the first syllable of every foot must be long, and that two short syllables stand together, in every situation.—If a word ends with a vowel, or with any of the syllables *am*, *em*, *im*, *om*, *um*, the said terminal vowel or syllable must be cut off before the initial vowel, or *h*, of the word following. These directions will suffice for scanning any regular Hexameter.

REFERENCE TABLE FOR SCANNING.

O Diva blandos, -	Gen. I.	Stulti frequentent,	Gen. VII.
Qui sublime meas, -	II.	Sic fatur orbes -	VIII.
Desinis flavo, - -	III.	Vos cœli, Dominum,	IV.
Hæc documenta, -	XI.	Mulcebat placidis, -	IV.
Jam Noctis umbras, -	I.	Auditis strepitum, -	II.
Autumnum vario, -	IV.	Aurora salve, -	I.
Noctis obscuras, -	III.	Æthra consurgat, -	III.
Jam Sol hesperio, -	XI.	Quid tum? nefandum,	IX.
Jam Sol auricomus, -	X.	Frondibus ut cessent, -	X.
Ecquisnam Adamidum,	IV.	Durus conficitur, -	V.
Beatus ille, - -	VIII.	Ad tua, Lachlanidæ, -	XI.
Desiit ut stolidi, -	XI.	O quem Pierides, -	II.
Vitæ dum roseis, -	II.	Istius ut cedens, or	XI.
Si non luctificas, -	VI.	Darthula's Valediction,	

ERRATUM.—P. 28. line 5. for "*offusis*," read "*obductis*."

The candid Reader will also be pleased, in place of line 30. *of the Latin Winter Piece, p.* 21.

Effusus glomerato turbine grando,

to substitute the following, viz.—

Effusi glomeratæ grandinis imbres.

EVENI LACHLANIDÆ,

ABRIENSIS,

CARMINUM

LIBER UNUS.

EDITIO ALTERA, PRIORE EMENDATIOR.

Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine Musam.

VIRG.

ABREDONIÆ;
EXCUDEBANT D. CHALMERS ET SOC.
ACAD. TYPOGRAPH.

1816.

DISCIPULIS PERDILECTIS DICIT AUCTOR PLURIMAM SALUTEM.

LIBELLUM hunc, parvuli dulcissimi, in vestram gratiam nuper exaratum, jam ex prælo recentem, vestri juris facere decrevi. Consilium fuit, his odariis contexendis, vocabula et loquendi formas poëtis usitatiores vestros ob oculos proponere, quarum mediocri supellectile comparatâ, viam ad laurigerum Parnassi cacumen, agelli mei stratam flosculis, molliore quasi anfractu consendere valeatis.

Scribendi artem discentes, literas præceptoris quem diligunt manu quantumvis mediocriter ductas imitari gaudent; quippe sperant fore ut magistrum mox vel æquent vel etiam antecedant; quum exemplarium æneis tabulis expressorum venustatem nullo imitandi conamine assequi posse videantur. Eâdem vos spe permoti, ab nostris initia sumentes, progressu temporis carmina forsan his longè meliora pangetis, vel saltem elegantes vatum principum locutiones minore negotio percipietis.— Valete, et hocce qualecunque, pro vestro erga nos amore, tentamen æqui bonique consulite.

Vet. Aberdon. prid. Id. Quinctil. 1816.

COLLEGIUM BENGALENSE:

NOBILISSIMO ET ORNATISSIMO

MARCHIONI DE WELLESLEY,

Indiæ Orientalis Præfecto,

CARMEN ALCAICUM.

Redeunt Saturnia regna.
VIRGIL.

O DIVA,* blandos quæ regis aureæ
Lyræ susurros, carmine tigrides
Mulcere sylvestres, et altis
Sueta jugis animare quercus:
Quæ fronde cingis tempora Delphicâ
Phœbo calentûm, non meritis mori
Sublime quæ vectis per auras
Tecta Deûm radiata pandis!
Nectas coronam lumine splendidam
Musarum Alumno, bellipotens Pater
Quem Mars secundat, quem Minerva
Diligit, et Patareus Apollo,
Velleslio, cui sceptra Britanniæ
Tuenda, felix sors dedit Indiæ;
Quem vexit ad summos honores
Ausonidûm rediviva virtus.
Non quòd Marattæ contuderis minas,
Non quòd Britanno fulmine verteris

* Calliope.

Arces superbas quas tremendus
Mysoreûm tenuit Tyrannus,
Vir magne! crescunt præcipuæ tibi
Laudes, sed artes auspiciis tuis
Quod floreant almis venustæ,
Quâ priùs obruerat tenebris
Nox longa sensus. En! ubi pinguia
Liquore Ganges latifluus rigat
Vireta, consurgunt columnis
Magnificis nova templa, Musis
Colenda cunctis. Auspice Te, novus
Parnassus oris orbis in ultimis
Ad astra tendit, lætus umbrâ
Populeâ, viridique lauro.
Hic lecta pubes quam tulit Albion
Nutrix virorum Marte valentium
Fœcunda, te præbente, pleno
Castalias bibit ore lymphas.
En claustra, longis condita sæculis,
Quæ turba muro Brachmana ferreo
Muniverat, tactu profano
Non stolidi violanda vulgi,
Tibi patescunt; quicquid in arborum
Vetusta fulvo cortice scalpserat
Ætas; gravis finxit quod Indus,
Doctus Arabs, nitidusve Perses;
Tot gesta regum fortia, tot ducum
Quos alma circùm fulsit adorea,
Tot sæcla, Lethæis ab umbris
Voce tuâ reparata surgunt.
Eous orbis discere nunc avet
Legum Occidentis jussa salubria;

Quos cara Libertas et Æquum
Indomitis animos Britannis
Dedêre; fuscæ Bengalidûm stupent
Turbæ; sonoris India plausibus
Felix triumphat, dum juventus
Frigoribus Borealis Arcti
Durata, totis æmula viribus
Innisa, culti proferat ingenî
Fructus amœnos qui perustas
Lætificent Orientis oras.
En nox tenebris horrida diffugit!
Lux pura splendet nubibus aureis!
En fracta procumbit Tyrannis!
Vincla cadunt, manibus soluta!
Non hinc parentes conjugii sacra
Mergent profundo pignora gurgite;
Conjux superstes non rogali
Membra dabit populanda flammæ;
Sincera sed Pax, almaque Faustitas
Indos revisent, Rege sub optimo
Junctos Britannis; sæclo et auri
Rursus ovans juvenescet orbis.
At vos, verendum Bengaliæ decus,
Salus juventæ, lumina patriæ,
Florete, Doctores! Eoum
Pergite condecorare cœlum!
Nam vestri honores, nobilis et Ducis*
Recens nitescet gloria, dum polus
Micabit, et Rector diei
Sol rutilo tcrct astra curru.
Et tu, puellæ quo varium melos
Favente pangunt Castalides lyrâ,

* Marchionis Welleslii, sciz.

Floreto ! te pennâ superstes
Fama vehet metuente solvi,
Benigne Claudi ! tot tibi dum chorus
Pimplæus ardet nectere laureas,
Hanc corde grato fert corollam
Pieriæ novus hospes undæ.

IN SOLEM ORIENTEM,

OSSIANI FINGALIDÆ CARMINIS

INTERPRETATIO.

QUI sublime meas orbe volubili,
Plenus, ceu clypeus Bellipotentium,
O Sol ! unde reluces ?
Æternum unde fluit jubar ?
Majestate venis fulgidus aureâ ;
Vanescunt rutilis sidera flammulis ;
Pallet Luna, sub undas
Condens occiduas caput.
Solus carpis iter. Quis comes audeat
Tecum cœruleum scandere tramitem ?
Solvit saxa vetustas ;
Montis robora corruunt ;
Alternis refluunt gurgitibus freta :
Mutans Luna vices æthere deficit ;
Solus luce perenni
Tu gaudens peragis viam.

Si, quando tenebris orbis inhorruit,
Nimbos pervolitent fulmina turbidos,
Cœli ex arce serenus
Ridens murmura despicis.
Frustra sed misero Fingalidæ nites,
Haud visuro oculis, seu faciem super
Crinis nubis Eoæ
Latè spargitur aureus,
Seu fuscam tremulos Oceani jacis
Ad portam radios. Sed tibi forsitan
Ut mî, defluit ætas
Cœlo, limen ad ultimum
Languentis senii. Viribus O tuis
Sol! lætare, vigor dum solidus tibi:
Torpet fœda senectus;
Luna emittit inutile
Campos sic vacuos despiciens jubar,
Et canis nebulæ molibus incubant:
Caurus sibilat; erro
Tarde progreditur tremens.

EJUSDEM,

AD SOLEM OCCIDUUM,

CARMINIS INTERPRETATIO.

DESINIS, flavo radiate crine,
Cœrulos cursus peragrare cœli?
Eu tibi furvæ spatiosa noctis
Aula patescit.

Hesperus fesso tibi dat cubile;
Erigunt curvi sua dorsa fluctus,
Ut reclinatum videant securos
Carpere somnos.
En tui vultus roseo nitore,
Membra dum captant placidam quietem,
Territi, retro fugiunt, et alto
Gurgite sidunt.
Dulcis, O puro generate cœlo!
Sit tibi fuscâ requies in aulâ:
Mox bea terras redivivus almæ
Munere flammæ.

MONUMENTUM GLENGARIENSE.

HÆC, documenta dabit, ventura in sæcla columna,
Ut dirum luerit perfida turba nefas,
Quæ quondam,* hospitii calcatis legibus, ausa est
Keppochios crudâ tingere cæde lares,
Sanguine quæ exanimes pueros fœdare parentum
Gestiit, et vacuam reddere stirpe domum.
Non tulit Omnipotens; armat sed vindice ferro
Quem coluit Soboles clara Donella Patrem
Glengariden.† Jubet ille; volat cita fulminis alis,
Demetit et trepidos Ultio justa reos,
Impiaque abducens sontûm capita, arcis in aulâ
Illustris Domini conjicit ante pedes,
Lota priùs tenui quæ juxta allabitur undâ;

* Ineunte fere sæculo decimo sexto.

† Lord Macdonell and Aross.

Hinc "*Capitum Fontem*"* prisca loquela vocat.
Glengaridûm insigni numeror qui Stemmate Proles
Septima post decimam, jura paterna tenens,
Dictus ALISTRIADES,† generis Phylarcha Donelli,
Hanc volui memorem criminis esse notam.

N.B.--Pulcherrimum Joannis Lomii carmen de hâc luctuosâ cæde typis vulgavit Patricius Turnerus, Edin. 8vo, 1813.

CLACH-CHUIMHNE GHLINNE-GARADH,

A tha aig Tobar nan Ceann.

FHIR astair! thig faisg is léubh
Sgéul air ceartas an De bhuain;
Eisd ri diol na ceilg' a dh' fhàg
A Cheapach 'na làraich fhuair.
Sgaoil na milltich lion an Eig
Mu bhord éibhinn nam fleadh fial;
'S mheasgnaich iad an sean 's na h-òig
'S an aon tòrr, 'na 'm fuil gun ghiomh.
Mhosgail Corruich an t-Ard-Thriath,
Ursann dhian nan comhlan‡ cruaidh,
Môr-fhear Chlann-Dômhnuill an fhraoich,
Leóghunn§ nan éuchd, Craobh nam buadh;
Dh' iarr e, 's chaidh Dioghailt 'na léum,
Mar bheithir bhéumnaich nan nial,
Ghlac i 'n dream a dheilbh an fhoill,
'S thug làn-duais, mar thoill an gniomh.

* Tobar nan Ceann.
† The XVIIth Mac-Mhic-Alastair.
‡ Connlan.
§ Leomhann.

Làmh riut, 's a ghorm-fhuaran ghrinn,
Dh' ionnlaideadh seachd cinn nan lûb,
'S aig casaibh a Ghaisgich àigh
Thilgeadh iad air làr a dhûin.
Corr is cóig fichead bliadhn-déug
Thriall mu'n Speur bho dheas gu tuath,
Bho'n ghairmeadh *Tobar nan Ceann*
Do'n t-shruthan so 'n cainnt an t-shluaigh.
Mise 'n Seachdamh thair dheich glùin
Do fhrèumh ûiseil an Laoich thréin,
MAC-MHIC-ALASTAIR m'ainm gnàiths,
Flath Chlann-Domhnuill nan sàr-éuchd,
Thog mi 'chlach s' air lom an raoin,
Faisg air caochan a chliu bhuain,
Mar mheas do Cheann-Stuic nan Triath,
'S gun cuimhnicht' an gniomh ri luaths.

DIES ORIENS.

—ἠριγένεια φανη ροδοδακτυλος Ἠώς.
HOMER

JAM noctis umbras somniferæ dies
Almus fugavit, nubila dimovens,
Quæ montium tractus per altos
Horrificæ glomerant procellæ.
Cœlum patescit sidereum; faces
Jam stella Amoris pervigil aureas

Bennevis* exsurgens cubili
Nubifero Cytherea tollit.
Phœbe recurvis cornibus, ætheris
Vasti peracta flectit iter viâ,
Et orbis ad fines remotos
Æquoreas petit uda lymphas.
Jucunda rident pascua, vallium
Sylvæque versas flumen imagines
Reddit quietum ; nulla campos
Pervolat aura levi susurro.
Aurora pandit stelliferâ manu
Portas Eoo lumine fulgidas,
Aulasque sublimes vaporum
Purpureo decorat colore.
Rubens inaurat culmina montium
Prærupta splendor lampados igneæ ;
Descendit ad valles reductas,
Et nitidâ beat arva luce.
Bullis coruscant gramina gemmeis
Perpulchra roris, quæ referunt jubar
Fractum, velut cœlestis arcûs,
Cum tacitus rigat imber agros.
Almus diei dum Pater aurei
Vultu sereno nubila dissipat,
Testantur immensum per orbem
Terra, fretum, liquidique cœli
Convexa plausus. Murmure rustico
Armenta gaudent, et pecorum greges ;
Umbræque sylvarum tenellos
Aligerûm referunt amores.
O ter beatum qui cruciantibus

* Mons Abriensis, Caledoniorum altissimus.

Curis remotus, rura perambulans
Hæc usque cernit ! quanta sensus
Exhilarat vegetos voluptas !
Vos, O superbi, quos tituli juvant,
Inanis auræ nomine turgidos,
Qui temnitis fastu maligno
Innocui speciem coloni,
Abeste longè ! Vos neque Faustitas,
Nec pura cordis gaudia simplici
Candore delectant, nisi artis
Tabifico medicata fuco.
Nos sylva, dulces nos avium chori,
Nos prata vernis picta coloribus,
Nos primus Auroræ rubentis,
(Dum riguos fugat aura somnos,)
Splendor juvabit ; nos meditabimur
Sylvæ sub umbris carmina fistulâ,
Et ruris incomptos honores
Usque leves referent Camœnæ.

DE AUTUMNO.

—γλυκερὸν φθινόπωρον, ὅτ' ἀνδράσι λιμῷ ἐλαφρά.
BION.

AUTUMNUM vario carmine pangite
Gratum, Pierides. Dicite, tibiis,
Musæ, dulcisonis, dicite Copiam
Anni muneribus gravem.
Jam Phœbus teneræ sidera Virginis
Pervectus, rutilâ volvitur orbitâ:
Mox umbræ spatium, lucis et igneæ,
Justo examine dividet.
En! horrent patuli messibus aureis
Campi; pomiferis plenus in hortulis
Proventus virides degravat arbores,
Baccæ mellifluo tument
Succo; jamque rubent culmina montium
Fragis; mora nitent vallibus in feris;
Sylvæ conspicuis undique gestiunt
Lætæ ruris honoribus.
Per tonsas cumulos graminis areas
Certatim memores frigoris invidi
Digesti serie ruricolæ struunt
Celsis turribus æmulos.
Nunc effusa ruit tota domus, viri
Grandævi, et juvenum mixta puellulis
Lætis mane cohors, dum caput aureum
Phœbus fluctibus exserit.

Armati nitidis falcibus, hordeum
Invadunt; avidis farra metentium
Dextris densa cadunt undique; fervido
Campus murmure perstrepit.
Intortis pueri fasciculis ligant
Prostratas segetes; molibus efferunt
Congestis juvenes: corda tuentium
Vero concita gaudio
Exultant; meritis, Maxime, laudibus,
Te, Rerum Genitor, munificentiæ
Fons æterne, simul dicere gestiunt,
Incomptis tibi gratias
Fundentes numeris. "Fructiferæ sinum
Tu terræ pluviâ lætificas tuâ;
Tu lustras riguam lampade mobili;
Vernis pulchra coloribus,
Te prata, aereûm te juga montium,
Te valles virides, arvaque messibus
Vestita auricomis, te vice temporum
Dulci personat ambitus.
Sic usque, Omnipotens, usque, Salutifer
Rector, supplicibus sic faveas tuis:
Te pandente manum, dira volucribus
Pennis aufugiet Fames.
Te pandente manum, Copia divite
Cornu cuncta beans, almaque Faustitas
Invisent miseros; limina pauperum
Ridens viset Amœnitas:
Gardebunt vacui tramitis incolæ,
Gaudebunt pecudes atque avium chori,
Et laudes hominum cœtus amabiles
Grato pectore concinet."

IN LUNAM SURGENTEM, *ODE.*

—τίπτωρ δέ βροτοῖς καὶ σῆμα τέτυκται.

HOMER.

NOCTIS obscuras hilarans tenebras
Aureo Phœbe radiata crine,
Quàm tuâ rerum facies decora
Luce nitescit!
Alma dum currus tacitos Eoo
Exseris fluctu, volitant fugaces
Mille splendores per aperta vasti
Regna profundi.
Pulcher Horarum quibus est tuenda
Porta cœlestis, chorus ecce gaudet
Nubium glaucas tibi, Diva fulgens!
Pandere valvas.
Ætheris, magnum superans inane,
Culmen auratis radiis serenas;
Siderum pallor tenues retundit
Marcidus ignes.
Ecce! curvorum juga celsa canent
Montium latè; silet omnis orbis;
Vix per umbrosum nemus aura blandâ
Voce susurrat.
Leniter stillat genitalis humor
Arva fœcundans, foliis et herbis
Insident roris tremulo micantes
Lumine gemmæ.
Templa Naturæ vario pererrans

Ambitu, multas referens figuras,
Seu velis noctis per opaca mollem
Spargere flammam,
Seu velis currus rutilos Iberis
Fluctibus mergi, simul ac diei
Rector exactum, subiens cubile,
Condit Olympum ;
Luna ! quàm polles, taciturna, crassos
Gentis humanæ penetrare sensus,
Quæ Parens mundi dedit, usque jussa
Rite capessens !
Ut Dei nostri bonitatem in ævum
Prodis immensam, quoties rotundum
Exhibes vultum, quoties nigrescens
Cornua flectis !
Lampas umbrarum, moderans citatos
Mensium cursus, rapidumque ponti
Turbidi fluxum ! mihi cura cordi
Discere leges
Sit, quibus pares stabili tenore ;
Sic juvet rerum Domino fidelem
Obsequi, donec calidos recurret
Vita per artus.

VESPER ET NOX.

Νὺκτα δι' ὀρφναίην.
HOMER.

JAM Sol hesperio rutilum lavit æquore currum,
Umbraque depressas texit opaca vias.
Ruricolæ fessi prostratis arva relinquunt
Frugibus ; et duro gramina carpit equus

Liber colla jugo. Labor undique cessat agrestis,
Ut recreet molli membra reposta toro.
Pastor oves cogit; referunt turgentia pingues
Ubera lacte boves, caprigenumque pecus.
Murmura paullatim cessant; vox nulla per agros
Auditur vacuos: jam nemus omne silet:
Cuncta tacent, fluctu nisi quâ crepitantia rauco
Verberat Oceanus saxa fragosa vadis.

Nox aperit furvas ab Eoo cardine portas,
Obscurans terras, regnaque celsa poli:
Per tractus liquidos, gratas induta tenebras,
Sidereis vehitur Diva verenda rotis.
Fronte gerit stellis radiatam fusca coronam;
Igniculi lato pectore mille micant;
Lumine, qui fulgor Boreali accenditur Arcto,
Inficit immensam versicolore togam.
Hanc circum levibus funduntur somnia pennis,
Et cincti lemures nubibus æthereis.
En passim innumeri nullo stridore per auras
Huc illuc volitant, flumina, prata, lacus,
Arvaque visuri, tenebrosaque lustra ferarum,
Regalesque aulas, parvaque tecta casæ;
Illuduntque hominum, variæ sine corpore formæ,
Pectoribus: stratos irrigat alta quies.
Mordaces cessant curæ; dum nubilus orbem
Somnus habet vastum, roscida sceptra tenens.

Rerum summe Opifex! tacitâ dum mente voluto
Hæc recolens dextræ grandia facta tuæ,
Pignora quot mundo tribuas, Pater alme, favoris,
Servet ut ac vigilans cuncta paternus amor;
Quanta meum subeunt trepidum solamina pectus!

Erigat ut lapsum spes, fugiatque metus!
O! quoties cernam revolubilis atria mundi,
Pascua, convalles, florida culta, nemus,
Sylvigeros montes, liquidi freta cœrula regni,
Æthera candentem, sidereosque choros,
Usque Deum mediter, fulcit qui robore molem,
Quo retrahente manum, fabrica fracta ruet;
Obsequar usque Deo; mihi prima sit illa voluptas,
Ultima dum veniens clauserit ora dies.

HIEMS.

——ὅτε τ' ὦρτο μητίετα Ζεὺς
Νιφόμεν ἀνθρώποισι.

HOMER.

JAM Sol auricomus rutilo pluvialia curru
Ultima pacificis quæ condunt fluctibus ignes
Sidera, devexo Capricorni in limine tangit,
Prælongis cedens Borealem noctibus orbem.
Deproperans mœsti nebulosa per atria cœli,
Languidus obliquas radiorum cuspide terras
Vix ferit: incipiunt vegetes marcescere flammæ.
Queis rerum incaluit facies. Demessa colonus
Pectoribus gaudens sua lata perambulat arva;
Dum famuli attollunt intextas stramine moles,
Aut cava congestâ distendunt horrea fruge.
Autumnus cessit campis: trans æquora ponti
Ecce vocat Zephyros, Austrum, et quæcunque virentes
Blandulâ fovit agros crepitantibus aura susurris;
Frigora nunc subeunt, gelidisque afflatibus aer

Spirat, et albescit brumalibus herba pruinis.
Deciduæ flavent frondes, nudataque densis
Sylva comis queritur; volucrum non carmina mollis
Ampliùs ingeminat saxosis vallibus Echo.
Tota silet vultu tristi Natura per orbem,
Expectans hiemem. Jam ferrea panditur Arcti
Porta; diem fœdans, celeri volat agmine, densis
Indutus nimbis Boreas. Ferus undique Terror
Circumdat gelidi solium glaciale Tyranni;
Lumina torva micant; diro concreta rigore
Barba sonat, strident concussi vertice crines:
Æthereis sublimis equis per inane sonorum
Vectus, agit piceas hiemali nocte procellas.
Lurida dum verrit tenebrosis nubila pennis,
Fit fragor. Effusus glomerato turbine grando,
Caurus, et horriferi, mixtis Aquilonibus, Euri,
Prostrato incumbunt orbi. Turgentia montes
Æquora spumiferos limoso concita fundo
Attollunt: equitat curvis Mors fluctibus, atra
Fata minans: fractæ fluitant per cœrula puppes.
Tempestas campis late bacchatur apertis,
Pulveream volvens nubem: concussa tremiscunt
Ardua terrarum; depressæ murmure valles
Implentur; reboant sylvæ, radicibus imis
Evulsæ, coryli confertæ, annosaque quercus,
Æsculus atque abies, cum durâ fraxinus ulmo,
Dant lapsæ ingentem per devia saxa ruinam:
Culmina tectorum sursum revoluta per auras,
Arboreæ crates, stipulæ, segetesque feruntur;
Fumeus e lacu dum torto vortice gyrus
Ascendens operit valles; densissimus horror
Contristat piceo immensum velamine cœlum.
Bella gerunt lemures mugitu turbida rauco

Congressi, veluti cum vasta tonitrua nubes
Disrumpunt: confuso immixta elementa fragore,
Antiquum petitura Chaos, fundamina rerum
Concutiunt: pavido labefacta timore fatiscunt
Corda hominum; donec rerum Moderator ab alto
Ventorum incedens levibus sublimis in alis
Mandatum dederit. Cessant certamina cœli;
Nubila diffugiunt; mundo lux alma renidet;
Substrato mollis pelago vix sibilat aura.
  Sæpe vides, cum Nox telluri induxerit umbras,
Cœruleo Phœben rubicundam surgere ab ortu,
Indutam pulchros nebuloso tegmine vultus:
Lividus ecce vapor stellatos inficit orbes,
Concretus flatu Boreæ; mox densior aulam
Cœlestem velat nimbus. Sopita quiescunt
Flabra: tenent placidum tranquilla silentia pontum,
Arduus inde ruens gravidis e nubibus æther
Effuso late per inania depluit imbri
Lanæ instar tremulos celeri glomeramine floccos,
Queis operit celsi prærupta cacumina montis,
Pascua læta boum. depressas vertice sylvas,
Gramineos colles, et pinguia cultibus arva,
Compita, securos sinuato littore portus:
Mox opera immenso mortalia tegmine bruma
Condit iners. Rerum facies splendore coruscat;
Æquor aquis fluitans nisi qua demissa per auras
Vellera de cœli gremio liquefacta resolvit.
  Victa jacet niveo Natura immersa sepulchro,
Tingit et indomitum frigus sua tela veneno,
Quæ noctis medio spissas immissa per umbras,
Currentes rivos, muscosaque stagna, lacusque
Ad fundum penetrant. Duris constricta catenis,
Flumina confusum subterlabentia murmur

Vix edunt. Medio lapsum suspensus in antro
Præcipitem sistit crustato vortice torrens.
Frigore torpescunt pecudes, mutæque volucres,
Lanigerique greges. Hominum genus undique sæva
Tentat hiems: crepitant immiti frigore dentes;
Frigida vix liquidus percurrit pectora sanguis.

* * *

DEUS SANCTUS ET OMNIPOTENS.

ECQUISNAM Adamidûm se fore censeat
Explorante Deo, crimine liberum?
Si culpas hominum plecteret Arbiter
Mundi, quis fore sospitem
Se speret? latebris cordis in intimis
Quæ versem tacitè, quicquid inaniter
Fundam voce citâ, singula, si Deus
Justo examine penderet,
Quid scirem trepidus fingere? quî mea,
Tot pressus vitiis, lumina tollerem?
Queis supplex precibus, cuspidis impetum
Possem avertere vindicis?
Perpollet valido robore dextera;
Prudens consiliis omnia dirigit:
In talem ancipiti Marte quis audeat
Demens arma capessere?
Sævit quando furor, disjicit horridos
Montes perpetuis sedibus erutos;
Fundamenta soli cuncta tremunt, velut
Iræ conscia Numinis.

Solem si jubeat ne radiis diem
Promat, continuò Sol refugit pavens:
Noctis, veste tegens horrifica polum,
Obsignat rutilas faces.
Ferventis pelagi dorsa perambulat;
Nimboso volitat turbinis agmine:
Cœcam consilii quis sciat orbitam?
Gressus quis valeat sequi?

SAPIENTIA.

BEATUS ille quem trahit
Divina vox Scientiæ,
Qui primam et unam diligit
Ducem viæ Prudentiam.
Hujus nec æqua censibus
Aurata pompa divitum,
Nec quanta promat gemmifer
Ortus, nec almus Hesperus.
En dextra pandit prosperæ
Longinqua vitæ tempora;
Offert sinistra splendidâ
Junctos honores Copiâ.
Docet juventam gaudii
Noxâ remoti semitam;
Puræ coronâ gloriæ
Canentem adornat verticem.
Auctos labores largiter
Auctis rependit præmiis;
Tranquilla Pax et Faustitas
Lustrant ubique tramites.

SEPULCHRUM.

DESIIT ut stolidi turbare insania mundi,
Quàm busto impositis dulcis et alta quies!
Has colet (Æterni sic stat sententia) sedes
Adamidûm quisquis fixit in orbe larem.
Non ibi sanguineas gignit Discordia rixas;
Bella silent, Nemesis tristis, et Ira ferox.
Lassus ibi inveniet gratum vagus erro cubile;
Ferrea languentes non ibi vincla prement.
Imperat haud illic minitanti voce tyrannus;
Non ibi circa humeros dura flagella sonant.
Miscentur juvenes senibus, vilesque superbis,
Pugnantûmque idem continet ossa rogus.
Cuncta æquante hominum terræ sub mole quiescit
Progenies, Lethi contumulata manu,
Non revocanda priùs, quàm buccina Judicis omnes
Excitet, ut meritis præmia digna ferant.

JUVENILI ÆTATI *CONSILIUM.*

VITÆ dum roseis manè coloribus
Veris floriferi ludit amœnitas,
Blandæ et forma juventæ
Ridet mollibus in genis;
Altè impressa Dei nomine sit tua
Mens, *erroris adhuc compede libera:*
Cœptos dirige gressus
Puræ legis ad orbitam.

Nam mox umbra jubar tetrica lucidum
Quo gaudes, piceis nubibus obruet;
Omnes dira laborum
Cingent agmina tramites.
Tum fractus senii luctificos malis
Effundes gemitus pectore, gaudia
Volvens, quæ tibi nunquam
Ævi restituent vices.

DEO USQUE FIDENDUM.

SI non luctificas terra molestias
Gignat, nec trepidi pulvere turbines
Erumpant, hominem densa premet tamen
Angorum series perpetuâ vice.
Nam mortale genus sors agitat gravis,
Urgentque innumeræ sollicitudines,
Ut si continuo vortice fervidæ
Scintillæ rapidis ignibus emicent.
At te, sancte Parens, supplice te genu
Posco: præsidium tu mihi sis reo;
Hac spe nixus opis, cum prece, saucii
Pando claustra tibi pectoris intima.
Dextræ mira tuæ fine carent; tui
Nulli arcana patent ardua consilii:
Tu fractis animo gaudia sufficis,
Afflictosque solo cladibus, erigis.

FRUCTUS DOLORIS.

STULTI frequentent lætitiæ domum,
Splendorque turbas alliciat leves:

Hæret sodali qui Sapientiæ,
Mœsti recessus diliget abditos.
Cum flente præstat flere; dolentium
Nostros dolores reddere, quàm procul
Cum plebe ineptas illecebras sequi,
Quæ cœca telis pectora sauciant.
Insons ut umbris ora tegat dolor,
Luctûsque rivi proluerint genas;
Subinde vinclis spiritus emicans
Stellata cœli mœnia transvolat.
Rerum perito mœstitiæ lares
Visente gaudent sæpiùs hospite;
Incauta sed gens dedita somniis,
Fallacis umbræ ludicra deperit.
Insanientûm risus inutilis,
Strepens, retusis auribus obficit,
Ut usta flammis spina crepat nitens,
Mox lapsa putres in cineres fluit.

DEI POLLICITA.

SIC fatur, orbes qui regit ætheris:—
Audite gentes, pulveris incolæ!
Ad vos, Olympi Rex verendus,
Terrigenæ! Deus ora solvo.
Versans habenas stelliferi poli,
Immensa rerum numine compleo,
Measque pennatæ phalanges
Concelebrant sine fine laudes.
Ast hinc agrestem despiciens larem
Gratum reviso: prava dolentium

Actæ prius commissa vitæ
Ipse frequens subeo recessus.
Mœrore fractos exhilarans levo;
Humi jacentes erigo; luridis
Delector offusum tenebris
Luce novâ recreare pectus.
Humana proles ne trepidet: meo
Non corde fervens bilis inæstuat:
Me dante, quas finxi, supremam
Comperient animæ salutem.

SPES IN ADVERSIS.

VOS, cœli, Dominum pangite laudibus!
Tellus suaviloquis cantibus adsonet!
Exultent fremitu culmina montium,
Rerum et fabrica gestiat!
En! quot nos cumulet munificus bonis,
Audite; exhilarans ipse canit melos,
Quo luctûs tetrici nubila discutit,
Angoresque levat graves.
Vestrum condiderint si tenebræ diem,
Ne vos immodicus conficiat dolor,
Summi cura Patris, quos amat unicè,
Tanquam deserat exules.
Lactantem ex animo num potis est suam
Mater progeniem spernere? lugubres
Vagitus trepidâ nonne puelluli
Carpent sollicitudine?
Ut sensus hominum cordibus insitos
Exstirpans genetrix pignora negligat;

Cordi impressa tamen tecta Sionia
Mansura usque fovens geram ;
Insculptamque manu, lumine conspicor
Urbis Davidicæ lætus imaginem ;
Hâc constructa manu, turrigerum caput
Celsis nubibus inseret.

IN NATALES DOMINI, *CARMEN.*

MULCEBAT placidis roscida somniis
Nox curas hominum : cuncta tacent, nisi
Quâ custodit oves pauper agrestium
Cœtus pervigil excubans.
Circumdat trepidos irradians jubar :
Bethles luce nitent rura : volucribus
Pennis stellifero lapsus ab æthere
Fulgens adstitit Angelus :—
Ad vos en venio, lætitiæ sonos
(Ponant corda metum) nuntius adferens :
Humano generi dicite : gaudiis
Pleno pectore gestient.
Venturum populo quem Deus annuit,
Exactâ celeri temporis orbitâ,
Mundi Davidicâ stirpe Salutifer
Natus Virgine prodiit.
Signis haud dubiis noscite. Parvulum
Bethles in stabulis fascia colligat :
Fit præsepe torus. Dixit, et emicans
Ales nubila transmeat.

Cùm, dicto citiùs, ordinibus plagæ
Pennatis rutilant sidereæ: chori
Immensi vario carmine personat
Omnis Cœlituum domus:—
" *Magni cuncta Patris, numine qui regit,*
" *Orbes transvolitet gloria lucidos!*
" *Descendat renovans Gratia: Faustitas*
" *Et Pax terricolas beent!*"

SERVATORIS ADVENTUS.

AUDITIS strepitum lætificum? novus
Cœlo missus adest ecce Salutifer:
Gliscant corda triumphis;
Voces gaudia concinant.
Huic mentem Omnipotens Spiritus, en! Patris
Æterni ætheriis ignibus imbuit;
Flagrat pectus amore;
Pollet dextera viribus.
Erepturus, adest, agmina ferreâ
Quæ Rector Stygius compede vinxerat;
Porta effracta patescit,
Captis vincula decidunt.
Orbes en viduos luminis aurei
Purgat; diffugiunt nubila; splendidus
Mentes Sol hilarabit
Purâ lampade cœlitùs.
Ægrorum refovet vulnera balsamo
Verbi; pestiferis corda molestiis
Solvit; Gratia egenos
Non fluxis cumulat bonis.

Accepti Domino temporis ambitus
Felici auspicio volvitur: Isaci
Cunctis orbis ab oris
Sparsos colliget exules.
Salve Lux hominum, Progenies Dei!
Salve, pacifici Fœderis Angele!
Tellus, pontus, et æther,
Rerum Te Dominum colant!

SERVATOR REDIVIVUS.

AURORA, salve, quâ radiis polum
Pingente primis, omnipotens Dei
Surrexit, effractis sepulchri
Objicibus, rediviva Proles!
Arctâ ligatum Mors fera compede
Vitæ tenebat mórtis et Arbitrum,
Jubente quo lux alma fulgens
Stelliferas decoravit aulas,
Hunc Noctis horror texerat; hunc nigra
Tenere summis agmina viribus
Conata; sed ruptis catenis
Surgit ovans Spoliator Orci.
Mors victa languet; mulcta rependitur;
Canunt triumphos cœlicolûm chori:
Rectore prostrato, Dracones
Per Stygias ululant cavernas.
Nitescit æther lætitiâ; jubar
Nubes inaurat purius; æquora
Tranquilla sternuntur: volucrum
Perstrepit omne nemus susurro;

Valles et agri, flumina, montium
Superna plaudunt, pontus et insulæ:
Adamus amissum secundus
Morte suâ reparavit orbem.
Umbræ facessùnt; lux nova cœlitûs
Splendet; Deorum altaria corruunt;
Repertor humanæ salutis
Imperio regit unus æquo.

MUNDI CREATIO.

Gen. I.

"ÆTHRA consurgat, pateatque tellus!"
Dixit Effector Deus ore verbum;
Æthra consurgit, patet atque tellus,
Jussa capessens.
Incubant vasto tenebræ profundo;
"Esto Lux!" inquit Deus. Alma fulsit
Lux per antiquas radians tenebras,
Noxque recessit.
Tunc jubet vectas per inane magnum
Pendulas aurâ fluitare nubes:
Nubium ascendunt pluvio tumentes
Rore columnæ.
Mox jubet sparsos pelagi liquores
In cavum pressi coeant cubile:
Uda concurrunt, solidasque linquunt
Æquora terras.
Dein novum sylvis redimivit orbem,
Graminis læto decorans virore,
Antequam glebas recrearet imber;
Mitibus agri

Antequam Solis radiis teperent.
Ornat et celsum laqueare mundi
Siderum signis; geminosque puri
Luminis orbes
Mole prægrandes facit: hunc dici
Dirigat statos jubet ut meatus,
Hunc ut tranquillâ face Noctis atræ
Temperet umbras.
Proximè glauci variis natantûm
Incolis ponti vitreas lacunas
Implet, et picto nemorum comatas
Alite frondes.
Jussa tum fœto gremio recludit
Omnium tellus pecudum figuras,
Lumbricum vilem, simul et tremendum
Dente leonem.
Ultimum rerum, meliore luto,
Finxit Adamum, statuitque regem;
Cœlitûm formam dedit huic, beati et
Flaminis haustum.
Desinens tandem Genitor Supremus
Conspicit molis speciem decoræ:
Lætus agnoscit Deus ipse totam
Labe carentem.

PECCATO NON SERVIENDUM.

QUID tum? nefandum prosequemur tramitem,
Ut plus potentis hinc redundet Gratiæ?
Talem benignus ille cœli Conditor
Erroris umbram pellat orbe noxiam.

Baptisma purgatrice nonne flumine
Culpæ lavatos prædicavit sordibus?
Culpis jacemus cum magistro mortui
Christo: sepulchri mox soluti carcere
Ducente Christo fulgidi prodibimus,
Vitæque purioris, hic cœptæ prius
Degemus, axes trans micantes ætheris,
Metata nullo sæcla fine temporum.
Diu gravati inferna sustulimus juga,
Nunc servitutis vincla dempta. Liberos
Orci periclis victor Orci præstitit.

PIA FIDUCIA.

FRONDIBUS ut cesset speciosa virescere ficus,
Nec baccæ decorent vitem, genialis olivæ
Deficiant succus, victum neget arida tellus,
Vastet ovile fames, vacuos passimque per agros
Armenti exanimis cumulata cadavera cernam;
Usque tamen Domini exultans lætabor amore,
Hostibus obsesso qui promptam afferre salutem
Semper adest, validum plantis dat robur, ut æquem
Alipedes cursu scopulosa per avia cervos,
Ereptumque malis sublimi in sede reponet.
Ille animæ thesaurus, opum fons ille, voluptas
Nec sumptu minuenda, nec interitura sepulchri
Limine, perpetuum quæ me recreabit in ævum.

VICTORIÆ PRÆMIUM.

DURUS conficitur mihi
Cursus; militiæ clauditur orbita.

Expectata dies adest,
Et libanda Deo consecror hostia.
Liber corpore, mox petam
Sedes stelliferas spiritus aliger.
Summi castra sequens Dei
Telis æthereis agmina reppuli.
Hoc nitens, solidâ fide,
Percurri stadium. Præmia gloriæ
Immortalia me manent,
Mundi veridicus quæ dabit Arbiter,
Mundo teste, suâ manu,
Victrici decorans tempora laureâ.
Nec solum mihi, sed piæ
Hæc genti Omnipotens munera destinat,
Quæ mox adfore Vindicem
Ferventi SOBOLEM pectore gaudeat.
Puro lumine gratiæ
Me servum expediet cassibus Improbi;
Defunctumque laboribus
Arces Cœlicolûm ducet ad aureas.

[The ALCAIC ODE that stands at the head of this Collection was presented at the Competition for the Rev. Dr. BUCHANAN's Prize, which took place at *Marischal College*, on September 24, 1807, but had the misfortune to fail. The train of thought, suggested by this incident, dictated the following Addresses to the Rev. Principal BROWN, and the late Professor BEATTIE, of the said University; those two eminent Scholars having been of opinion, that the Ode alluded to merited the preference to that of the successful Candidate.]

ORNATISSIMO VIRO
REV. PRINCIPALI G. L. BROWN,
&c. &c.
DICIT MUSA SUPPLEX
PLURIMAM SALUTEM.

AD tua, Lachlanidæ, Pimplæis exul ab oris,
  Limina suppliciter Musa pudica fugit:
Vix potis est humiles ad cœlum attollere vultus;
  Vix potis hos querulâ fundere voce sonos.
Scis benè quàm merito tulerit, quo judice, pœnas,
  Haud verita Ausoniæ tangere fila lyræ.
Scis bene quem Latiæ decorârint præmia palmæ,
  Liquerit ut nostram Sors malefida domum.
Lapsæ tende manum: modo sit sanabile vulnus,
  Adfer opem medicam; triste repelle nefas.
Invidiæ densis pereat ne saucia telis,
  Alma patrocinii proteget umbra tui.
Averso viridis marcescit Apolline laurus:
  Numine propitio, germinat omne nemus.
Tu mihi Mæcenas, tu sis mihi Phœbus Apollo;
  Deciduæ frondis sic revirescet honos.

ORNATISSIMO VIRO

J. BEATTIE, A. M.

NAT. HIST. ET. LITT. HUM. PROFESSORI,

DICIT MUSA SUPPLEX

PLURIMAM SALUTEM.

O QUEM Pierides, Jupiter, et Venus
Fecêre Ausonii pectinis arbitrum,
Magni cnlta Maronis
Ætas quem sibi vindicat!
Quo florente, nitet Scotia, vix suum
Audet Barbaries tollere verticem;
O Lux alma futuris!
Nostri Gloria sæculi!
En hîc Musa tremens, quæ, male pervicax,
Infausto tetigit pollice barbiton;
Exul, fessa, pererrans,
Te nunc hospitium rogat.
Pœnas ni meritas exilii ferat,
Lapsæ tende manum; protege sauciam.
Spernet tela sequentûm,
Scuti tegmine sub tui.
Hanc tu si placido lumine videris,
Cedent Invidiæ nubila; Tartari
Rodens dentibus ungues
Livor mox repetet specus.
Olim quæ foliis laurus inaruit,
Rursus fronde novâ tempora vestiet;
Nox horrenda facesset,
Lætum Sol referet diem.

ᾨΔΗ ΠΕΡΙ ΤΟΥ ΓΕΝΕΣΘΩ ΦΩΣ.

Fiat! et fuit.—Jones.

Α'. Ἀνάπαιστοι.

ΠΡΙΝ ἢ λαμπετόωντα φάεσσι
Θεσπεσίον ΚΡΑΤΟΣ ἀιθέρα τανύσαι,
Πρὶν ἢ κύμασιν ὠκὺροοισι
Τὸν μεγὰ σμαραγῆντ' ἀμφιβάλεσθαι
Πόντον χλοερὴς πείρατα γαίης,
Πρὶν ἢ ὀρέων μακρά κάρηνα
Εἰμένα δένδρεσιν ὑψιπέτηλοις
Προφόωσδε τεκεῖν διᾶν Ἄρκτον·
Πρὶν ἢ χρυσόκομον διὰ κύκλου
Ἥλιον φαεσίμβροτον ἶεναι
Λαμπόμενοιο δυώδεκα σήμασιν
Ἃ περιτελλόμενος ἐνιαυτὸς
Ἀνδράσι μείρει γηγενέεσσι·
Πρὶν ἢ ἀγλαὰ τέκνα Χρόνοιο
Ὀρχεῖσθαι πυριφεγγὲς ἀνὰ δαπέδον ποσὶ ταχέεσσιν ἀμειβόμενας
Ὥρας ἀλφεσίβοιας
Θείαισι σὺν Ἁρμονίαισιν·

Β'. Ἑξάμετροι καὶ Πενταμετροι.

Ἄσπετος ἐν κόλποις χώρος περικαλλέος ἀιὲι
Ὃς Φύσεως μεγαλὴν ἔυρεσι τάξιν ἔχει
Ἔργα ἔ' ὅπου ΣΟΦΙΗΣ πολυποίκιλα, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι,
Ἴχνια Παγκρατέος μέρμερα δείξε Θεοῦ,
Ἦν κρυέρου Σκοτέος καὶ Ταρταρέου ἀνόμοροιο,

Μαινομένης τ' Ἔριδος δεινὸν, ἀκόσμον ἔδος,
Σμερδαλέ' ἔνθ' ἔνοσις στοιχεῖων ἔπλετ' ἄμορφων,
Αἰθέρος ἠδ' ἀίης, ὕδατος ἠδὲ φλόγος·
Εὐρυάλοις θολερῷ κόλποις ἐπέκειτο βέρεθρα
Ἐσσαμένη πυκινὸν Νὺξ κρυόεσσα νέφος,
Ὀρφναίας πτέρυγας μεγάλη μεγαλωστὶ ταθεῖσα·
Ἔνθα δ' ἦν ΧΑΕΟΣ πρεσβύτατοιο θρόνος,
Ὕψι δ' ἐπεστηρίζετ' ἐφ' ὕδασι θεσπεσίοισι,
Μάκροισιν νεφέλων κίσσ' ἐρειδομένος.
Τηνέι ἐφέζετο σκήπτρα κρατῶν Βασιλεὺς Ἐριβεννὸς,
Τῆς Νύκτος φοβερὴς, Ταρταρέων τε Βαθῶν.
Νωλεμέως δ' ἕταροι ἑ' ἀυτῷ ἅμα κοιρανέεσκον,
Πόρθησις, Ταραχὴ, Σύγχυσις, ἠδὲ Φόνος,
Θάλπει γὰρ τὸ κρύος, μαλακοῖς τὰ σκληρ' ἐριδαίνε,
Τοῖσδε βαρὴ κέφοις, ὑγράτε ξηρασίῃ·
Γ αντοίων τ' ἀνέμων ὁλοαὶ σπέρχοντο θύελλαι,
Εὐμενίδες τ' Ἐρέβευς τέκνα πυριφλέγε
Πρηστῆρσι σχίζον κλονέουσαι ἀελλόποδεσσι
Χάσμα μέγ', ἀργαλέᾳ δεινὰ μέλαθρα Φόβᾳ.

Γ'. Ἀνάπαιστοι.

Τίς πὲρ ἀκάματῳ κάρτει χειρῶν
Οὐλομένᾳ συγερὴν βασιλείαν
Θόρυβά τ' Αϊδεω τ' ἠδὲ Φόβοιο
Δαμάσαι; τίς δ' ἄρ' ἀνήσυχον ὄτοβον
Μαρναμένων παύσειεν ἄελλων;
Τίς δε πελώρα ταρασσομενάων
Ἄγρια κοιμήσειεν Ἄβυσσων,
Πόρθησιν χαλεπὴν φυγαδεύσαι,
Ἦδ' ἄρα Νείκε ἐξ ὁλοοῖο
Κοσμιότητα τε καὶ ἀριπρεπέα
Τάξιν ἐγείραι, ἠδ' Ἀσχημοσύ-

νην Καλλεῖ δίω γανύσασθαι
Τίς ῥα κελεύσαι;

Δ'. Ἐξ. καὶ Πεντ.

Ἄφθιτος ὃς χρυσέῳ ΤΕΚΤΩΝ μετρήσατο ῥάβδῳ
Αἰθέριον κύκλον λαμπετόωντα πόλου,
Ὃς δ' ἄρα παντδεχέος μεγάλῃ ἐνὶ κοιλάδι χειρὸς
Ὠκύροου πέλαγος ὕδατα πάντα δονεῖ,
Ὅς βρονταῖς φοβέει, δεινῇσι καὶ ἀστεροπῇσι
Γῆν τε τινασσομένην, Οὐρανίδων τε δόμους,
Ἴσχεται ὅς θ' ὁρμὴν ἀνέμων, ταχέος τε κεραυνὸς
Ἰπτάμενου ἱερὴς ταῖς πτερύγεσσι φλόγος,
Ἐν πυρόεντι θρόνῳ ὃς ἐφίζει, πάντα κυβέρνων,
Ἀρχαῖός τ' ἐσορᾷ δώματ' ἐρεμνὰ ζόφου,
Πολλὰ πέρην Φύσεως διακείμενα τέρματος, ἔνθα
Μέρμερα κτίζοντος φαίνεται ἔργα Θεοῦ.

Ε'. Ἀνάπαισοι.

Ἦλθεν, ἰδὲ χρόνος ἦλθεν, ὃν Αὐτὸς ἀν-
αλλάκτῃ σηρίξατο βουλῇ.
Ἐκ δ' ἄρα δώματος ἀιὲν ἐόντος
Δόξης μαρμαρυγῆσιν ἀπρόσβατου
Κυκλωθέντ' ἰδὲ Παμβασιλῆα
Σευόμενον ταχέεσσιν ἐφ' ἅρμασιν,
Ἀνέμων πτερύγεσσιν ἀελλόποδων,
Πληθεῖ σὺν πάντ' Οὐρανίωνων,
Τῶν ἀμφὶ ποταμοὶ προχέονται,
Ὕδασι φλεγέθοντες πυρόεσσι,
Σὺν πυκιναις σκοτέῃ νεφέλαισι,
Κυμαίνοντες ἀν' εὐρέα κοῖλα
Βροντᾷῳ σὺν πατάγῳ.

ς. Ἐξ. καὶ Πεντ.

Ἶπε λόγον· Θείης ἅφαρ ἵσαται ἅρματα πομπῆς,
Οὐρανίων τε Νοῶν μυριάδες, κλιτίῃ

Ἔσταν ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῃ περιφρασσομένη νεφέεσσι
Τῆς Νύκτος δνοφέρης, ὑψορόφω τε Χάεϊ,
Ἔνθεν ἀμέτρητα βάθε (νεφεσιν μετεωροι)
Δεινῇ ὑπὲρ κρημνῆ, θαμβαλέοι καθορῶν
Ταρταρέης μυχὸς αὐλῆς, μέγα κοῖλον ἄναστρον,
Ὄμμασιν ἔνθ Ἠὼς ὀδὲποτ' ἠριγενὴς
Δέρκετο σκιδναμένη ζόφον ἠερόεντα φαεινοῖς,
Ἀλλ' ἴκελον πέλαγει φαίνεται εὐρυχόρῳ,
Σμερδαλέῳ, θολερῷ, ὅθι βένθεα βένθεσι φωνῇ
Θεσπεσίῃ ὁμοκλεῖ, μάκρα τε βάλλετ' ἄνω
Ἐσσυμένως μεγάλοις ἐναλίγκια κύματ' ὄρεσφιν,
Οὐρανὸν ὡσπὲρ ἐλεῖν ἀργαλέῳ πτόλεμῳ.
Νερτερίης τόσσον δ' ἀρχῆς ὀρυμαγδὸν ἀκούσαν,
Ὡσπὲρ ἂν εἰ ξυνισαιντ' ἀιθέρα ῥηγνύμεναι
Βρονταὶ τ' Αστεροπαὶ τε, πελώρια τέκνα Θυέλλης,
Πόντος, γαίη ὅμως, ἄστρα τε πάντ ἔριποι.

Ζ'. Ανομοια.

" Σιγᾶ ἄσπετ' Ιώχμιὲ βαρύκτυπ' Ἄβυσσε, σιώπα."
Πάντων ἐπέτελλε Λόγος Κτιστὴς,
Ἐπέτελλ', ἥ τετελέστο,
Ταραχὴ πειθετ' ὁμοκλῇ
Εὕδησ' Ιωχμὸς ἄσπετος,
Σιωπᾶ τ' ἐριδβπος Ἄβυσσος.
Αἴφνης, " ΓΕΝΕΣΘΩ ΦΩΣ!" ἐλέξε Παγκρατης·
Αἴφνης χρυσεία Φεγγέος φερέσβιε
Ἐλάμψεν αὐγὴ Νύκτος ἠεροειδέος
Φρικτὴς δι' αὐλης, ἠδὲ κῇ ἐρεμνε Χάεϊ·
Ταρβήσεν Ἰδοντ' αἰπὰ ῥέεθρα,
Ὕδατ' Ἴδεν σέ, Θεὸς, Ἴδεν!
Ὕδατ' ἐδείσε πελώρια
Δόξαν Φωτὸς ἀθέσφατε,
Ἤδε φύγεν τεταραγμένα!

Συγχυσις, ἠδὲ ϰὴ Ἔριδος,
Ἀϊδάο τ' ἀμαυρῆ γόν@ ;
Σὺν Νύϰτι μελανοπτέρῳ,
Τρεσσάμενα ἀνὰ ϰεῦθεα Χάε@
Θεσπεσίη Ἴαχη φύγον ἄλλυδις ἄλλη.

Η'. Ἑξάμ.

Ἀστέρες ἠῶοι ἐνὶ τάξεσι λαμπομέναισιν,
Ὑιεες ἠδὲ Θεοῖο λύραις ἅμα θέσπιν ἀοιδὴν
Ὄρσαν ἐπὶ χρυσέαις, ὅτ' ἀθέσφατον ἔργον ΓΕΡΩΤΟΣ
Παντοτόκοιο ἴδοντο, ϰὴ Ἁρμονίην ἐρατεινὴν
Εὖ ἀνατελλομένην ἐϰ Νείϰεος ἀργαλέοιο.
Εὗρεσιν ὡς Χάεος ϰόλποις ἐπὶ στρωννύμενοιο,
Παγϰρατέος ῥα Λόγοιο τέϰος περιϰαλλὲς ἴδοντο
Τηλόθι βαλλόμενον φέγγ@ νεολαμπέας αὐγάς,
Ἄσμασιν ὡς ϰελαδήσε νέοις ϲρατὸς Οὐρανίωνων!
Ἀθάνατ' ὡς θείη πελεμίζετο δώματα μολπῇ!
Ἐξαίφνης Φάεος φλογόεσσα δέδραμεν αἴγλη
Ἀιθέρος ἀμφιχυθεῖσ' ἀνὰ ϰοῖλον ἀπειρεσίοιο
Ἀρχόμενα μυρίοις πεϲιϰαίεμεν ἠελίοισι·
Μειδιόων ἴδ' ΕΡΩΣ ὅτι πάντ' ἐρίηρα τέτυϰτε.

LET THERE BE LIGHT:*

Translated from the preceding.

Fiat! et fuit.—JONES.

I.

BEFORE the All-creating Pow'r unfurl'd
The starry canopy that roofs the world;

* The original of this Ode had the honour of gaining one of the Prizes lately proposed by Dr. BUCHANAN of Bengal, to the two Aberdeen Universities.

Before the restless Flood, with whirls profound,
Loud blust'ring, fring'd the wide terrestrial round;
Ere yet, emerging from their central beds,
The broad-back'd mountains rear'd their forest-mantled heads;
Before the golden tressed King of Day
Began to ride the sky through shining gyres,
And guide our year along the bending way
That glitters with the twelve æthereal fires;
Before the Daughters of revolving Time,
The Virgin-Hours, in Youth's immortal bloom,
Danc'd, hand in hand with Harmony sublime,
O'er the broad pavement of the spangled dome:

II.

Great Nature's universal ball,
Sphered in yon blue chrystalline wall,
Where worlds on worlds attendant sail on high,
In blazing grandeur round the spacious sky,
Where Reason wanders, lost in deep amaze,
And ev'ry scene proclaims Eternal Wisdom's praise—
At first was Horror's dark unlovely reign,
Where uncontroll'd Disorder bore the sway,
Where the crude seeds of earth and skies and main,
In one huge formless mass promiscuous lay.
Primæval Night in all her glooms array'd
Incumbent nestling on the gulfy bogs,
Athwart th' unmeasur'd surface wide display'd
Her pinions form'd of raven-colour'd fogs.
There aged Chaos held the sunless realms:
His Giant Throne, a dusky fabric, stood
Propp'd on a range of grey columnar films,
That high o'erlook'd the vast unbottom'd flood.
His old co-partners, Strife and fierce Misrule,

Contend for empire round their shadowy King;
Here all the Storm's tremendous Breth'ren howl,
And wage th' eternal battle on the wing.
Here all extremes conflicting, host with host,
Through the dun air, in adverse combat join;
Devouring flame encounters icy frost,
Hard-justling rocks, and gluts of turbid brine.
Ten thousand yelling Shapes, in Fear's attire,
The antemundane Atmosphere embroil'd,
Ten thousand monsters, from the pit of fire,
With burning whirlwinds tore the gloomy wild.

III.

What energy, what matchless might
Could quell this dire domain
Where Havock, Hell, and fierce Affright
Incessant strove for reign?
What sov'reign mandate calm th' outrageous waste,
Hush all the battling hurricanes to sleep,
Or bid the tempest-footed goblins rest,
Whose endless feuds embroil'd the troubled deep,
The warring host of Elements disarm,
Bid Ruin's ruthless furies cease to spoil,
Orcus and Anarchy to concord charm,
And make grim Horror's face with heav'nly Beauty [smile?

IV.

Th' Almighty ARCHITECT, whose golden wand
Metes the wide region of the starry pole,
Who in the hollow of his spacious hand
Makes the great world of floods and oceans roll;
Whose awful thunders strike mankind aghast,

While Nature shakes through all her stedfast frame;
Who calms the winds, and checks the dreadful blast
That rides impetuous on the wings of flame!
Creation's All-controuling Sire,
Who, seated on his Throne of fire,
The gloomy empire of the Deep surveys,
Far, far beyond the flaming bounds
Where rolling stars describe their rounds,
And one stupendous Whole, one POW'R SUPREME displays.

V.

See th' eventful period come
Fixt by Him whose will is Fate!
Forth from his imperial dome,
Rob'd in Godhead's awful state,
See th' Almighty KING of Kings
Issuing, dreadfully serene,
On the whirlwind's gloomy wings,
All heav'n's Angels form his train:
On chariots orb'd with fire they ride
Along the deserts of th' unmeasur'd void;
Beneath them, clouds of darkness roll'd,
In pillars wreathing, fold on fold:
Tremendous Oceans round them stream,
Pouring in whirls of spiry flame,
Wide o'er the billowy vapour, with the sound
Of thunder-peals that shook the vast profound.

VI.

He speaks the word. At once the Pomp divine,
Where, orb encircling orb, ten thousand myriads shine,
High in mid-air suspend their rapid flight
On the dim verge of Chaos and Old Night,

Whose spacious realm primæval Darkness shrouds
In a huge sphere of thick-compacted clouds:
Wide o'er this foggy vault the hosts of Day
On either hand their blazing lines display;
Hence, on spread wings, like meteors hov'ring round,
They gaze with horror down the great profound:
Beneath them wide the starless hollow yawn'd,
Where never Morn with orient splendors dawn'd,
Its hoary wonders op'ning on their eyes;
For, like one ocean seem'd the turbid world,
Where deeps on deeps, loud-bellowing, to the skies
With fierce assault their wat'ry mountains hurl'd:
Louder they hear the nether Empire roar,
Than if the Giant-sons of Storm and Flame
With thunder-bursts th' æthereal concave tore,
And final Ruin crush'd the falling frame.

VII.

"Silence! Vast Uproar; Peace! thou thund'ring Deep;"
So spake th' Omnific ONE:
He spake, and it was done;
Fierce Turbulence obey'd;
His noise loud Uproar staid,
And all the wild Abysses sunk to sleep.
God said: LET THERE BE LIGHT; and there was Light;
Quick through th' illimitable wastes of Night,
Forth-darting flash'd the golden colour'd gleam:
Dun Chaos trembled round his hoary caves
Now first disclos'd by the wide-bursting beam,
And Horror shook the Deep through all his wondring [waves!
The wondring world of Waters saw,
The mighty Waters saw their GOD!

The curling billows fled with awe,
Aud shrunk within their drear abode;
The Giant-Sire of Darkness flew
At once, and vanish'd from the view:
The throne of dusky clouds convolv'd,
In thin aërial films dissolv'd;
Confusion, Uproar, Strife, Affright,
Black inmates of perennial Night,
Wide-scatt'ring fled away, with hideous yell,
Far o'er the roaring wilds, and sought the Depths of hell.

VIII.

The Morning-Stars in their bright orbs on high,
And all the radiant Offspring of the sky,
At once with gen'ral shout the song unfold
Symphonious, warbled on their harps of gold,
When first they saw the Pow'r of Love display'd,
As Uproar's reign th' Almighty Voice obey'd;
While Harmony her azure veil unfurl'd,
And bade young Beauty chear th' unsightly world:
When first th' Omnific FIAT's eldest Child
On the smooth-levell'd breast of Chaos smil'd,
And far and wide diffus'd in trembling streams,
Shot through the scatt'ring fogs his infant gleams;
O! what new raptures fir'd th' extatic lays!
How heav'n's eternal arches rung with praise!
Now through the waste the kindling Glory runs,
Wide-streaming through ten thousand thousand suns,
That floating roll'd on seas of liquid air:
Then smil'd Immortal LOVE, and own'd his work was fair.

Edinburgh New Club

Nov 10-1871. - Compared original and translation. They shew what a translation meant in these days. A Woman sang the thing in Mull, in 1870 so as I could make out from memory now. J. F. Campbell

RANN DO CHOMUNN

NAM

FIOR-GHAIDHEAL.

1 'AN Inbhear Lochaidh nam mûr,
Chunncas an t-Ur-Ghaisreadh cruinn;
Thaisbein iad an cliù bu bheus:
Sud an sgéul ab 'éibhinn leinn.

2 B'ioma Ceann-Tighe's Fear feachd,
B'ioma Gaisgeach meamnach mór,
B'ioma Flath agus Triath sluaigh,
A thuinich 'an Stuaigh nan côrn.

3 GAIDHEIL, an Comunn gun fheall,
Lan uidheam GHAIDHEAL m'an Dream;
Ghléusadh sud teanga gu fonn,
Na'm b'eôlach air dheilbh nan rann.

4 Seallaidh cha'n fhacas air blàr
A dh'ardaicheadh càil do chléibh,
Mar thriall nan Cath-Laoch nach clith,
An earradh an sinnsridh féin.

5 Boineid ghorm, an t-éideadh cinn,
Ite riomhach nan dos trom,
Air iom'-chrith 'na babaibh grinn,
Thair ùrlainn mheachair nan sonn.

6 Trast mu ghuaillibh gach fir thréin,
Féileadh ball-bhreac nan céud cuach,
Mar bhogha frois ann sa'n Spéur,
'S grian a g éiridh air feur-chluain.

7 Lann chosgruidh 'san truaill air bhoinn,
Loinntreach le h-airgiod 's le h-òr;
Mar bheithir dhealain 'na suain,
Mu'n duisg a bhruaidlein 's na neòil!
8 Fuaighte ri h-eileadh nam pleat,
Tha sporan iallach a bhruic;
'S tric a dhioladh as do'n bhochd,
Bho làimh phailt, le gnùis gun stuirt.
9 Geal is Corcur a comh-ghleachd
'San Osan ghearr, beairt nan cos;
Bròg bhileach dhubh bu ghrinn snas
M'an troidh nach dean féur a lot.
10 Ingeal nan srann-dhos a seinn
Caismeachd a b'àrd-ghloireach pong,
Pronnduil lùth'or nam mean roinn,
'Chur aigneadh air ghoil gu glonn.
11 A' tuil-dhortadh as gach taobh,
Faicibh Uaislean nan Saor Chlann!
Sud Coille nam mile miagh
Nach d'aitreabh a chrionach cham.
12 DÒMHNULLAICH rioghail nan sròl;
STIÙBHARTAICH da'n côirbhreith Buaidh;
CLANN-CHAM'ROIN 'an stréup nan arm
Cho teann ris an ailbhinn chruaidh;
13 LACHANNAICH chlis nan gléus dlùth;
LEODAICH nam béum drûidhte trom;
LEATHAINICH bu luaithe lamh
'Am boile-chath gàir nan sonn:
14 GRANNTAICH is tric a fhuair cis,
Sliochd nam milidh bho thaobh Spéith;
CLANN-CHOINNICH bu phronntach àr
'Nuair dh' éireadh àrd Crôchd an Fhéidh:

15 Ionmhuinnich euchdach bho'n t'-Shrath:
Sliochd Mhic Rath Dhuibh bu gheal gniomh;
Aitim Ghriogair nan colg cruaidh,
Romh bhorb-shluagh nach gabhadh sniomh:
16 Siol Diarmaid nam faobhar nochd,
A mharbh an Torc 'an Gleann-Sith;
Frisealaich bhras bho'n Taobh-Tuath,
A dhruim-leanadh ruaig 'sa 'n strith;
17 Clann t-Shola bho'n Apuinn ghuirm;
Siosalaich nach fuilgeadh tàir;
Sliochd an Toisich† bu mhor luaidh
Fo Chalum iol-bhuadhach àigh.
18 CEANN-SUIDHE Comuinn gun mheang,
Mac-Oighre Righ Innse-Gall,
ARD-FHLATH ant t-Shloigh ud Shiol Chuinn,
ALASTAIR uasal nan Gleann.
19 Tha 'n caidreamh Comuinn nam buadh,
Gach Subhailc luach'or bu chòir,
Firinn mhor-aigneach nach striochd
Air mhuillein do mhiltibh òir.
20 Dearbhaidh na Feumaich am bàigh
Mar Ghrein àigh 's a cheitein chiùin,
Madainn ôg a' sileadh bhraon,
'S gach raon a dealradh fo dhriuchd.
21 Eaglach don Bhiubhaidh tha'n gruaim,
Mar chaonnaig uaimhrich nan Spéur
Braghadaich an toruinn chruaidh
'Cur luasgan fon chruinne-che!

† The Progenitor of this valiant Clan was Shaw, who obtained an extensive property in Moray, for his active services in suppressing a Rebellion that had broken out in that County. He was a son of Duncan Thane of Fife, and flourished in the reign of Malcolm IV. about the middle of the Twelfth Century. Toiseach signifies *General.*

22 'S ni nach iongnadh gloir mo dhàin ;
'S dualchuis do'n bhàrr gnàths an t-shil ;
A freumhaich abhaill nan seud
Cha bhrisd Geug a Chrithinn chrìn.

23 Bho gharg leoghunn nan tosg fiar,
'Choidhch cha siolaich am meann tais,
'S cha bheir làir pheallach a chléibh
Cruith-each àluin nan leum bras.

24 Rannsuichear gach sgeul bho shean :
Bha'n deagh Ghàidheal riamh gun chron,
An Fhionain dhearc-thoireach ghlan,
Do'n aon-bhrigh bho bhàrr gu bun.

25 Sliochd Chuchulainn, Chaoilt', is Fhinn,
Osgair, is Oisinn, is Ghuill,
'S Righ nan ceud cath gam b'ainm Conn ;
'S cian a bhios luaidh air na suinn.

26 Ga b'ard na Roinnhich 'an Gléus,
'S a Mhagh-thir gu leir fo'n ceann ;
Thug SAORSA buaidh ann sa'n strith,
'S ghleidh i dhi féin Tir nam Beann.

27 Cha snaoidh an Gàidheal an teinn ;
Treuntas a dhaingneach, 's cha'n fhoill ;
Cha mheal am fior-Ghaisgeach tàir,
'S annsa leis am Bas na 'Chuing.

28 'S tric thug Lochlann ionnsuidh chlith
Gu siol Mhili 'chuir fo smaig ;
Fhuair i 'n Albainn éug is uaigh,
Seilbh is buan dith gu la bhrà.

29 Na criochan Eorpach gu leir,
Innsidh sgeul air Laoich nan Sliabh,
Am buillsgein gach deannail chruaidh

Mar chuireadh iad ruaig gu dian.
30 'S mairionn an alladh 's gur cian,
Fad 's a shiùbhlar fonn is cuan,
Bho'n Tir 's am mosgail a Ghrian,
Gu 'tamh niar air chul nan stuadh.

31 'Stiuir NAPOLEON am mor-chath,
Aig bruaich Niluis nan seachd sruth,
Sheall e, 's 'intinn fo throm cheal,
Air reang nam Fear bu chaoin cruth.
32 " 'S Gaidheil iad sud," os an sonn,
" Gaisgich chliuiteach nan Tuath-Bheann;
" Dearbhaidh torunn an geur lann
" Mar chogadh Osgar is Fionn."
33 B'fhior a bhriathar.—'Las am Blar;
Thionnsguinn Spairn nam brocladh searbh:
Dh'fhas na Do-cheannsuich gun chlith;
Cho-chaill iad an ni 's an t-ainm.

34 Fhuair iad ath-dhiachainn a chraidh
Aig BHATARLAIDH‡ nan àr trom,
Cho dluth 's ga'n robh mheatailt aigh
Ga'n comhdach bho bharr gu bonn.
35 Bhéuchd Leoghunn Bhreatann le sgairt:—
" As oirbh, a Chuileinean graidh!
" Gheibh sibh thall ud sealg gu pailt,
" Glacuibh is casgruibh bhur sath."
36 Sin for an robh spoltadh truagh!
Lannan luatha 'bruanadh chnamh,
Closaichean pronn, plod-fhuil ruadh
A' dearg-dhath gach cluain do'n bhlar.

‡ Waterloo.

37 'Leagh a meall cruadhach gu léir,
Romh mhaoim theinnti nan Treun mòr,
Amhuil baiteal do cheò ciar
A sgapas a ghrian mu nòin!
38 'Na lorg sud, tha meas is agh
Air Clann-Ghaidheal nan colg geur;
Bidh cliù gach linn air an gniomh,
Fhad 's a dh'iathas Grian mu'n spéur.

39 Mile beannachd, mile buaidh
Air Comunn Uaislean mo ruin:
Cha snisnich Breatann le fiamh
'S sibhse mar dhian air a cùl.
40 Thog Albainn a ceann le h-uaill:
Dh'fhuasgladh a Ghailig a snuim;
Tha coir gach saorsainn gu feum
Aig Sliochd Ghaidheal nam beus grinn.
41 Thig Sonas, is Bliochd, is Maoin,
Fialachd is Tlus, Faoilt, is Baigh;
Sgaoilidh 'na'm miltibh bhur siol,
Mar rainich nam fiadh-ghleann fas.
42 Eiridh Gaisreadh Ghallan ùr
A dhian Bhreatann mar mhùr prais;
'S 'an Ifrinn loisgich nam pian
Taisgear Folachd fo chiad glas.
43 Bi'dh Eolus is creideamh fior
A stiùradh nan gniomh le beachd;
'S tionnsgnaidh an Aois Oir 'an sith,
Mar a dh'orduich Righ nam feart.
44 Thus' a las an aidhbheis chian
Le saoghaluibh 's le grianuibh iùil!
Didinn Ban-Iompair' a Chuain,
Gu la luan, mar chloich do shùl.

45 Coisrig i deas agus tuath,
Coisrig gach sluagh tha fo reachd;
Am boilich nan deubhadh garg,
Treoruich sa' gu sealbh a Feachd.

46 Deonuich 'g 'ar Prionns' oirdheirc aigh,
Saoghal aoibhinn 's gach ard bhuaidh;
Deonuich sar-ghliocas 'ga chuirt,
Chum 's gun dearbh iad iùil do'd shluagh.

47 Naomhaich ar lagh, gleidh ar coir,
Gun cham-fhoirneart ga buin d'inn
'S aig MORRACHD BHREATANN biodh barr
Fo d'shaor-ghras, bho linn gu linn!

EOBHON MACLACHUINN,
Rùnaire Comuinn nam Fior Ghaidheal.

An Sean'-Bhaile Obair-readhain,
La Samhn' dr, 1815.

N.B. *Urla*, fem. The face, countenance; Dative *Urlainn.*

Beithir dhealain, the Dragon of the Lightning, i. e. the Thunderbolt.

Glonn, deeds of prowess; heroism.

Ailbhinn, a flint.

Biùbhai, or *Biubhaidh,* (poetically for *namhaid*) a foe.

Ailadh, celebrity, fame.

Stuadh, a billow, surge. *Stuaigh* (στεγος) the gable of a house. Poetically, a mansion, residence, a fortress.

Na Do-Cheannsuich, the Invincibles.

Deubhadh, (θηοτης) a battle; the heat of fight.

This is not a translation at all. It is the expression of the author's ideas in a different form & in a different language. Ossianic is an imitation of the Ballad Osseian with all its names in their true form. Here they are all changed

THE

SOCIETY OF TRUE HIGHLANDERS:

A METRICAL EFFUSION.

Introductory lines, 1—16. Scene on the Fortwilliam Parade, 17—28. Highland Dress, 29—52. Music of the Bag-Pipe, 53—62. Enumeration of the Clans, 63—86. Standard of Clan-Domhnuill, 87—100. Formation and Object of the Society of True Highlanders, 101—120. Character of a genuine Highlander, 121—138. Illustrative Facts, 139—212. Expected results of our Patriotic Association, 213—256. Address to the Deity in behalf of Britain, 257—274.

IN lov'd *Wilhelmia, near whose mural pile,
Proud Lochy's tides with eddying surges boil,
Where Caledonia's regal grandeur shone,
When old Achaius sway'd the Scotian throne,
Conven'd the Mountain-Patriot's faithful Band,
And pledg'd th' endearing tie with heart and hand—
A tie that calls to mind primæval days,
And rites of Sires that won immortal praise.
Chiefs, sprung from Kings, in Friendship's league combine,
Leaders and Heads of many a glorious line,
The first in state, in worth, in cultur'd mind,
For peace, for war, in court and camp refin'd;
Whose hearts are arden[illegible] for their Country's good,
Whose veins are warm d with Scotia's purest blood;
Their aim to guard the genuine Gàël's† claims:
A grateful Country joys to hail their names.

* Wilhelmia, or Gulielmia. Fortwilliam in Inverness shire, where the Society of *True Highlanders* was formed by Colonel MACDONELL of Glengarry, Chief of the Clan-Donnell, XVIIth MAC-MHIC-ALASTAIR and CEANN-SUIDHE, or Preses of the Meeting.

† *Gàël* must be pronounced as a dissyllable.

Survey, my Muse, the vast assembled train,
Now crowding all Gordonia's spacious plain;
As clouds along the hills, they glide in streams,
While swords and gorgets shoot reflective gleams!
Each Chief, in front, high tow'ring, seems afar,
Pelides, Fingal, or the God of War!
Those are the Gàël's still unconquer'd Race,
They wear their native arms with native grace,
Milesian arms, Milesia's rich costume,
The garb of Gauls that sack'd imperial Rome:
Themes that would bid the strain spontaneous roll,
If heav'n-born Genius fir'd the poet's soul.

The graceful Bonnet freak'd with various dyes,
O'er whose high crown the shadowy plumes arise,
Forms the rich crest, and, as the Warriors move,
Th' effusive clusters seem a floating grove!
The parti-colour'd Plaid, a splendid show,
Bestrides the breast, like Æther's lovely Bow
On western clouds, when Sol the day renews,
And ev'ry field is gemm'd with twinkling dews.
Encas'd within the silver-spangled sheath,
Hangs from its zone the pond'rous Beam of Death:
Thus sleeps the Thunder-Dragon* of the skies,
Till storms in all their warring rage arise.
Before the Phelig's† finely plaited coil,
Conspicuous waves the glossy Badger's spoil,
Whence Plenty dealt, without the frown's alloy,
Can turn the wail of grief to songs of joy.
Beneath the knee whose beauty mates the snow,
The well-wrought tassel binds the gaudy hoe,

* Beithir dhealain.--Vid. Gael. Effus.

† Féileadh Beag, or *the Kilt*.

Where red and white with rival lustre blend,
And round the calf at equal angles bend.
Last, glancing as the polish'd jet, the shoe
Adorns the foot that scarce imprints the dew.
The Gàël, thus equipt in full array,
Meet with one soul, on Friendship's festal day.

Anon! the Bag-Pipe pours its stream of tones,
Swell'd by the peal of the silk-ruffling drones;
With all the flight of quiv'ring fingers driv'n,
The torrent floats on the four winds of heav'n:
Rais'd by the quick or solemn marching time,
On Music's wing the Soul ascends sublime:
Full of the deeds that beam through years of old,
Our Clans advance, in might and freedom bold:
The Muse, enraptur'd at the bright survey,
Bids their lov'd names adorn th' unprompted lay.

With flags display'd, *Clann-Dŏnhnuill's* regal line,
And *Stewart's* ranks with martial beauty shine:
The *Cam'rons* there, behind their gallant Sire,
Hard as the flint, and fierce as flames of fire;
Maclachlans, murd'rous in the van of fight;
Macleods, exulting in their native might;
Macleans, whose swords could deal the fateful storm,
When Mars and Rage the battling hosts deform;
Victorious *Grants*, the sons of Chiefs renown'd,
From where Spey's current laves the flow'ry ground;
Mackenzies, that wide waste the leaguer'd vale,
When the Stag's branching antlers mount the gale;
Mackinnon's Champions, join'd with Black Macrae's,
Whose bright exploits in glory's annals blaze;
Macgregor's tribes with arms and prowess steel'd,
In furious combat never known to yield;

The hardy* Sons of *Diarmad* fam'd of yore,
(The Chief who fell'd Glenshee's destructive Boar);
The *Frasers*, awful as the lightning blast,
With heaps of slaughter'd foes to strew the waste;
Chisholm, from northern glens, with marshall'd pow'rs,
And brave *M'Colls*, from Appin's sylvan bow'rs;
With the strong ranks that bear the *Leader's* name,
Who gain'd, in Malcolm's days, immortal fame.†

Before the pomp, advanc'd, with kingly grace,
I see the *Stem* of Conn's victorious Race,
Whose Sires of old the western sceptre sway'd
Which all the Isles and Albion's half obey'd,
Th' illustrious *Chief* of Garry's woody vales;
His radiant Standard eddying sweeps the gales,
Conspicuous blazon'd with *Clann-Dòmhnuill's* Shield,
That rears Fame's emblems on its quarter'd Field,
The Barge with furling sails, the goary Hand,
The flying Eagle, and the Croslet Wand;
Two Bears, the types of vanquish'd Lochlin's shame,
With shafts infixt, support the mystic Frame:
Its Crest, the tow'ring Rock in blue pourtray'd,
And the perch'd Raven ting'd with sable shade.

The order'd hosts processive march along
With steps accordant to the War-Pipe's song;
The spacious Hall, its portals wide display'd,

* The Campbells. The Bear of Glenshee forms one of the Heroic Emblems in their Standard.

† The Macintoshes. The Progenitor of this valiant Clan was Shaw, who obtained an extensive property in Moray, for his active services in suppressing a Rebellion that had broken out in that County. He was a son of Duncan Thane of Fife, and flourished in the reign of Malcolm IV. about the middle of the Twelfth Century. Toiseach signifies *General*.—See the Gaelic Effusion, p. 50.

And its long courts in festive wreaths array'd,
Receive the prime in rank. The thronging Bands,
With friendly hearts, conjoin fraternal hands;
Clann-Dòmhnuill's puissant Chief o'er all presides;
His active zeal the Council forms and guides;
They pledge adherence to the patriot Laws
That knit true Gàëls to their Country's cause,
The social Rite that marks th' attachment strong,
The Dress, the Music, and the native Song,
The sprightly Dance, the field or mountain Game,
That string the limbs, and fit for deeds of fame,
That prompt the Gàël, like a fiery Zone
To link, as Guardians of the British Throne,
As British Freemen, loyal, firm, and bold,
That never barter'd Faith for proffer'd Gold,
Through life unstain'd to hold the Gaelic name,
And dread no form of death like guilty shame.

No deed of shame the genuine Gàël stains,
No taint of pois'ning guile pervades their veins;
On Virtue's beauty fixing all the soul,
As the free Magnet eyes the steady Pole,
They know how Order guards the Public Weal,
Respect each Rank that forms the social Scale,
With duteous faith obey the legal rein,
But nobly spurn the slave's coercive chain;
Smile fearless in the goary walks of Death,
Nor yield their freedom, till they yield their breath.
Instinctive touch'd with Feeling's finest glow,
They shed refreshing balm on wounds of woe:
Thus, Ev'ning slakes the world with pearly rains,
When the Sun flames on Ocean's western plains.
On wanton foes whose madness prompts their ire,

They rush like streams of heav'n's electric fire,
When rolling thunders burst in awful peals,
And Nature, tott'ring, to her centre reels!

Facts crowding thick on facts confirm my strain:
From Crops matur'd we judge the Parent Grain,
The Tree whose arms with luscious apples glow,
Supplies no sap for the lean Aspen-Bough;
The Lion, mightiest of the sylvan kind,
Breeds not the feeble kid or tim'rous hind;
Nor the shrunk nag that draws the sledgy car
Can procreate the high-bounding Steed of war.

Through ages past explore the rolls of fame;
No speck has soil'd the genuine Gàël's name:
With one rich juice from one nectareous Vine,
Through ev'ry age the gen'rous Clusters shine.
These are the Sons of Fingal, Caelt,* and Gaul,
Whose glorious prowess made Earth's tyrants fall,
The great Cuchullin, Oscar prince of shields,
And Conn victorious in a hundred fields.
Names that shall grace the Poet's tuneful rhyme,
While Sun and Stars revolving measure time.

Th' Ausonian Pow'rs, of their vast conquests vain,
Had stretch'd their sway o'er Albion's southern plain;
But northern Freedom cry'd:—"My Sons! combine;
"Dread not yon foe; the Land of Hills is mine."
The Hill-born Heroes Freedom's Flag unfurl'd,
And check'd Rome's progress in the western world.
No fears the Gàël's dauntless soul can tame;
Not fraud but prowess gains him deathless fame;
He fights or falls, in native Freedom brave,
And scorns to live on terms that bind the slave.

* Caoilte. The word in the text is a monosyllable.

O'er *Mili's* gallant sons t' usurp the rein,
Proud Scandinavia try'd, but try'd in vain.
On Albian shores she won sepulchral grounds:
This right is fixt, till the last trumpet sounds.

All Europe, from Iberia's wave-beat coast,
Through her wide realms, to Zembla's world of frost,
In praise of Scotia's Mountain Race conjoins,
How in Fame's fields their peerless valour shines.
From the green bow'rs where first young Sol awakes,
To woods that hide him from Columbian lakes,
Renown's acclaims in answ'ring echoes roll,
And circle the vast Sphere from pole to pole.

Napoleon led his firm embattled train,
Where sev'n-stream'd Nilus soaks the Lybian plain;
Before him shone Britannia's Pride display'd,
And thus, predictive of War's fate, he said:—
"Those are the tribes of Albion's northern hills,
"Th' extended realms of earth their glory fills:
"Be strong, my Warriors! ere the close of day,
"Yon parti-colour'd Lines, so grimly gay,
"May teach what force the soul of Oscar steel'd,
"And how great Fingal's arm could waste the field."
Truth seal'd his speech. The champaign blaz'd around;
The nations mix'd, red Slaughter stain'd the ground;
Th' Unconquer'd Host a Conquest soon became,
And fall'n or fled, resign'd an empty name.

The plain of Waterloo's decisive fray,
Attests the Gàël's full exerted sway.
Squares rang'd by squares, in mail-cas'd myriads, stood
The Spoilers of the world, athirst for blood.

War's Columns now advanc'd, in silent state,
Majestic, awful, big with Europe's fate!
Britannia's Lion roar'd:—"My Cubs, away!
"Spring on yon Wolves, and glut your maws with prey!"
Then! then did Death's tremendous engines yell,
Disgorging sulph'rous bolts, like mouths of hell!
Swords clash'd, steel rattled, Murder march'd before,
And strew'd the scene with corpses bath'd in gore!
When Morven's plaided Sons, in vengeful ire,
Roll'd on the steely Wall the flood of fire,
It broke, as melts a mass of dusky haze,*
When Sol, in Cancer, darts the noontide blaze!
For this, the valiant Gàël shine renown'd,
With Glory's never-fading laurels crown'd;
Now rais'd aloft, Old Caledonia's name,
With lasting beams shall gild the sphere of Fame.

Hail, Chiefs and Patriots, now combin'd to save
Our ancient rites from Time's all-swall'wing grave!
While you protect the sea-girt Queen of Isles,
She stands secure of force and fraudful wiles.
The Gàël's freedom, fenc'd by sacred laws,
Now joins his own with his dear Country's cause:
The Gaelic, sham'd and fetter'd now no more,
Resumes full empire on her fav'rite shore;
From shades of night again triumphant rais'd,
She mounts her throne with orient gems emblaz'd.
His head the Genius of Old Morven rears
From the long slumber of two thousand years;
Now rais'd, a Stream of Mist, above the vales,
Onward he moves, upborne by western gales;
He tow'rs from hill to hill at ev'ry stride;

* See the Gaelic Effusion.

The stately Forms of Selma round him glide;
In their blue hall, they pledge the meteor-shell,
And bid the harp's aerial music swell;
"Our Sons," they sing, "with Glory's thirst, on flame,
"Tread in our steps, and share our deathless fame."
Bennévis, Chief of Albion's dusky hills,
Assents, hoarse murm'ring from his snow-fed rills;
O'er the tall ranks of bright'ning peaks below,
He seems with joy to lift his aged brow.

Auspicious Æra, hail! The Pow'r of Love,
Descending from the blissful Thrones above,
With the fair Choir of Virtues, hand in hand,
Shall fix their reign in Albion's favour'd land.
Discord, and fell Oppression, head-long thrown,
On Hell's red rocks with tortur'd Fiends shall groan:
The Spring of Heav'n shall now, with fost'ring gales,
Make our hills green, and fertilize our vales,
Youths, herds, and flocks, unnumber'd swarm around,
Thick as the ferns that skirt the sylvan bound,
Arts, Tillage, Commerce, rear a patriot Train,
To wield the sword, or plough the spacious main;
While Christian Truth, and Classic Learning join'd,
Unfolding all the boundless realms of Mind,
Shall bid th' Immortal Part sublimely rise,
Assert its native worth, and gain the skies.
Refining *Love* shall thus his warmth diffuse,
Peace, Grace, and Bliss distil empyreal dews;
And the great Age, in rolls of fate foretold,
Beam on our happy Isle with rays of gold.

THOU, at whose potent word Primæval Light
Flash'd through Chaotic glooms, and scatter'd Night,

When, orb in orb, the spheres began to move,
And loud Hosannahs fill'd the tracts above!
Sov'reign of Heav'n and Earth! vouchsafe to smile
With choice regard on Freedom Western Isle!
May the great Fabric of her threefold Sway
Endure, till Earth and Seas and Skies decay!
Preserve our Prince, the Realm's illustrious Heir;
His life, his throne, be thy perpetual care!
Preserve our State from Faction's rending jars;
Preserve the Hosts that bravely fight our wars;
Preserve the native Rights that form our boast;
Preserve the Oaken Mound that walls our coast:
May BRITISH MAJESTY unrivall'd shine,
While Phœbe's force attracts the surging brine;
And ev'ry flag on Ocean's breast unfurl'd
Revere the Mistress of the wat'ry world.

On the English 274 Lines
— Gaelic — 188
82

EUROPE REGENERATED.

AN ODE.

I.

THE turbid storms of Night are past,
Th' auspicious Morning dawns at last,
Apollyon to hell's prison cast
Can now no more destroy;
The Victor-Angels seal his den.—
"Glory to GOD, and Peace to men,"
Earth shouts aloud: the skies again
Resound in peals of joy!

II.

The yell of murd'rous War is hush'd,
The Sword is sheath'd, the Tyrant crush'd,
To glut whose madness Europe blush'd
With tides of human gore:
Heav'n's vengeful bolt has scatter'd wide
The emblems of Usurping Pride!
The Hills emerge, the Earth is dried,
And floods o'erwhelm no more.

III.

The mists dissolve; the Nations see;
Deep groans are chang'd to rapt'rous glee;
The bars unclose; the slave, set free,
No more shall wear the chain:
Religion, Faith, and equal Laws
Are leagu'd in Europe's glorious cause;
The line impartial Justice draws,
And Right resumes her reign.

IV.

Afflicted France from toil respires,
Adoring Freedom's godlike Sires:
Each Patriot heart, on flame, requires
The Heir of Bourbon's throne:
Brave Fred'rick, and th' illustrious Czar,
With Francis, guard his regal car,
Where late Napoleon's blood-red Star
With baleful radiance shone.

V.

Columbian Factions shrink with awe:
Britannia to the Main gives law,
And holds beneath her Lion's paw
The prostrate Eagle torn!
Her wid'ning streams while Commerce pours,
From Lapland to Luconian bow'rs;
And Wealth descends in bounteous show'rs,
From Plenty's flower'd horn.

VI.

Misrule hath fled, and scenes of old:
Millenian ages, long foretold,
Begin to shine with beams of gold
On Ocean, Earth, and Air:
The hosts of blazing Orbs above
In mingling chime accordant move;
Jehovah looks with smiles of love,
And owns the work is fair.

MORNING.

Sweet is the breath of Morn! her rising sweet.
MILTON.

THE grey dawn steals behind yon fleecy mists
That skirt the dim horizon. Softly mild
The twilight flows like amber o'er the face
Of heav'n's star-glitt'ring pavement. Slow withdraw
The thousand thousand trembling fires that wide
Spangled the boundless blue. The Arctic Bear,
Bootes, and the Twins, successive fade,
The Swan fair-plumag'd, and the silver Lyre:
Red Mars, and the far-beaming lamp of Jove,
Sink in Hesperian bow'rs. The waning orb
Of Phœbe, with Love's beauteous Star, grows pale,
By yonder piny mountain. Still as Death
Silence sits brooding o'er th' unmeasur'd scene.
Old Ocean, in his spacious plain of glass
Inverted shews a nether sky, with clouds
Amusive curling. On the sandy fringe,
His host of foam-white billows sooth'd to peace,
With playful undulation gently kiss
The scarce re-murm'ring shells. Forth come the tribes
That nestle in the leafy shade, or haunt
The cultur'd fields, steep banks, and mossy rocks,
Mantled with fern or ivy, and wide wake
Harmonious melody. The soaring lark,
As swift she skims th' aerial region, spreads
Her music floating o'er the void, and leads
The gen'ral choir. Anon! the distant verge

Of the fair Orient gradual brightens. First
Faint yellowish gleams shoot trembling through the
[clouds,
That line the forehead of the sky: then streaks
Of mingling red run parallel; till wide
Th' effusive inundation dazzling flows
Through heav'n's unfolding portals. Lo! attir'd
In the full pomp of light, Day's awful Sire,
Thron'd on his car of diamonds, moves abroad,
And all at once illumes the waking world,
That joyful hails his grand approach. The fogs,
In broken wreathes loose-floating, gradual melt,
Pierc'd by his glowing splendors. Ocean seems
A world on fire. The grove-beskirted hill,
The rocky precipice, the hollow vale,
And the dew-twinkling fields, rejoicing, burn
In gold. The range of tow'ry palaces
From their glaz'd windows repercussive dart
A thousand dancing glories o'er the scene.

How vast! how fair the prospect! widely stretch'd
The beauteous draught where Nature's pencil blends
All tints of colour'd magic! O ye fools
Of fluctuating Fashion, whim-enslav'd,
That veer with ev'ry gale! what are the charms
Of all your tinsel-finery, the glare
Of varnisht beauty gilding foul deceit,
Or air-blown vanity,—with this compar'd,
This Temple of the Great Omnipotent,
Where wonders pil'd on wonders snatch the soul
Beyond the bounds of Time's contracted sphere!
View'd with this glorious, this stupendous vast,
The beggar'd blaze of human grandeur sinks

Into Non-Entity. Ye sons of Sloth,
That stretch your listless limbs on feath'ry down,
Steep'd in Lethæan torpor! what delights
Inaction bids you forfeit! Night may spread
The feast ambrosial; Afric's sparkling wines,
High season'd, may ferment the dancing blood,
And flush the face with temporary glee,
That kills Reflection. Sirens, angel-voic'd,
May lure the slaves of Appetite, and work
Enchantment on the grosser sense, dissolv'd
In lawless pleasure's thrills! But woes on woes
Succeed the bland illusion. Fell Remorse
Weaves round the couch a fringe of hissing snakes
That sting incessant, and impell their prey
To deeds of horror! But ye few who tread
Mild Nature's sober walk, whose sense uncloy'd
By labour'd cates, can taste the pure delights
That chear'd primæval Innocence—who feel
The sweet, internal, self-approving calm,
Pure and unclouded, as yon chrystal vault
That roofs the Universe!—'tis yours to prove
Health's purest balsam: with unsparing hand
The Summer, rob'd in Beauty's perfect bloom,
Scatters her inexhausted stores, to charm
Your feasted sense, and prompt your raptur'd tongues
To warble heav'nly praise. For you the founts
Rill murm'ring down the shaded rock, or ooze
Like silver trickling through the matted grass.
For you the larger floods majestic wind
Through serpent-lab'rinths, fatt'ning, as they flow,
Wealth-teeming realms. For you, the woodland wastes
Unbounded flush with leaves. For you, the birds
Wake all the devious wilds with rural songs.

For you, the Ev'ning blushes in the west,
And languishingly soft, the Queen of Night
Silvers the dusky shades. For you, the Morn,
As now, emblazes all the hemisphere
With rubies, till the Sun in pomp sublime
Looks on the wide-illumin'd world, and pours
The dazzling deluge o'er the ample tracts
Of Ocean, Earth, and Sky. For you, the fields,
Lawns, hedges, flow'ry gardens, daisied swells,
And gentle slopes, reflect from radiant gems,
Pendent on ev'ry blade and leaf, the hues
Of parti-colour'd Iris, yellow, blue,
Violet and crimson, green, and burnish'd gold,
Mingling their broken splendors; lofty domes
Emerging from the groves, or distant range
Of rude mis-shapen hills, half-veil'd in mist,
For you display their charms. You scent the cloud
Of sweets from Nature's gen'ral altar roll'd.
Your ears imbibe the notes of harmony,
Ascending through Creation's fane august,
To that All-bounteous King whose smiles diffuse
Beauty and Health, and Happiness, and Love,
To Being's utmost limits. God of Gods!
While with quick glance my ravish'd eye surveys
The wonders of thy forming Might, diffus'd
On ev'ry hand, to where the bending sky
Sits like blue smoke on Ocean's dim-seen verge,
I feel my soul expand through all her pow'rs,
And glow with more than mortal flames! While rapt
In wonder inexpressible, she marks
Th' All-Potent Energy that chears, sustains,
Adorns, and regulates th' amazing Whole,
Fain would she soar beyond sublunar realms,

Beyond the curves where all the Planets wind
Their course through skies unfathom'd; fain would pass
The tracts where thousand thousand suns revolve,
Gilding with day ten thousand thousand worlds,
And mixing with celestial glories, near
JEHOVAH's throne, assume the golden lyre,
And emulate th' angelic choirs, in praise
Of thee, my Shield, my Hope, my Life, my Joy,
My Saviour, and my all! But, O Supreme!
Whatever realm, on Fancy's pinion borne,
Swift through the vast immensity of Space,
My daring flight explores, the present God
Still bids me bend the knee. Hail, Glorious Sire
Of all Existence! still be ours to read
The signature of thy perfections stampt
On ev'ry object: still to imitate,
Far as the creatures of an hour can rise,
In that mysterious scale which knows no bound,
From stage to stage ascending. Where dense clouds,
Impregnated by turbid Passions, blind
Our intellectual ray, do Thou dispell
The dreary gloom, and bid th' immortal SUN
That gilds empyreal Salem, shed his beams
On the chear'd soul! purge all th' infectious dross
Of in-bred guilt; refine the moral world,
And speed th' eventful period, when Disease,
Darkness and Death, shall wing their flight, and Day
O'er heav'n and earth with beams perennial reign.

FAILLIRIN-ILLIRIN. EALAIDH GHAOIL,

A Rinn EOBHON MACLACHUINN.

'An Gàilig, 's 'am Beurla.

FONN.

Air Fàillirin illirin iùillirin O,
Air fàillirin illirin iùillirin O,
Air fàillirin illirin iùillirin O,
Gur bòidheach an Comunn 'tha 'n coinneamh Strath Mòr.

I.

GUR gile mo leannan no'n Eal'aïr an t-shnàmh,
No cobhar na tuinne, 's è 'tilleadh bho 'n tràigh,
No 'm blath-bhainne buaile, 's a chuach leis fo bhàrr,
No sneachd nan gleann dosrach, 's è 'ga fhroiseadh mu'n bhlar.

II.

Tha cas-fhalt mo Rùin sa gu siùbhlach a sniomh,
Mar na neoil bhuidhe 'lùbas air stùchdaibh nan sliabh,
Tha a gruaidh mar an ròs, 'nuair is bòidh'che 'bhios 'fhiamh
Fo ùr dhealt a Chéitein, mu'n éirich a Ghrian.

III.

Mar Bhénus a boillsgeadh thair choilltibh nan ard,
Tha a mìog shuil 'g am 'bhuaireadh le suaicheantas gràidh:
Tha bràighe nan séud ann an éideadh gach àigh,
Mar Ghealaich nan spéur, 's i 'cur réultan fo phràmh.

IV.

Bi'dh an Uiseag 's an Smeòrach fea lòintibh nan driùchd,
'Toirt failte le 'n òran do'n óg-mhaduinn chiùin;
Ach tha 'n Uiseag neo sheòlta, 's an Smeorach gun sunnt,
'N uair 'thoisicheas m' Fhéudail air gléusadh a ciùil.

V.

'N uair 'thig Samhradh nan nòinein a chomhdach nam bruach,
'S gach eòinein 's a chròchd-choill' a' ceòl leis a Chuaich,
Bi'dh mise gu h éibhinn a' léimrich 's a ruaig,
Fo dhluth-mhéuraibh sgàileach a mànnran ri m' Luaidh.

Air fàillirin, &c.

TRANSLATION.

I.

NOT the Swan on the lake, or the Foam on the shore,
Can compare with the charms of the Maid I adore:
Not so white is the new milk that flows o'er the pail,
Or the snow that is show'r'd from the boughs of the vale.

II.

As the Cloud's yellow Wreath on the mountain's high brow,
The locks of my Fair One redundantly flow;
Her cheeks have the tint that the Roses display,
When they glitter with dews on the morning of May.

III.

As the Planet of Venus that gleams o'er the grove,
Her blue-rolling eyes are the symbols of Love:
Her pearl-circled Bosom diffuses bright rays,
Like the Moon, when the stars are bedimm'd with her blaze.

IV.

The Mavis and Lark, when they welcome the dawn,
Make a chorus of joy to resound through the lawn:
But the Mavis is tuneless; the Lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful Charmer renews her sweet strain.

V.

When Summer bespangles the landscape with flow'rs,
While the Thrush and the Cuckow sing soft from the bow'rs,
Through the wood-shaded windings with BELLA I'll rove,
And feast unrestrain'd on the smiles of my Love.

Air fàillirin, &c.

VALEDICTION

TO THE

LADIES OF A GEOGRAPHY CLASS.

NOW, grey with age, the trembling year declines,
The woods with with'ring foliage strew the ground,
The weary Sun with fainter radiance shines,
Descending slowly to the southern bound.

Grim Winter rising from his brazen cave
Shakes o'er the sky his flag of glooms unfurl'd;
Young Zephyr flies beyond the western wave,
To fan the regions of th' Antarctic World.

My fair Attendants! now the course is run,
And the bleak season stops our smooth career:
Here pause our labours, till the golden Sun
With joy returning hails the Boreal Sphere.

His car has press'd the three Autumnal fires
That near th' Equator gild the starry round,
While on yon orb we trac'd, with mimic spires,
His annual progress through the great profound.

From realm to realm, from zone to zone, we cross'd
On wings of air, to Ocean's utmost isles;
We saw the peaks that gleam with polar frost,
And the green vales where Spring perennial smiles.

As scene on scene successive rose in view,
With new delight we mark'd the beauteous Whole:
Each scene gave pleasure, for each scene was new,
And pour'd instruction on the wondering soul.

While thus employ'd, we shar'd a richer feast,
Than all that Fortune's captive slaves admire:
Full oft the sweets of Affluence cloy the taste,
But here it feeds on joys that never tire.

In Fashion's rounds the vain may strive to blaze,
With all the splendor of affected charms,
That the thick crowd of rival fools may gaze,
While ev'ry feature darts delicious harms:

You wiser chose to court the peaceful bow'rs
That grace the walks where Science loves to stray,
And there, unseen, to cull the blooming flow'rs
Whose beauties with no length of years decay.

With urgent labour, all the livelong day,
For fruitful growth I dress the mental soil;
At times, entangling thorns perplex my way,
At times, luxuriant crops reward my toil.

But stretcht at ease in this sequester'd shade
I talk'd of Science to the beauteous throng;
Each ev'ning hour a new delight convey'd,
And nimble hours like moments roll'd along.

Methought Elysian gardens bloom'd in view,
As step by step I led the lovely train;
Through my fond breast incessant raptures flew,
For Angels, smiling, list'ned to my strain.

Here Nature wantons in her virgin-bloom,
As once in Eden's balm-distilling groves;
Here dwells each Grace as in her native home,
That sportive flutters round the Queen of Loves.

Here Love and Beauty all their charms disclose;
There, like the dew-drop beams the sparkling eye;

Here, fresh as morning, blooms the lovely Rose,
  There, Lilies soften its vermillion-dye:

Here seems a Phœbe rising through her cloud,
  Her yellow tresses floating on the wave;
There, silver Venus gleaming o'er the wood,
  As Night ascending quits her shadowy cave.

Whether, like Pallas, on the robe of flow'rs,
  Your radiant fingers trace the fair design,
Where light and darkness blend their magic pow'rs,
  And new creations start in ev'ry line:

Or nimbly flying o'er th' elastic wires,
  While voice and hand combine the charms of sound;
Through ev'ry vein you wake tumultuous fires,
  And our warm breasts with thrilling transports bound.

When, circling quick, you course the spacious hall,
  Or steal with slow majestic pace along,
As undulating soft you rise and fall,
  Each motion varied with the varying song;

Bright in the face the soul's perfections shine,
  Each look, each step th' accomplish'd charmer proves;
To aid the pomp, th' attractive Graces join,
  With all the little flutt'ring choir of Loves.

My charming Audience! those delightful flow'rs,
  Are the first buds of Youth's unfolding spring:
May heav'n's enliv'ning suns, and fost'ring show'rs,
  The embryo seeds to full perfection bring.

Would you to full perfective bliss ascend?
  In Wisdom's school your earlier years employ:
To heav'nly bliss the ways of Virtue tend;
  The wise and virtuous know substantial joy.

With stedfast sway let Reason guide the rein,
Nor swerve, though Pleasure tempt with serpent-
Unlawful Pleasure is the source of Pain, [wiles;
And Furies lurk behind her dimpling smiles.

When rising Phœbus pours the boundless blaze,
The glitt'ring fields appear in all their bloom;
When black'ning tempests veil his sickly rays,
All Nature wears a thick disastrous gloom:

Thus Wit and Grace attract with charms divine,
When Virtue's genial beams illume the Whole;
Of these divested, charms but dimly shine,
And all is tempest through the dark'ned soul.

Be heedful then; Her* prudent words obey,
Who taught your young ideas how to form:
Virtue is fair, when outward charms decay,
And smiles superior o'er the wintry storm.

Thus far presumes a rude uncultur'd Muse,
Who lays the Fop's unmeaning cant aside:
Who sings unprompted by ambitious views,
And scorns to bend before the shrine of Pride.

And now, my thrice-delightful Charge, Adieu!
May conscious Worth your faithful guardian prove;
May Fortune's sweets your favor'd haunts pursue,
And Hymen's happiest raptures crown your love.

* The Lady who superintended this fair Seminary.

DARTHULA'S VALEDICTION

TO

ALBION.*

Inmhin tir an tir ud thoir, &c.

I.

HOW dear, how lovely yonder eastern shore,
And Albion's lakes embank'd with woodlands green!
From these retreats my feet would stray no more,
But, with my Love, I quit the darling scene!

II.

The Isle of Drayno grac'd with verdant bow'rs,
The fort that tops yon cliff's o'erhanging brow,
The Sunian Wall, and Fingal's massy tow'rs,
Wake in my breast Affection's parting glow.

III.

I, with my Nathos, bid yon wilds adieu!
The woods and bays where Anlo roam'd of yore,
Now fast receding, vanish from my view,
And Albion's pleasing scenes return no more!

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* This Piece has been translated from an ancient Gaelic Manuscript, gifted by Lord Bannatyne, to the Honourable Celtic Committee of the *Highland Society of Scotland*. This curious volume is dated "Glenmasan, the 15th of M——, of the Year of our Redemption 1238" See Report concerning Ossian, Appendix, page 298, where Dr. Donald Smith has published an interesting Account of it; to which paper I refer the reader for a copy of the Original, with an English Literal Version subjoined. Several Editions of the Valediction are current in the Highlands; but in the above translation the Glenmasan MS. has been carefully followed.

IV.

How sweet thy landscapes, Letha's winding vale!
How soft repose where thy smooth riv'lets glide!
Oft on thy heights we took the fresh regale,
And hills and streams the plenteous board supplied.

V.

O lov'd Glenmàsan, waste of herbs and flow'rs!
Fair wave thy forests in the vernal breeze:
Full many a day we pass'd th' unconscious hours,
Stretcht on thy grassy banks in careless ease.

VI.

Dear Etha's glen, where first my cot was rear'd!
How much I lov'd on thy tall groves to gaze,
When rising o'er the hills the sun appear'd,
And the vale glitter'd with his morning rays!

VII.

Glenurcha's ample tract, a tract belov'd,
By two straight ranks of beauteous hills confin'd;
How glad his youthful mates with Nathos rov'd,
While o'er thy crags they urg'd the flying hind!

VIII.

Dalruval's vale, the vale of harmless glee,
Where social bands around us lov'd to throng!
Where oft from yonder mountain's bending tree
The artless Cuckoo pour'd her mellow song.

IX.

How lovely Drayno with its sounding shore,
The sands of Avich lav'd by billows green!
From those sweet haunts my feet would stray no more,
But with my Love I quit the darling scene.

DARTHULÆ ALBIO VALEDICENTIS CARMEN.

*E Gaëlico.**

ISTIUS ut cedens regionis littus Eoæ,
Stagnaque sylvoso margine cincta placent!
Usque tuos mihi dulce foret peragrare recessus,
Albion! at Nathi linquere cogit amor.
Insula Drenæi decorata virentibus umbris,
Fingaleæ turres, Suniadûmque domus,
Et Fidigi impositæ scopulis pendentibus arces,
Hæc revocant animo tempora grata meo.
Vos, sylvæ et portus! Natho comitante relinquo,
Carpsit ubi toties devius Anlus iter;
Et tua mox nebulæ dilecta cacumina condent,
Albion, ah! nunquam restituenda mihi.
Ut tua, Letha, juvat sinuoso tramite vallis,
Somnus et ad fluvii murmura blanda tui!
Sæpe tuis lautas in clivis sumpsimus escas,
Fluminaque et montes contribuere dapem.
Tu quoque floriferi decus es, Masânia, regni,
Verna tibi celsum cum quatit aura nemus;
Hîc locus, æstivas ubi sæpe fefellimus horas,
Gramineo strati languida membra toro.
Tecta mihi steterant gelidis sub frondibus Æthes,
Hæc nemora ut placuit cernere densa comis,
Sol monte exoriens vallem cum pingeret auro,
Et tremulum splendens redderet unda jubar!
Semper amœna mihi spatiosæ rura Glenurchæ,
Concava, porrectis undique clausa jugis;

* Vid. not. ad Angl. Vers. p. 78.

Nathos ibi et comites, salebrosa per avia, cervas
Versabant trepidas, capreolosque leves.
Multoties et nos Daruali in valle solebant
Ruricolæ innocuis exhilarare jocis;
Sæpius atque altæ flexâ super arbore rupis
Cuculus agrestes fudit ab ore modos.
Fluctibus oblectant roratâ Avicus arenâ,
Raucaque Drenæi littora pulsa salo.
Hos mihi dulce foret semper peragrare recessus,
Dulcior at Nathi linquere cogit amor.

LINES ON A THUNDER STORM.

Written with a PENCIL *in the* FIELD, *immediately after a Clap of Thunder.*

WHEN murky Night involves the black'ning pole,
And storms on storms in dark confusion roll;
When fiery flashes, issuing from the womb
Of sulph'ry vapours, blaze athwart the gloom,
While solemn thunders burst with awful roar,
And shake th' astonish'd world from shore to shore;
Then Sceptics see the truth with op'ning eyes,
And thoughtless Folly seems a moment wise;
The pale-fac'd Miscreant dreads th' avenging rod,
And Atheists, on their knees, confess a GOD.

ALEXIS:

OR,

AN ELEGY ON A STUDENT,

Who died at KING'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN, *in December* 1804, *and was interred on Christmas Day.*

——— mentem mortalia tangunt.

VIRGIL.

WHAT solemn sounds from yonder hoary spire,
Along the void in circling billows roll?
Be hush'd, my fears; tumultuous thoughts retire,
Fate's awful heralds—ah! they thrill the soul!
To Youth and Age they speak the warning strain:—
Prepare, ye careless, for th' approaching doom!
Turn from the toys of this sublunar scene,
And mark the world that lies beyond the tomb!
Thus Wisdom slighted by the young and gay,
Knocks for admission at the human heart;
But ah! strong Passions guard th' obstructed way,
And frowning bid the heav'nly Guest depart.
O dreadful spoiler of the works of God!
Why not on woe-worn Age exhaust thy store,
Which, four-score years, hath cours'd the toilsome flood,
Now longing sighs to gain the destin'd shore!
Why not make Age thy prey, tremendous King!
Ah! why for Youth thy fatal nets display!
Ah! why deface the tender gems of Spring,
But just expanding to the orient ray!

This Flow'r, whose beauties charm'd the lonely wild,
So late transplanted to its native plain,
To climes where Science's fost'ring sunbeams smil'd,
And shed new charms o'er all the flow'ry reign:
This Flow'r that rose so lovely to the view,
Wav'd, in Hope's eye, the large autumnal store:
O heav'n! the killing blast of Winter flew,
And nipt the foliage, lovely now no more.
Late in the Eve I sought the pillar'd way,
For one sweet hour t' indulge the social flow,
Where smiling Mirth makes ev'ry face look gay,
And youthful hearts with genuine Friendship glow:
No sprightly Music wak'd th' accustom'd ball,
Nor shook the dome beneath the bounding throng,
A mournful silence hush'd the spacious hall,
And deep funereal echoes roll'd along.
Stretch'd on the bed of Death Alexis lay:
They saw their once-lov'd Friend; his heart was cold!
They saw the pale inanimated clay,
They saw the winding sheet his face infold!
They saw their Playmate speechless on the deal,
So late with health's enliv'ning vigour warm;
Hush'd was each tongue; each sadden'd cheek was pale,
And Mirth and Music lost their pow'r to charm.
But who yon weeping Stranger's grief can tell!
(See his swift tears in silver streamlets roll!)
Inclining o'er the face he knew so well,
While all the sorrowing Parent melts his soul:—
"My Son! my Son! my sweetest, dearest care!
"How art thou ever gone, my hapless Boy!
"Ah! my fond schemes were propp'd on fleeting air;
"And now a long farewell to earthly joy!

" O ! did we part, my child, to meet no more,
" But in the realm beyond the dreary grave—
" God's will be done ! may I that will adore !
" 'Twas God who took; he took but what he gave !"
Impetuous bursting from his high-swoln heart,
The too big glut of grief his voice suppress'd;
Beneath the burden of th' o'erwhelming smart
He sinks !—ye, feeling Fathers ! know the rest.

Now, mournful Muse ! conduct me to the scene,
Where the last solemn duty claims our aid,
Where end the struggles, feuds, and toils of men,
The pall, the bier, the coffin, and the spade.
Forth from the hall, attir'd in sable gloom,
The rev'rend Seniors slowly lead the way:
To share the rite, the youthful mourners come,
And o'er the court their length'ning ranks display.
Now from the cloister'd mansion borne along
Appear the sacred relicks of the Dead,
Rais'd on the shoulders of the closing throng,
And with the black funereal pall o'erspread:
O sad ! the purple robe he lov'd to wear,
When Science call'd him to her hallow'd shrine,
Now floats in eddying waves around his bier,
And draws from many an eye the trickling brine.
Now the procession, pensive, sad, and slow,
In silent majesty successive tread:
The youth, with looks that spoke the heartfelt woe,
Convey their Classmate to his narrow bed.
On through the echoing aisle they bend their way,
While at long pauses sounds the deep-ton'd knell;

Now with the worms they lodge the lifeless clay,
To moulder in the dark oblivious cell.

O THOU, whose blood a fallen world could save,
Whom once grim Death in brazen fetters bound,
Who brok'st the barriers of the gloomy grave,
When Death and Hell receiv'd the mortal wound!
Still and secure, beneath thy watchful eye,
May these belov'd Remains in hope repose,
Till the last pealing trumpet shakes the sky,
And bursting graves their captive charge disclose.
Long may thy care, like Israel's fiery wall,
Protect our Alma Mater's lov'd abode;
When Death's terrific darts destructive fall,
Be THOU her Shield, her Guardian, and her God.
Long on the Youth may health and fortune smile;
Long may their Parents prove the darling joy;
Long may the hand of Science smooth their toil,
And feed their souls with sweets that never cloy.
Conduct them safe through Life's perplexing vale,
Through Youth, through Manhood, on to silver Age;
Till, ripe for bliss, they bid all toil farewell,
In peace retiring from this mortal stage.

SOPHRONIA AND FLORELLO:*
A DREAM.

——— lucis habitamus opacis,
Riparumque toros, et prata recentia rivis
Incolimus. VIRGIL.
——— we dwell in shadowy bow'rs,
On mossy couches rest, or sport through meads
Lav'd by refreshing rills.

NIGHT o'er the world had spread her sable reign,
And a still silence hush'd the sleeping plain;
Lost to the woes and toils that urge the day,
On the soft couch in balmy rest I lay;
Each Pow'r inactive slumber'd in her cell,
But wakeful Fancy ply'd the magic spell
That bids her thin aerial phantoms fly
In pictur'd dreams before the mental eye.

I saw, methought, a stately-waving wood,
Along whose margin pour'd a silver flood;
On the green bank Sophronia mourn'd alone,
And pitying rocks re-echoed moan for moan:
At times the tears in copious torrents roll,
Her lost Florello rushing on her soul;
At times, celestial Hope her grief allay'd;
At times, afresh the potent Feeling sway'd:

* FLORELLO is the fictitious name of a very promising Young Gentleman, (sometime a Pupil of the Author's) who died at King's College, after little more than a week's illness. His Mother had arrived in Aberdeen, just in time to perform the last sad offices to a darling Child. This Dream was composed, with a view to exhibit to an afflicted Parent the pleasing prospects of futurity with which the inspired Volumes animate the Christian against the sufferings incident to mortality.

At length, in Christian fortitude resign'd,
She trusts the wisdom of th' Almighty Mind,
Who makes his favour'd feel th' afflictive smart,
And wounds the spirit, but to cure the heart:—
" O Thou, my King, my Father, and my God!
" Prais'd be thy name; I own thy chast'ning rod.
" When best for me the stroke to meet or shun,
" Strike, or with-hold; and let thy will be done!"
She spoke: when lo! a cloud appear'd to move
In billowy wreathes along the tow'ring grove;
Its thick'ning folds an Angel-Form convey'd,
Around whose brows celestial glories play'd;
A starry crown on his fair temples beam'd,
His twinkling eyes like radiant Hesper gleam'd,
His locks like undulating meteors stream'd;
His cheeks with Morn's empurpled blushes glow,
His jewell'd robes in loose luxuriance flow;
Round all the vapour, glitt'ring, as he turn'd,
The rain-bow's hues with mingling splendors burn'd;
He came commission'd from the Throne above,
And seem'd the smiling Messenger of love!
Borne through the yielding void on airy gales,
Down to the flow'r-bespangled bank he sails:
The sad Sophronia rais'd her wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd the sacred vision of the skies:
Florello stood confess'd in all his charms;
She springs, and folds him in her raptur'd arms;
Close to her breast she strain'd the lovely Boy,
And kiss'd him round and round with tears of joy.
" Whence come, sweet dear! to visit scenes below,
" And bless a Parent's eye bedimm'd with woe?
" How far'd you, since the spirit wing'd its way,
" And left this world of anguish and dismay?"

He then :—My honour'd Parent, dry thy tears;
Give God the praise, and hush ungrounded fears;
For now, beyond where pains and storms molest,
Beneath his shelt'ring wings, in peace I rest.
Were I fore-doom'd to drag a length of days,
And wander still through Life's perplexing maze,
The threaten'd ills were dire beyond compare,
Each secret lab'rinth hid a mortal snare;
Vice for my Youth her sharp-fang'd traps had spread,
And ambush'd Furies lurk'd in ev'ry shade;
The Syren Pleasure ply'd her snaky wiles,
And lur'd me to my fate, with tempting smiles:
God saw the storm loud bellowing round the field,
And o'er me spread Salvation's mighty Shield;
From Earth transferr'd me, to my natal home
Transferr'd, to save me from the wrath to come.
The faithful Guide who form'd my infant years,
When ent'ring on the gloomy vale of tears,
Who bade me yield my tender heart to God,
Nor dare to swerve from Virtue's sacred road,
Has taught me truths, eternal as the sky,
And fixt by HIS decree, who cannot lie.

"For, far beyond that wide-encircling pole
Within whose vault the starry myriads roll,
Th' empyreal Regions, bright with Day divine,
And the high tow'rs of favour'd Salem shine:
Here round JEHOVAH's throne we tune our lays,
And themes majestic swell from praise to praise;
Here trees of Life their verdant ranks unfold,
And health perennial streams in waves of gold;
Here Grief no more extorts the piteous wail,
Nor Sin nor Death with mortal shafts assail;

Exempt from toil and pain, we rest on beds,
Or warble praise through Eden's bow'ry glades,
Or, borne by hosts of flying Angels, rove
From clime to clime through all the realms of Love.
Some times, we wing these fiery tracts on high,
Where worlds and systems sail the boundless sky,
Trace Planets winding their stupendous round,
Or dart with Comets through the vast profound,
Or in bright bands revisit Earth below,
And hov'ring, flutter round the couch of woe,
With Heav'n's soft balm allay the painful smart,
Lull Care asleep, and cheer the drooping heart,
And in fair vision, op'ning on the eyes,
Make Paradise with all her glories rise.

"Cease, then, my sorrowing Parent! cease to weep;
Death to the Christian is a pleasing sleep;
For HE who died, a rebel world to save,
And forc'd the brazen portals of the grave,
Holds in his hands the keys of Death and Hell,
And gilds the horrors of the dreary vale.

"And now, once more, we bid the short Adieu;
For yon bright pomp awaiting meets my view—
Still be thy guides the dictates of the skies,
And ardent strive to gain th' immortal prize;
For, soon revolve the few predestin'd years,
And soon thou leav'st the cloudy cell of tears,
To heav'nly thrones with choirs of Angels soar,
And meet thy long-lost Friends, to part no more."

As this he spoke, the ambient vapour came,
With films condensing round his lucid frame;
Smooth o'er the boughs that crown'd the sylvan scene,
He sails, and rising mounts the calm serene,
Where stretcht in ranks, along th' unmeasur'd void,

Ten thousand thousand Angels seem'd to ride,
O'er a long vaulted tract which dazzling shone
Across heav'n's forehead, like the milky zone,
Lin'd with a beauteous range of clouds that roll'd,
Such clouds as deck the western skies with gold:
Here round Florello clos'd the legions fair,
And bore him high through pathless vasts of air,
While all their harps immortal praises sound,
And list'ning orbs the choral strains rebound.
Now heav'n's wide gates their starry folds display,
And downward bursts the whelming flood of day;
Fierce on my sight the dreadful splendors beam:
Starting I woke, and Morn dispell'd my dream.

ON THE

PREMATURE FATE

OF

SIMON M'DONALD, Esq. of Morrer,

Who died by a Melancholy Accident, *universally regretted,*

On WEDNESDAY, April 22, 1812,

Having just completed his Twenty-first Year.

Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

Virgil.

WHENCE the soft notes that glide along the sky,
Attemper'd to the melting strain of woe!
They prompt my pensive breast to heave the sigh,
And bid Grief's tides in large effusion flow.

Hark! 'tis the Parent's, and the Sister's wail:
All bath'd in tears the weeping pair behold,
Like two fair Planets glitt'ring o'er the vale,
When show'ry clouds bedim their rays of gold.

On Morrer's fields, where, cloth'd in beauteous flow'rs,
Sweet Summer lov'd to smile with beams serene,
Fierce-rushing Winter, wrapt in tempest, lours,
And sombrous glooms o'ercast the lovely scene.

Six short-liv'd moons had cours'd their changeful round,
Since valiant James was lodg'd in Death's abode;
Now the Young Simon feels the mortal wound,
And Heav'n again displays the chast'ning rod.

The Youth by all belov'd, by all ador'd,
Is now an inmate of the clay-cold urn:
Around his grassy couch with one accord,
Their Simon's fate the Angel-Virtues mourn.

Low lies the Branch of Morrer's ancient Stem,
The stateliest Tree that grac'd the sylvan reign,
Torn from the root by Heav'n's electric flame,
Its waste of blossoms with'ring on the plain.

No more its leaves afford a grateful shade,
Against the wintry storm, or solar ray:
Benumb'd or scorch'd, the pilgrim marks the glade,
And sunk in languor, plods his weary way.

O the blind views of poor designing man!
Insidious Death befools his craftiest schemes:
Build on no hope within Time's narrow span,
Terrestrial prospects are but empty dreams.

Cheer'd by fond Hope, th' enraptur'd Parent smil'd,
As her Young Simon's rip'ning Virtues grew,
As man's expanding pow'rs enhanc'd the Child,
And the sweet Son disclos'd his Sires anew.

Cheer'd by fond Hope, she saw th' auspicious day,
When past the vernal years that mark the Boy,
The blooming Heir should hold his Father's sway,
And Clans exulting shout with cordial joy.

When his dear people's Guardian, kind and wise,
Should blunt the pang of fell Misfortune's sting,
Bid Affluence hush th' unshelter'd Orphan's cries,
And the pale Widow's heart with transport sing.

She hop'd: but, ah! the form that shone so bright,
While o'er the hills its blending glories play'd,
One frowning moment ravish'd from the sight,
And veil'd the prospect in a dreary shade.

Fresh from repast, beside the social fire,
Reclin'd he sat, to prompt the social flow,
Like the gay Morn, as scatt'ring glooms retire,
When rocks and fields with pearly dew-drops glow.

O God! in vain would man thy ways explore—
Near was the tube where Fate in ambush lay!
He starts—Fate issues with displosive roar,
And prone in death he falls, a mass of clay.

O dear as life! in manhood's loveliest bloom,
Torn in one instant from my bleeding heart!
O dismal stroke! O thrice disastrous doom!
Would God this breast had shar'd the dreadful smart

So cry'd his friend. He gave one pleasing smile—
One Angel-look, to speak the last Adieu!
Pulsation stopp'd, when Nature ceas'd her toil,
And the freed Soul to realms of Glory flew.

But, O! what language form'd by human tongue
Can paint a hapless Parent's world of woe!
She saw him stretch'd amid the sobbing throng;
The eyes were sunk! the cheek was pale as snow!

The lips were mute! the lips unstain'd by guile!
The heart was cold, which pure Affection warm'd!
But, ev'n in death, Affection seem'd to smile,
And still, serenely sweet, the visage charm'd.

The dark-brown curls—the eye that beam'd with love
She saw—she shriek'd—on Simon's breast she fell!
No words ensue—Did gracious Heav'n approve,
Glad would she wish this toilsome world farewell!

But, ah! no pow'r averts predestin'd woe:
She wakes! again the killing scenes return!
She proves how vain to look for bliss below,
And feels that wretched man was doom'd to mourn.

Now, Muse! attend yon Pomp in long array:
They bear his corse enwrapt in Sorrow's gloom:
Shrill pipes attune the sad funereal lay,
Exalting thought to worlds beyond the tomb.

A thousand scenes revive, in mem'ry stor'd;
A thousand rills descend from streaming eyes;
They crowd the bier of him they still ador'd,
And Nature's feelings speak in piteous cries.

Ev'n grey-lock'd swains who trod life's thorny vale,
For half a circling age to grief unknown,
Dissolv'd in tears, like chast'ned infants wail,
And in one burst augment the gen'ral groan.

Now in the house where shades and silence dwell,
Earth lodg'd in earth the sorr'wing train inclose,
Cheer'd by their faith in Him who vanquish'd Hell,
And made Death's bed a bed of sweet repose.

Now sad and silent are the spacious halls,
The scenes of festal mirth in days of yore:
Grief's sable Night on Morrer deep'ning falls;
For her bright Sun has set, to rise no more.

Faint and exhausted with her weight of woe,
On Languor's couch th' unhappy Parent turns;
Her tears in ceaseless streams for Simon flow,
And thus in Fancy's list'ning ear she mourns:—

Cold in the narrow frame my Simon lies,
My Hope, my Pride, my Darling, and my Joy!
O Heav'n! no object meets these streaming eyes,
But loudly talks of my departed Boy!

How oft he walk'd by yonder murm'ring fall!
Oft on yon cliff the branchy hind assail'd!
His precious reliques hang on yonder wall!
Oft by yon board the welcome guest he hail'd!

My lovely Simon is for ever gone!
Woes me, that still survive his timeless doom!
My sublunary hopes like films are flown,
And wasting grief shall send me to the tomb!

Spring shall return, with all her balmy show'rs;
Young birds in groves shall trill the choral lay;
The bees shall come to suck the dewy flow'rs,
And cuckoo's notes proclaim the month of May:
Seasons and scenes, as wont, shall smile anew:
But till Heav'n's flames involve this crumbling ball,
Thy face, my Darling! shall not cheer my view,
Nor on my ear thy soothing accents fall!
Dire is thy load of grief, afflicted Fair!
Who would not mourn, that hears thy sadd'ning tale?
Nature must feel!—but mourn not in despair:
Heav'n will befriend, when earthly friendships fail.
Still in thy garden blooms a beauteous Bough,
Though the dread bolt thy loftier Plants o'erthrew:
From this, a wood of fertile shoots may grow,
And all the joys of former years renew.
'Twas Grace divine her guardian-shield display'd,
To screen thy Simon from th' impending storm:
Now with the bless'd, in beams of light array'd,
He roves through climes that tempests ne'er deform.
With Angel-hosts he tunes his glitt'ring lyre,
Where Life's immortal streams through Eden wave;
Their theme, the Favour'd of th' Eternal Sire,
Who died for man, and triumph'd o'er the grave.
Thou too, when thy short date of years has roll'd,
Conducted by the blazing throngs above,
Shalt soar beyond our skies on wings of gold,
And meet thy Darling in the realms of love!

EPITAPH.

STAND off, profane! for this is holy ground,
Where Heav'n's own Angels guard a precious Trust:
Approach, ye good! survey the favour'd mound:
Here sleeps, in peace, the gentle SIMON's dust.
Mourn not his fate. He was a Plant of God;
Its hues too rich for our unhallow'd Zone:
Now snatch'd from Earth to Salem's pure abode,
It blooms immortal near the Sov'reign Throne.

A DREAM,

SUBSEQUENT TO THE DEATH OF

MR. JAMES BEATTIE,

*Professor of Humanity and Natural History in the University and Marischal College, Aberdeen.**

ARGUMENT.

THOUGHTS on the Shortness of Human Life, and on the Premature Fate of Mr. BEATTIE.—The Extinction of the Immaterial Principle cannot be admitted, in consistency with the known attributes of God, the Voice of Nature, or the Suggestions of Conscience.—Falling asleep.—Dream.—A Storm of Thunder and Lightning, that threatens the Dissolution of the Universe.—It is calmed by the voice of Jehovah.—A glorious Vision of Saints and Angels.—The Soul of the Deceased ascends, with a Guardian Angel, to meet them.—His reception, and immediate Transformation.—The whole Assembly returns to Heaven, singing an Anthem of Praise.

——— ὄναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστιν.—HOMER.

——— Dreams descend from Jove.—POPE.

LATE was the hour. With weary toil opprest
My spirits crav'd the fresh'ning balm of rest.
On the soft down with outstretcht limbs I lay:
When Thought through devious glooms began to stray:
'Twas thus I mus'd:—"Great God! how vain is man!
His strength, a moth's! his term of life, a span!

* Professor Beattie died on Thursday morning, October 4th, 1810.

His hopes, a bubble! all his fairy schemes
Confusion's tow'r, a moon-struck maniac's dreams!
O fool! on earthly props to build his trust,
When the next hour may blend those props with dust!
Dear BEATTIE! Soul of worth! for ever gone!
Heav'n's Planet quench'd, ere half its glory shone,
Just as a grateful country wove the bays,
To crown thee with the well-earn'd meed of praise!
Ah! who could dream that fate had form'd the snare
For Manhood's blooming prime, for worth so rare!
The precious lodge of that transcendent Mind,
By all the golden stores of wit refin'd,
Reason's own fane—a mass of lifeless clay,
And those exalted pow'rs—a vapour flown away!
But Nature, Conscience, and the God above,
Proclaim my fears absurd; for God is Love:
The wondrous fates that rule the earth and skies
Are God's supreme decrees; and God is wise:
He gives, and takes his own: then, Thought! be still,
And learn submission to the Sov'reign Will.

As thus I ponder'd, Thoughts came crowding fast,
Empty and vagrant as the veering blast;
A thousand forms th' illusive imps assume,
By Fancy textur'd in her magic loom;
Sporting along, th' unnumber'd phantoms glide,
In no determin'd channel flow'd the tide:
Thick-streaming swarms all op'ning portals send;
These in one undistinguish'd whirpool blend;
Till Reason left her charge, and sleep profound
In its soft chains th' abstracted senses drown'd.

In vision tranc'd, methought I roam'd alone
Through dismal wastes where not a starlet shone:
Down the tall forests rush'd the winds amain,
Heav'n pour'd its torrents o'er the floated plain:
The rest, my verse, unfold, along thy *changeful strain.

ODE.

I.

WHAT thick'ning glooms o'erspread the dreary scene!
Black-vested Darkness, on his throne of clouds,
Apparent Monarch of the vast domain,
Hath stretch'd his veil o'er mountains, fields, and floods!
Fierce Boreas raves athwart the starless skies,
Before him driving all the vap'ry world:
In mountains see the battling deeps arise,
A roaring waste, in wild confusion hurl'd!
See! see! whence yon keen-dazzling flash!
Creation in one blaze of fire!
Yon horrid, heart-appalling crash,
To Conscience speaks the Eternal's ire!
Flash after flash, and peal on peal,
Add tenfold horror to the gloom!
The mountains on their bases reel,
All Nature's works the tumult feel,
And Chaos, gaping, threats a gen'ral tomb!

* The measure of the Ode is irregular, excepting in the two Anthems.

II.

Anon! upon the whirlwind's blast
From orb to orb JEHOVAH tow'rs!
Creation through its boundless vast
Did homage to the POW'R OF POW'RS!
"*Hush, Uproar!*" said all Nature's Lord;
Uproar obey'd the omnific word:
Fierce Turbulence was calm'd to peace;
The bolts expire, the thunders cease:
The hurricane's all-rending breath,
Hush'd by the voice, was still as death!
The Ocean's billowy empire strown
Like a great glassy pavement shone:
Aloft the vap'ry columns rise,
In thin white flakes, dispers'd o'er all the skies;
The azure dome high-swelling to the view,
While Night's red-trembling fires illume th' unmeasured [blue.

III.

When lo! where Jove the space adorns,
Girt by his circumvolving fires,
Between the Bull's refulgent horns
And the gay Pleiads' dancing choirs,
Methought there shot a lucid tide
Effusive billowing o'er the sky,
As a huge Ocean, far and wide
O'erflowing all the tracts on high;
Thick and more thick the inundation roll'd;
It seem'd descending to our world below,
Myriads of figures fledg'd with wings of gold,
Rank above rank, the circling orders glow;

Myriads of Spirits, once who bore
The cumb'ring load of mortal clay,
Now starry crowns in triumph wore,
And look'd like blazing orbs of day;
Of ev'ry creed, of ev'ry tongue,
Of ev'ry age, from pole to pole,
The first born Church, in one harmonious throng,
One gracious Father of the world extol;
From the five zones of our terrestrial ball,
Jews, Bramins, Turks, and Christians, side by side,
In one great host, ador'd the God of all,
And Him who for the worst offenders died.

IV.

That moment, in my wond'ring view,
Just issu'd from the mortal frame,
Ascending on th' aerial blue,
(*Beattie* was once his earthly name,)
With a fair angel, such as guards the good,
High on the vapour's ridgy breast he stood:
Aloft, to meet the radiant pomp, they sail'd;
A gen'ral shout the soul's arrival hail'd,
Loud as of thunder roll'd through turbid clouds,
Or the hoarse roar of Ocean's rushing floods!
All heav'n's melodious minstrelsy was strung,
While harp and voice, attun'd, the Anthem sung:—

V.

Welcome, welcome, earthly guest!
Welcome from the home of clay!
Welcome to Immanuel's feast!
Welcome to the thrones of day!
Bid adieu to trembling fears;
Mercy blots each guilty stain:

Bid adieu to grief and tears,
  Sin and Death no more can pain.
Welcome to the realm of love
  Purchas'd by Immanuel's blood!
Welcome to th' excursive rove
  Through the boundless works of God!
Welcome from the stormy main!
  Welcome to the peaceful shore!
Welcome to thy friends again,
  Now rejoin'd, to part no more.
Welcome to the vital Tree
  Fraught with sweets that never cloy!
Welcome to the Mystic Three,
  Welcome to perennial joy!

VI.

So hymn'd the choral bands. Th' enraptur'd guest
  At once transform'd, a Sp'rit of light became;
A crown of sparkling stars his temples grac'd,
  Redundant round him wav'd his train of flame:
An awful majesty adorn'd his brow;
His cheeks with Morning's loveliest blushes glow!
He breath'd celestial sweets; his angel eye
Outshone the Planet of the ev'ning sky;
What late convulsive throbb'd in fev'rish clay,
Now bloom'd immortal youth amidst the hosts of day:
A globe of shining forms inclos'd him round,
Palms in their hands, their heads with garlands crown'd,
These deck'd him with a wreath that burn'd like fire,
And there, with Christ's elect, he tun'd his golden lyre!
At once th' august assembly sail'd along
  Through the great void, on clouds of radiance borne,

Numbers, unnumber'd as the flow'ry throng,
The stars of night, or glitt'ring dews of morn!
The pomp ascending on th' aerial gales,
O'er all the sky the floating music swells;
Heav'n's arch their peals of hallelujah rings,
While thus, in quire, they praise the King of Kings:

VII.

Æthereal thrones! with one accord,
"Now let us join, and praise the Lord!"*
Through all his spacious works ador'd,
Jehovah's might be sung!
When Darkness brooded o'er the wild,
Effulgence at his mandate smil'd,
And Beauty, Order's loveliest child,
From dire Confusion sprung.

He launch'd upon the voids of space
The hosts of rolling orbs that trace
From age to age the destin'd race
Their central suns around:
His arm supports the mighty frame;
He smiles! Creation shouts acclaim!
He frowns! Red bolts disruptive flame,
And all her spheres confound.

Æthereal thrones! adore the plan,
Whose depths in vain we try to scan,
The work of Sov'reign Grace for man
A fallen world to save:

* These were almost the last words uttered by an amiable pupil of the Author's, who died in Old Aberdeen, May 6th, 1810, after two days illness. Eheu! quam tenui pendent mortalia filo!

The glories of the Cross resound,
The streaming Blood, the gaping Wound,
In brazen chains the Dragon bound,
The Triumph o'er the Grave!

When answ'ring to the notes sublime
That spheres along their orbits chime,
The Hours began to measure Time;
We sung Immanuel's praise:
His name shall with Jehovah's blend
When Time hath reach'd his destin'd end,
And suns and planets all ascend
In one devouring blaze!

Then Death, and Sin, and Hell, shall die;
His ransom'd, then, shall mount on high,
Along the wide empyreal sky
With angel-hosts to rove;
A new Creation rise again,
Exempt from Darkness, Guilt, and Pain,
And all Existence sing the reign
Of universal Love!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

VIII.

As thus they chaunted to their harps of gold,
And wide through echoing space their music roll'd,
Behold a wond'rous scene! from either end
The vast-disparting Concave seem'd to rend:
A blaze, as of ten thousand thousand suns,
From GLORY'S SOURCE, in dreadful effluence runs,
Kindling th' immense!—In this abyss of light
The host was wrapt—Thick darkness veil'd my sight,
And all the splendid dream, dissolving, mix'd with night.

SCIENCE.

—— didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

ENTHRON'D in the regions of Day,
Where Angels in melody join,
Incessantly warbling the lay
That celebrates Wisdom divine,
Fair Science, from ages of old,
Convers'd with the matchless Supreme,
Ere Chaos and Night were controll'd,
Or the Planets exerted their flame.
'Twas she who bade Darkness retire,
Fierce Turbulence cease to confound,
And Light, the companion of Fire,
To blaze through the horrible round.
She commanded the host of the Stars
Their mystical orbits to sweep,
And fenc'd with infrangible bars
The gates of the boisterous deep.
She taught when the Morning should rise
With dew-drops to spangle the ground,
When Ev'ning should blush in the skies,
Or Midnight invest the profound.
She commission'd the Planet of Day
That enlivens the beautiful whole,
In his circular progress, to sway
The times of the year, as they roll.

Conjecture, the offspring of Air,
Like Chance, undiscerning and blind,
For ages, with counterfeit glare,
Impos'd on the sense of mankind.
But soon as our Newton appear'd,
Forth blaz'd irresistible Light;
The bat-ey'd Hypothesis fear'd,
And fled with the shadows of Night.
In her place he establish'd the throne
Of Science, the former of man,
And taught us the secrets unknown,
Unfolding the wonderful plan.
By the Art that makes quantities flow,
See Science her wonders display!
Our bosoms with extacy glow,
As we mount to the kingdoms of day.
Now high on the Alps of the world,
Confounded, we stop in our flight,
Where, with awful velocity whirl'd,
Heaven's glories astonish our sight.
Now, thwarting their orbits above,
O'erwhelm'd with amazement, we trace
The lengthful elliptical rove
Of Comets through infinite space!
Hail, Daughter of Reason divine,
Thou favourite Child of the Skies!
Be ours to adore at thy shrine,
And walk in the paths of the wise.
The proudling may boast of his birth,
The rich of his coffers of ore,
Ambition may ransack the earth,
And Tyranny hanker for gore:

My lot be with Science to dwell,
And with Virtue, however unknown;
Contentment illumine my cell,
And I'm blest as a Prince on the throne.

FLUXIONS;

OR

A PARODY ON THE PRECEDING EFFUSION,

In the Character of a Fellow Student, who had an insurmountable aversion to the Mathematics.

Non semper arcum tendit Apollo.——Hor.

IN the climate of shadows beneath,
Where the Devils in Phlegethon swim,
Where Cerberus, Pluto, and Death,
With the Furies, incessantly scream;
When the Monarch of darkness intends
On the puddings of wretches to dine,
On his right and his left are the fiends
Whose foreheads the serpents entwine:
The board where the dishes are spread
All smoking with entrails and bones,
Is an angular figure display'd,
And the vessels are circles and cones.
From fountains and torrents of fire
In spouting parabolas roll'd,
They drink to the health of their sire
In tumblers of cylinder-mold.

The porter or wine, that allays
The thirst of the gluttonous Brute,
Is pour'd from an Algebra vase,
And measur'd by Fluxions to boot.
When they meet in the parlours of flame
Where the adders are hissing in swarms,
Like chess, they make Fluxions their game,
Till Charon comes on with alarms.
So Fluxions were brought to the birth
In the dungeon of goblins confin'd,
And rose like a plague upon earth
For confounding the brains of mankind.
I therefore conclude with a pray'r
For the monster who spawn'd them at first;
In his face may Tisiphone stare,
And gall him with hunger and thirst.
On the circle with Ixion bound,
Or rolling the grindstone for ever,
Or with Tityos chain'd to the ground,
And may vultures devour at his liver!

NIGHT.

——— Thou also mad'st the Night,
Maker Omnipotent.——MILTON.

AWFUL Sire of Darkness, hail,
Reigning on thy throne of clouds!

In thy sable-textur'd veil
All her beauty Nature shrouds.
All the woes and cares of men
Hush'd beneath thy soft controul,
Cease to deal the darts of pain,
And to Peace resign the soul.
On their star-bespangled wings,
See! the flutt'ring host of Dreams
Ride their swift fantastic rings,
Sporting on the lunar beams.
Now come forth the birds obscene,
Birds that shun the face of day;
Now the monsters of the den
Roam the wild, in quest of prey.
Dogs, with long portentous howls,
Mark the forms that cross the glades;
Squeaking bats, and hooting owls
Fright the wide re-echoing shades.
Fairies quit their rifted cells;
Spectres, wrapt in hideous glooms,
Utter dire and dismal yells,
Issuing from the gaping tombs!
On the Murd'rer's startled ear
Strikes the wild unearthly sound;
Conscience shrinks with pallid fear,
Pointing to the gory wound.
Now he thinks each passing gale
Wafts a thousand curses round,
Now he hears the gulfs of hell
Boil beneath the rumbling ground.
Frightful Furies meet his eyes,
Bristling with their snaky tire;

All the Dæmons seem to rise
From their beds of liquid fire!
But the homely rural Swain
Seeks the bed, to rest from toil,
As the ev'ning sky serene,
For his heart is free from guile.
See the aged Patriarch bend
Suppliant to the King of kings!
Grace and Faith make Hope ascend
Tow'ring on Devotion's wings.
Heav'n, delighted, hears the lays
Warbled with unstudied art:
God accepts the gift of praise
Flowing from the sinless heart.
Stretch'd beneath his rural shed
See the favour'd Child of God!
Heav'nly hosts around him spread,
Guarding his belov'd abode.
Dews of life's refreshing balm
Soothe him, as his eyelids close;
Nature with a pleasing calm
Sinks into the soft repose.
Golden visions of the sky,
Angels in their robes of light,
Eden scenes, and thrones on high,
Blaze on his astonish'd sight.
Floating on the billowy gales
Sounds immortal seem to roll,
Praise on praise sublimely swells,
Thrilling to the ravish'd soul.

Grant me, Pow'r of Pow'rs Supreme!
  Sweets like *these* to soothe my toil;
Thus my life be void of blame,
  Cheer'd by Heav'n's approving smile.
So to cheer me, King of Light!
  That celestial smile impart:
Come, dispel my mental night;
  Come, and reign within my heart;
Soften Thou my heart of stone;
  Free from Guilt's enthralling chain;
Bid my Passions, fierce and prone,
  Yield to Reason's mild domain.
Still may thy directing Grace
  Guide me through th' unerring way;
Thus my nights shall glide in peace;
  Thus shall Pleasure crown the day.
Thus, establish'd in my breast,
  Conscious Worth shall hold a throne;
Thus I share a heav'nly feast
  To th' offending world unknown.

NIGHT SCENE.

Τὰ κοινὰ κοινῶς.—Suit the style to the subject.

ARISTOTLE.

THEY say, when the hamlet is still,
  And darkness envelops the plain,

The ghosts come in troops from the hill,
To warble the musical strain;
What time, on the couch of repose,
The shepherd, forgetful of care,
Is entranc'd at the concert that flows
So soft on the billows of air.
Yes, poets have phrases enough,
Like trowels for working in lime,
To plaster the smooth and the rough
With the tractable ointment of rhyme.
They still make the woes of the great
The theme of their tragical tale,
" While Happiness smiles at the gate
" Of Poverty lodg'd in the vale."
Would heav'n they were here but a night,
To partake of our music and ease,
The brawling of cats as they fight,
And the restless attacks of the fleas!
How quick from the rise to the fall
The mewing practitioners pass,
And join the fantastical squall,
In full chorus of treble and bass!
Like precentors contending for palms,
The Bangor of Devils they swell;
O Sternhold! what elegant psalms!
The like never flow'd from thy shell.
Now, up with the concert of yells!
Now, out with the tempest of rage!
Strange echoes are rous'd from their cells,
As the cuffing assailants engage.

What a rattling of spoons and of plates,
As they spring thro' the shelves with a bound!
The press, as was doom'd by the Fates,
Falls plump with a crash to the ground.
Such the hubbub of quarrelsome wives,
When they lunder with terrible blows,
While their nails, that are sharper than knives,
Play vengeance with cheeks and with nose.
Ads blast them! what sounds of affright!
With terror each limb of me quakes:
Methinks all the goblins of night
Are let loose from the dungeon of snakes.
My eye-lids in vain would I close,
To solicit the blessing of rest;
Within and without are my foes
Disturbing this troublesome nest.
Let the blankets be wrapp'd as I please,
No schemes of defence can avail;
The merciless hosts of the fleas
Each point of my fortress assail.
All the space from my top to my toes
Raves mad with the smart of their ire;
Not an inch of my surface but glows
With the rage of St. Anthony's fire!
If purgat'ry's under the pole,
Where sinners are burn'd for their crimes,
Sure, this is the damnable hole,
Where I'm burn'd for my sins and my rhymes.
May curses on curses confound
Your talons, your bills, and your legs!
May the fiends of destruction be round
To crush you, ye fellest of plagues!

May they stretch you on branders and wheels,
Run through you with spits till you rive,
And for gluttonous Beelzebub's meals
In Phlegethon roast you alive!

ANTICIPATION OF SPRING.

Composed Feb. 1, 1806.

Εἶαρ πάντα νέει, παντ' εἶαρ ἀδὲα βλαστεῖν.

I.

NOW rolls the Sun with bright career,
Conducting back th' inverted year,
To glad our night-envelop'd sphere
With the sweet smiles of day:
From Capricorn's tempestuous Star,
Where late he drove his golden car,
Scarce peeping through the mists afar
He shot a glimm'ring ray.

II.

Erewhile I mark'd, with careful eye,
His progress circling all the sky,
Through the twelve beauteous fires that lie
On yon bespangled Round:

Now where the starry billows burn,
That flow from bleak Aquarius' urn,
I see his red-wing'd steeds return,
And leave the southern bound.

III.

As north his genial Orb declines,
With more effulgent beam he shines;
The gradual soft'ning air resigns
Its films of livid hue:
The surly robes, by Winter worn,
Ascend, on wafting breezes borne,
And the light flutt'ring Hours adorn
The sky with finer blue.

IV.

But late, the Sire of Glooms unfurl'd
His banner o'er the shiv'ring world,
And storms on storms tumultuous hurl'd
Athwart the howling waste;
In icy chains the floods were bound,
Grim Vengeance scourg'd th' uncolour'd ground,
The sky with pitchy horrors frown'd,
And Nature stood aghast.

V.

But soon he bids his turbid train
Of vapours, whirlwinds, frost and rain,
Forsake the wild ethereal plain,
And in their caverns sleep:
The Boreal Blast shall cease to fling
Diseases from his frozen wing;
Young Zephyr's breath shall wake the Spring,
And smooth the raging deep.

VI.

The Children of the vernal clouds,
Descending from their high abodes,
Shall pour their fertilizing floods
On valleys, fields, and hills;
The dazzling waste shall cease to glow,
The peak its speckled front shall show,
And down its sides the melted snow
Shall stream in foamy rills.

VII.

Then shall the sun, in beauty gay,
From æther shed unbounded day,
Fermenting, with his potent ray,
The earth's prolific womb:
Slow-peeping from their secret beds
The flow'rs shall stud the laughing glades,
And the tall forest's checker'd shades
Look green in youthful bloom.

VIII.

In ev'ry cave, in ev'ry brake,
The world of active life shall wake,
And the long iron sleep forsake
The tribes that haunt the grove;
The rocks and hills applausive nod,
And Praise attune her gen'ral ode,
As Nature's Father "sends abroad"
Th' inspiring "Soul of Love."*

* Thomson.

MATHESIS:

Being the concluding part of an Essay *delivered before the Society of King's College, on the topic—*

"Whether the Languages or the Mathematics be the more useful acquirement."

——— Ingenuas didicisse fideliter Artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

ALL hail, Mathesis! at thy honour'd shrine,
With prostrate rev'rence bend the Pindian Nine;
The polish'd Arts to thee their triumphs own,
And hang with laurel-wreaths thy splendid throne:
Thou bidst the dome's majestic columns shine,
And floating castles stem the pathless brine;
Thy hand with zones could gird the rolling sphere,
Describe the seasons, bound the varying year,
In all life's paths reward industrious toil,
And cheer th' unseemly waste with Beauty's smile.
Before thy Morn, fair Wisdom's realm was drown'd
In Alpine fogs, and shades of Night profound:
Th' obstrep'rous gibb'rish of pedantic schools,
Veil'd in the garb of sense by learned fools,
With blind Conjecture, hatch'd aerial schemes,
And monkish maniacs rav'd with bedlam-dreams;
Till the great Bacon, Heav'n-illumin'd Sage,
The rising Phosphor of a dark'ned age,

Shed on the hill of Truth a glitt'ring ray,
Whence matchless Newton soar'd to climes of Day.
Empress of Science, hail! at thy command,
Auspicious Newton wav'd his magic wand;
At once the scatt'ring gloom of Night decays,
And bright'ning Chaos flash'd with golden rays:
All Beauty's forms, amid the blaze divine,
Emergent, in their just proportions shine;
Th' æthereal Harmonies attune their lyres
In chime respondent to the starry choirs,
While worlds below accord with worlds above,
And hymn the all-pervading Sire of Love!
Hail, Reason's boast, divine Mathesis, hail!
'Tis thine to draw from truth the mystic veil:
'Tis thine, Seraphic Pow'r! to wean the soul
From error's maze, and passion's blind controul;
Uprais'd by thee, we climb, with pleasing pain,
Along the links that form thy mighty chain,
In wonder rapt, survey the simple laws
Of Nature, mounting from Effect to Cause,
Range Length and Breadth, and Depth, and Height sublime,
Through all th' extent of Number, Space, and Time,
Beyond the lunar bounds excursive rove,
And wing the sky with Saturn, Mars, and Jove;
Pursue the Comet's vast elliptic tour,
Whirl'd onward by the dread Projective Pow'r,
That, with Attraction's magnet-force combin'd,
Makes worlds and systems in huge orbits wind
Round blazing centres, hung in order fair,
Self-balanc'd on the void abyss of Air.
Thou bidst the Soul those wond'rous scenes explore,
And near his throne the Cause uncaus'd adore.

All hail! illustrious inmate of the skies!
Inspir'd by thee, may Youth and Age be wise;
By Truth's allurements teach th' immortal mind
How high her rank above the grov'lling kind:
In due subservience to the gen'ral Plan,
Teach us to fill the sphere designed for Man,
To choose the medium, walk the virtuous road,
"And rise through Reason, up to Reason's God."
Let Fashion's fleeting forms amuse the gay,
And plodding Av'rice drudge for Mammon's clay,
Ambition pant for pow'r, or empty praise,
And Idiot-Pride affect the courtier's blaze;
Be ours to stray through Science's hallow'd glooms,
Or cull from classic fields mellifluous blooms.
Th' enlighten'd Head, the Heart from baseness free,
The Will resign'd to Heav'n's supreme decree,
The truly blest possess this genuine store,
And India's world of wealth can add no more.

THE ZODIAC.

From GEORGE BUCHANAN's Poem "DE SPHÆRA."

OF twelve degrees in breadth, is seen on high
A spacious arch that runs athwart the sky:
Ten thousand flames illume the tract sublime;
Here walk the Gods, and note the speed of Time

With equal lapse through the four seasons roll'd ;
Here Phœbus shakes his pond'rous reins of gold ;
Here varying Delia shifts from change to change ;
Here the " five wand'ring Fires" excursive range ;
Wand'ring they seem, but in fix'd order move,
Harmonic dance that glads the Realms of Love !
What other curves the starry surface bind,
Inventive Man for num'rous ends design'd ;
But viewless, these traverse th' æthereal space,
And Mind alone their subtle forms can trace.

This gemmy Belt attracts the wond'ring gaze,
As wide through heav'n it pours the golden blaze,
And when Night reigns, with her dun flag unfurl'd,
Sheds a sweet lustre o'er the tranquil world.
Still as it bids the months their orbs renew,
Its rising beauties charm th' unsated view ;
If winter-glooms contract the cheerless day,
Or Summer-hours lag on with slow delay ;
When Spring or Autumn equals light with shade,
Six signs with day, and six with night are spread,
And half the glitt'ring Zone must stand to view dis-
play'd.
The ancients mark'd this Arch with skill profound,
And in twelve portions shar'd the spacious round :
Each had its name, its fires, its measur'd place,
And forms of living things the beauteous wonder grace.

I. ♈. *Aries, the Ram.*

First, Aries, branching with intorted horns
Round his broad face, the orient sky adorns :

High in the front of all the signs he stands,
Unfolds heav'n's portals, and the year commands:
Twice nine faint-glimm'ring stars his frame compose,
And with pure gold his shaggy mantle glows.
These stars (when Delia, riding o'er the streams,
Full-orb'd, reflects her Brother's rival beams,)
He hides, in homage to the Queen of Night,
And save that neighb'ring stars give constant light,
The place would vanish from the searching sight.
Phryxus and Helle once his back bestrode,
When, urg'd by Ino's hate, they brav'd the flood:
When Bacchus too from India led his train
Across the wilds of Afric's burn'd domain,
Scorch'd with the fervours of the noon-tide ray,
And wrung with thirst, "they plod their weary way."
At length this Ram conducts the fainting band
To plenteous rills that, gurgling, lav'd the sand.
Jove bade him thence in heav'n's mid-region shine,
Just where the Zodiac cuts the Torrid Line,
Where crossing these the Colure girds the Sphere,
And Spring and Winter part the balanc'd year.

II. ♉. *Taurus, or the Bull.*

In order next, with more distinguish'd rays,
Sidonian Taurus darts a pompous blaze:
Around his front and horns the Hyads burn,
And seem their brother's hapless fate to mourn:
The tears they shed descend in pearly rains,
Through the warm sky, to slock the thirsty plains.
Red-twinkling fires o'er all his dewlap beam,
Back, knees, and feet, with lovely starlets gleam;

Nor is the torpid belly void of light,
But the hind-quarter viewless blends with night,
Save the small studs that close by Aries shine,
Where, with mixt rays, the neighb'ring tapers join.
Some think the cluster'd Pleiads form his rear,
Fame calls them sev'n, tho' seldom sev'n appear;
The last, (as sages tell) Electra, shrouds
Her visage in a veil of dusky clouds;
Whether unsated grief has caus'd the gloom,
And still she weeps for Troy's unhappy doom,
Or terror, when she fled Orion's arms,
In vain enamour'd of her virgin charms;
Or Meropè, perchance, involv'd in shade,
Still lurks, detesting the Sisyphian bed,
Alone constrain'd, of all the sister-race,
To bear a mortal husband's loath'd embrace.
These, tho' they glimmer but with feeble flame
Amidst heav'n's fires, have still a splendid name:
They mark the season when the toiling swain
Should sow his fields, or reap his golden grain.
'Tis here on bended knee the Bull reclines,
Turn'd to the space where frozen Arctos shines,
With that where Morning spreads her dewy ray;
But shuns the line that equals night with day.
To pay the promis'd fare, the Sire of Gods
From earth transferr'd him to the bright abodes,
Since young Europa o'er the flood he bore,
Unharm'd, from Asia to the Cretan shore.

III. II. *Gemini, or the Twins.*

Now mark the sons of Leda glitt'ring fair;
What vivid gems adorn the faithful pair!

They lift their beauteous heads above the spire
Where o'er the Æthiop rolls the solar fire,
When Egypt burns through all her sultry plain,
And not a shade protects the fainting swain.
Their pure affection rais'd them to the sky,
Since, each for each, by turns, they dar'd to die;
Each for his mate recross'd the Stygian wave,
Such hard commands unpitying Pluto gave!
Close by the Solstice Point for this they shine,
Just where it meets the Colure's circling line,
That cuts, from pole to pole, the starry plain,
And parts the Spring from Summer's hot domain.

IV. ♋. *Cancer, or the Crab.*

Junonian Cancer, near the Twins, displays
His waste of fires that gleam with weakly rays:
'Twas he who crept, unseen, along the ground,
And dar'd Alcides' brawny foot to wound,
What time the huge Lernæan snake he slew,
That sprouted through each gash with heads anew.
Keen-smarting from the fang's inflicted pain,
With spurning heel he pounds him on the plain.
But all on rage, the haughty Spouse of Jove
Rais'd the dead miscreant to the sphere above:
Head, claws, and plated back, around she spread,
With countless stars dim-twinkling through the shade.

V. ♌. *Leo, or the Lion.*

Next, in the front of Cancer, Nemea's dread,
The foster-child of Phœbe, rears his head;

Him Juno nurs'd amid the starry train ;
For great Alcides' feats she view'd with pain.
Wide o'er the plains this rav'nous monster flew,
And men and herds in heaps promiscuous slew.
Alcides' pond'rous club the Spoiler found,
And stretch'd him, quiv'ring, o'er a length of ground.
Saturnia form'd him a celestial sign,
And bade his limbs with spangling glories shine.

VI. ♍. *Virgo, the Maid.*

Beneath Bootes' foot, not distant, lies
The beauteous Virgin glitt'ring o'er the skies.
In pearly waves her robes luxuriant flow,
Her locks, her hands, her feet, with em'ralds glow,
Unnumber'd stars on her broad pinions blaze,
And her right hand the radiant spike displays.
Unknown her tale. Perhaps here Ceres smiles,
Parent of justice, and of rural toils,
Since that glad hour her long-lost child she found,
Still scatt'ring plenty o'er the teeming ground :
Or Isis, banish'd her paternal home,
Doom'd for long years the spacious world to roam ;
A heifer once, a goddess now she reigns,
And crowds adore her in Egyptian fanes.
Perhaps Erigonè these glories wears,
Who mourn'd a father's fate with pious tears ;
Perhaps Astrea claim'd these fields of light,
When from Earth's dire abode she wing'd her flight,
When the mad offspring of the brazen Age,
To sate Brute-Appetite's voracious rage,

First with the bullock's blood their hand could soil,
The patient help-mate of their daily toil;
Then War its desolating furies spread,
Brothers in brothers plung'd the reeking blade;
The gore of slaughter'd sons defil'd the plain,
And Brass was chang'd to Iron's dismal reign.

VII. ♎. *Libra, the Balance;*

AND

VIII. ♏. *Scorpio, the Scorpion.*

Not far, with claws outstretch'd, in lengthful rounds,
Fierce Scorpio marks the year's autumnal bounds;
His tail, behind, the poison'd sting reveals;
His arms, near Virgo, form'd the balanc'd scales,
Where light with shade in equal poise he weighs,
Ere Sol, retiring, shortens wintry days.
O'er the blue space beyond the burning line,
To the warm South his monster-limbs incline:
His stars are few that dart a splendid ray,
The rest, scarce seen, with torpid flames decay.
Jove lodg'd him here amid the æthereal plain,
The boon conferred for proud Orion slain.

IX. ♐. *Sagittarius, the Archer.*

Thou, Chiron, too, with double form endu'd,
The justest of the cloud-engender'd brood,
Though with the wound of Lerna's serpent wrung,
That maim'd thy feet, shalt not be pass'd unsung.
Griev'd at the slow approach of Death, thy cries
Accus'd unfeeling Fates, and partial skies.

No more could Jove endure his groans of pain,
And tears, and blameless Age, to plead in vain;
For the wish'd death immortal life was giv'n;
His chest was spangled with the stars of heaven;
Stars grace his legs; stars on his arrow glow;
In Scorpio's front he twangs a starry bow.
By Autumn's chilly verge he takes his stand,
Where near the Tropic Phœbus waves his hand,
And yields the trembling world to Winter's stern command.

X. ♑. *Capricorn, the Goat's Horn.*

Now calms serene the soul. The tempests sleep,
And halcyons nestle o'er the glassy deep:
The torpid Earth is bound in frozen chains,
And dazzling snows inundate woods and plains;
Till from his lowly bound the Orb of Day
Shoots through the turbid glooms a struggling ray,
And, near the Goat's bleak horn ascending, tries,
By gradual steps, to gain the Northern Skies,
To shorten Wintry Night's uncheerful sway,
And bid the nations hail the length'ning day.
Him Bacchus plac'd in heav'n, what time the gods,
Affrighted, fled Typhœus' dire abodes;
In various shapes their deathless forms they veil'd,
Horns, claws, or wings, each alter'd pow'r conceal'd;
Chang'd to the shaggy goat, the God of Wine
Eludes the giant-monster's fell design:
The starry record beams on high, to show
The threaten'd vengeance, and the baffled foe.

XI. ♒. *Aquarius, the Waterman.*

Near these, the Phrygian Youth, in act to turn,
Pours the full deluge from th' inflected urn:
Snatch'd up to heav'n by the strong fowl of Jove,
As his thick toils he spread in Ida's grove.
Small fires are sparkling in his bushy crown,
His shoulders, breast, and hands, with light are strown:
Bright studs his flanks and orbed knees define,
His comely feet with flaming rubies shine:
From his bent urn white torrents seem to flow,
And the wide tracts with starry billows glow.

XII. ♓. *Pisces, the Fishes.*

Him and the Ram betwixt, the fishy Team,
Paint with refulgent scales th' æthereal stream;
Southward the less, the greater North, inclines,
And each with little vivid diamonds shines.
With tail to tail they stand, while, glitt'ring fair,
A line of twice six stars connects the pair.
This Sages call'd the heav'nly Knot; for here
Relenting Winter stops his bleak career,
And months return'd unwind the circling year:
Here to the shaggy Ram connective lie
The honour'd Fishes plac'd amid the sky;
Since, once alarm'd, the Queen of soft desire
Fled with her son from mad Typhœus' ire,
Where now Euphrates, swoln with wintry rains,
Impervious roar'd athwart the delug'd plains,
O'er the vast flood the gentle Fishes bore
The trembling Pow'rs, and lodg'd them safe on shore.

Through these twelve fires the Sun his axle guides,
And in twelve months the rapid year divides:
O'er the mid-zone, concentric, leads a way,
Where, roll'd in state, he pours the blaze of day.
He ne'er beyond this flaming orbit strays,
But still six signs on either hand surveys.
Their mazes here the five fair Planets wind,
Now they precede, and now they lag behind,
Now fires with fires on right and left rejoin,
Now slowly from the MASTER Flame decline,
Nor dare to wander lawless o'er the sky,
Beyond th' attraction of his lordly eye.
But, not content to course the solar road,
The changeful Phœbe wand'ring roves abroad;
Now near the Arctic Bear she climbs on high;
Now, spiring downward to the Antarctic sky,
With wakeful flames the devious earth explores,
Her car just skimming o'er the Southern shores.
Returning oft across the path of light,
Her lovely face she robes in murky night,
Or seems, at once, to quench her Brother's blaze,
While, horror-struck, the trembling nations gaze.
This belt the Grecians call'd th' Ecliptic Round,
Since here the two prime Orbs of heav'n are found,
Revolving, when their beauteous glories fade,
And mortals, wond'ring, mourn the beam decay'd.

VALEDICTION

TO

KING'S COLLEGE:

Delivered before the Literary Society, on Friday Evening, March 21, 1800.

——— forsan hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

VIRGIL.

ARGUMENT.

Reflections on the Shortness of Time.—Death, the end of human greatness.—The liberal studies furnish us with precepts and examples for our conduct in life, and help to prepare us for a happy death.—On the rise, decay, and subsequent revival of Learning.—Allegorical description of the Hill of Science.—Valedictory Conclusion.

OFT have I mus'd on Life's fantastic dream,
A vapour melting in the solar beam,
A painted shade, an ant-encircled mound,
Compar'd with Earth and Heav'n's amazing round,
A silver riv'let purling o'er the plain,
That yields its tribute to the shoreless main:
Such our contracted views of Time and Place,
Lost in th' abysses of unbounded Space.
Ye fools who for the glitt'ring Mammon toil,
Who hang on Fortune's casual frown or smile,

Whose lab'ring brains a thousand schemes engage,
Who stretch your views through many a distant age,
Whom blind Ambition prompts to ev'ry crime!
Say, can your arm arrest the whirl of Time?
No! for on rapid wing the moments fly;
The next, perhaps, the destin'd hour to die:
Earth's columns rest but on a tott'ring base,
And heav'n shall sink amid the final blaze.
Where now the Greek and Roman lords of yore,
Who swam to regal thrones through seas of gore,
In martial prowess won the first renown,
And made whole empires tremble at a frown!
These are no more: the slave and sceptr'd king
Lie hush'd where Death extends his sable wing:
Their levell'd state the wormy mansions hide;
Sigh, human greatness! blush, unthinking Pride!
Is such our doom! why then did heav'n's Supreme
Inspire with active thought this clay-built frame?
Why bless'd our kind with Reason's inward light,
And Feelings, to distinguish Wrong from Right?
Th' effect, attentive view'd, explains the cause;
By these we trace the Sov'reign Maker's laws,
The term of life in virtuous deeds employ,
And learn to meet the closing hour with joy.
Now, void of Learning's kind parental aid,
The savage race of man from first had stray'd,
O'er rocks and forests with the bestial herd,
Nor haunt nor den to what was next preferr'd:
When Science, darting forth th' auspicious beam,
Shot through the wintry fog her genial gleam,
Like Orpheus' lyre that mov'd the dancing trees,
She humaniz'd the world by just degrees;

Then men associate, infant empires rise,
And tow'ry walls upheav'd, menace the skies:
Hence Tillage, Commerce, lib'ral Arts, refin'd
The pow'rs of Reason, and adorn'd mankind:
Illustrious sages then, by Heav'n inspir'd,
And with a thirst of deathless glory fir'd,
Erect a prop for Learning's sacred throne,
Improv'd on Nature, and made Art their own,
With eagle eye the hidden truth explor'd,
And the wide East with genuine knowledge stor'd.
'Twas then the Muses wore their best attire,
'Twas then the patriot felt the godlike fire:
Hence rose th' unrivall'd Wits of former days,
Who in Fame's temple shone with brightest blaze.
At length, of ev'ry high attainment proud,
Vain man abus'd the gifts by heav'n bestow'd;
The Muse was hir'd to flatter tyrant-sway:
Vice was ador'd, and Virtue prostrate lay:
Science, eclips'd, her gracious Lamp withdrew;
Pale Superstition shed the blasting dew;
An iron frost the fount of Knowledge bound,
And pure Religion felt a mortal wound:
Then papal Rome her sev'n-wing'd thunders hurl'd,
And Gothic Night enwrapp'd the Western World:
Devouring monsters spoil'd the Christian fold,
Reason was cheated, Heav'n was bought and sold;
Her despot-throne the Feudal System held,
And men, like beasts, were urg'd from field to field.
But soon as Luther wav'd the flaming blade,
From upper air the shadowy Goblin* fled,

* See this Fiend and her retinue described, in the Poem entitled "The Source of Happiness."

With her foul band of fairies, fiends, and snakes,
Disburden'd Earth, and sought the Stygian lakes;
While, now restor'd, imperial Science beams;
Truth, long obscur'd, with purer splendour gleams;
Unnumber'd rising wits salute her reign,
The Heav'n-illumin'd Bacon leads the train;
Mankind with pleasure hail'd her bright'ning ray,
Till Newton rose, and pour'd unbounded Day.
Thus, when the nightly storms have ceas'd to low'r,
And the soft breeze expells the wintry show'r,
The parting clouds unveil the blue serene,
The feath'ry warblers wake the woodland scene,
The Star of Venus gilds Aurora's brow,
And with long streaks of fire the orient portals glow!

The Goddess now extends her ample sway
O'er ev'ry realm that feels the solar ray,
Stretch'd from the green Arabia's balmy coast,
To Lapland's cheerless mountains bound in frost;
The patient Belgian, and the hardy Czar,
The German Sage, the Swiss renown'd in war,
The quick Ausonian, and the haughty Gaul,
Before her shrine with prostrate rev'rence fall.
She lives ador'd in Albion's favour'd Isle,
Her temples hung with Greek and Roman spoil;
Here smile the Nine in youth's perpetual bloom,
And Science rests as in her native home.

The godlike Elphinstone, of first renown,
Her much-lov'd son, ye Pindian Muses, crown;
Grace his dear mem'ry with unfading bays,
That nations yet unborn may sound his praise!

Great Elphinstone, whose all-embracing mind,
Not fixt to self, was form'd to bless mankind!
For Scotia's weal his gen'rous bounty rear'd
These ancient walls, o'er the vast world rever'd.
Here Scotia's youths imbibe Parnassian streams,
As the fair planets drink the solar beams.

Illustrious Sire! if e'er his Country's praise
A mortal man to heav'nly thrones could raise,
A Delphian temple, with a golden shrine,
And altars heap'd with choicest gifts, were thine!
While forest trees their changeful foliage yield,
While Dona, foaming, winds along the field,
While Alma Mater lifts her hoary spires,
While o'er yon concave slide th' æthereal fires,
While Learning holds her lamp t' illume the blind,
While lib'ral Arts can charm the polish'd mind,
So long ingenious Worth, depress'd in vain
By Fortune's frowns, or Wealth's invidious train,
The poor, the orphan, foster'd by thine aid,
Each rolling year shall hail thy pious shade,
Survey thy sacred tomb with rev'rent eye,
And pay the tribute of a grateful sigh.

Now, allegoric Muse! in figur'd verse,
The pleasures of the classic toil rehearse,
How each successive stage with joy inspir'd,
And conquests won to new adventures fir'd.
First to the Roman Gate in crowds we throng;
The valves self-open'd, as we mov'd along:
At once the hill of Science strikes our eyes,
Whose lofty forehead seem'd to reach the skies:
Up wound our path against its tow'ring side,
And four bright marks the various face divide.

In the first stage we march'd through Grecian bow'rs,
Th' ascent was soft, and gay with smiling flow'rs;
Angelic concerts charm'd the list'ning ear,
Arcadian sages sung the rural year:
One scene it seem'd, of fountains, lakes, and groves,
Where nymphs, with fawns, indulg'd their sportive loves;
'Twas gen'ral Music. Homer swell'd the choir,
With all the pathos of th' Ionic lyre.
Ranging through fields of intellectual wealth,
Each breeze reviv'd our souls with balmy health;
Our pow'rs improv'd, our limbs in vigour grown,
We leave the borders of the fairy zone.
Far different* seem'd the second stage to view,
A barren waste involv'd in vapours blue,
And, where the sight through films of mist could peep,
Of rocky columns seem'd the formless steep,
Whose horrid front perpetual Winter shrouds
In whirlwinds, rains, and night-engend'ring clouds:
This arduous path with toiling sweat we climb,
And, mounting vig'rous, pierce the dun sublime:
Th' Egyptian Sage, who measur'd Space by lines,
In his majestic robes before us shines!
His ev'ry radius points the letter'd way,
Dispells the night, and gives meridian day.
Whereon, instead of rocks that wildly frown'd,
A swelling dome, with spires and turrets crown'd,
Its full dimensions all at once display'd,
And pure delight to ev'ry sense convey'd.

* The Mathematics are not at first a prepossessing study; but they become peculiarly interesting, when the Learner has thoroughly digested the elements. See the Poem in this Selection, entitled "Mathesis."

All parts appear for one great whole design'd;
Each was to each in fair proportion join'd:
Gates, windows, arches, tow'rs, above, below,
With one bright blaze of polish'd jewels glow.
The beamy pearls in beauteous order plac'd,
With mystic signs th' imperial fabric grac'd.
The Sire of Numbers rear'd the stately pile
With matchless art, and never-wearying toil:
High on the midmost of its pointed spires,
A sphere revolving stream'd with golden fires.
A spacious pathway cross'd the convex height,
Where forms innum'rous cloth'd in robes of light,
Survey'd the seas, the earth, the starry blue,
And on plane charts their figur'd magic drew.
We enter now the third succeeding scene,
In former times untrod by mortal men:
High in th' æthereal vault the structure heav'd,
And polish'd ice the shelvy surface pav'd:
Till Newton rising, like the peerless sun,
Bade all the snows in melting torrents run:
Substantial steps the tedious path indent,
Elliptic circles strow'd the steep ascent:
The more we mount, the rock more levell'd grew,
And Nature's pleasing wonders met the view.
Here, gradual op'ning on our ravish'd eyes,
We trace each awful secret of the skies,
What laws pervade the whole material frame,
What slender films intwine the lucid stream,
Th' electric fluid what, and whence the blast
That, pour'd with thunder, frights the vap'ry vast,
In the bright bow what gaudy colours blend,
Bestriding Heav'n with its majestic bend;

What makes the dark-red train of meteors burn,
What lambent glories gild the Boreal Morn.
Thence we survey'd the boundless realms of Day,
Without a speck to cloud the visual ray;
What caus'd the change of Seasons, as they roll'd;
Whence scorching Heat, and Winter's dreary cold;
What borrow'd light the silver Moon adorns,
Completes her shape, or points her bending horns;
What seas and lands her spotted orb divide,
What mountains swell, and hollow vales subside;
How planets, floating on the great profound,
By Sol's attraction course their annual round;
What central spheres in myriads burn on high,
In the wild deserts of the spangled sky;
What worlds, attendant, round their axles glide,
In solemn grandeur, through the tractless void,
Thick as the drops that Ocean's kingdom swell,
Or dews that stud Aurora's yellow veil.
Here the red Comets, shedding dire dismay,
In curves eccentric, wind their flaming way!
Their lengthful tails, that mov'd through sweepy spires,
Behind them waving, flash'd enormous fires.
A gate of chrystal next its valves expands;
And now, reveal'd, the World of Spirits stands,
In shadowy crowds where fleet ideas roll,
And stream incessant on the conscious soul.
'Twas here we saw how floods of Error swell,
With sceptic Fury, belch'd from deepest hell.
An Angel-Guide before us treads the maze,
And Truth's resistless sword aloft displays:

Fair Virtue's form with vivid strokes he drew,
Fell Vice, disgorging flames and sulphur blue:
He taught the signs which Art or Nature fram'd,
Ere Speech was known, or the wild savage tam'd;
Orig'nal Knowledge whence, and how design'd
The base of Science in th' immortal mind;
Our judgment, reason, passions, whence they rise;
How the great chain connects us with the skies:
Truth's golden blaze illumes the drear profound,
And Scepticism falls prostrate on the ground.

At stated times th' ascending throngs withdrew,
And in cool grots their fainting limbs renew,
Where shadowy bow'rs expell'd the noontide ray,
And healthful streams with gurgling murmurs play.
Linnæus there we found, immortal Sage,
Cloth'd in a flow'ry robe, and fresh with age:
The wondrous Ancient taught how matter chang'd,
And all God's works in class'd divisions rang'd,
The fossile kingdom, from the wide extreme
Of lifeless earth, to India's bright gem.
The vegetative world he next describes,
And, rank by rank, recounts the leafy tribes,
From the first species of the fibrous crowd,
To the live plant with seeming sense endu'd:
The world of active life he next surveys,
The millions sporting in the solar blaze;
In the vast wood what shaggy monsters rove,
What birds with music charm the branchy grove,
What creeps, or flies, or treads the foodful ground,
Or cleaves the chambers of the blue profound.
The whole material empire thus we scan,
By gradual steps ascending up to Man;

The hand of Nature's All-creating Lord
We saw, we own'd, we wonder'd, and ador'd!
Still as we labour'd, toil familiar grew,
And scene succeeding scene arose to view;
The region bright'ning, as aloft we move,
Unfolds in prospect the fair climes of love.
The shepherd thus, in Abria's winding glens,
Sees but the huts, and groves, and neighb'ring plains;
But scaling grey Bennevis' shelvy side,
The various-pictur'd landscape opens wide;
Range behind range the bluish hills arise,
Woods, vales, and farms, in Autumn's cheerful dyes,
Far as the sight can distant lands descry,
Till the isle-studded Ocean meets the sky:
Thron'd on the top his heart with joy expands,
While the vast world his boundless eye commands.
Thus could I dwell upon my charming theme,
Till the next morn should light her golden flame:
But the last sands are run; and, O! with pain,
With sad regret—I drop the pleasing strain!
And now, since Time compels us from the stage,
My youthful friends, whom the same tasks engage,
With urgent pace the steepy road pursue;
Spur on with boldness; hold the prize in view:
The mystic height with earnest search explore;
Your guides have smooth'd the pointed rock before:
'Tis this which rears you high above the clown;
Thus Truth's exhaustless stores become your own—
A fund which more the lib'ral soul refines,
Than all the gold in India's sparkling mines.
No further, Muse, extend thy vent'rous lay;
Our time on rapid wings has sped away.

Ah! how the years elaps'd successive roll
In fairy vision o'er my pensive soul!
While hand in hand we trod the blissful climes,
My dear companions! those were happy times—
Such days we pass'd beneath this ancient frame,
Now gone for ever, like an empty dream.
With you, the much lov'd partners of my toil,
'Twas constant bliss to tread the hallow'd soil!
How oft we stroll'd, in prattling converse join'd,
While harmless jokes amus'd the social mind!
But now no more, engag'd in pleasing talk,
Lock'd arm in arm, we mete the pillar'd walk!
No more, respondent to the tuneful string,
In rural dance we sweep the mazy ring!
No more, assembling on appointed hours,
We rove at large through Learning's rosy bow'rs;
Invidious Fate forbids our longer stay,
The curtains fall, and end the cheering day!
We now forsake the seats of tranquil ease,
And launch the bark on Life's tempestuous seas,
Where rocks deceitful lurk beneath the wave,
Where Cares distract, and madd'ning Passions rave.
Ye sacred walls where purest Science reigns,
Adieu! Adieu, ye blest Elysian scenes!
Industrious youths who cull the glitt'ring spoils,
Adieu! may full success reward your toils!
Adieu, companions of my early days!
How cheer'd with you I walk'd the flow'ry maze,
Rev'lling in Science! but we now must part—
Great God of Fate! how thrills my heaving heart!
If part we must—then Heav'n's high will be done!
Till from these quiv'ring lips the breath is gone,

While through these limbs the vital crimson flows,
So long for you my fresh affection glows!
May that All-Pow'rful King, whose laws control
The wand'ring fires that glide along the pole,
For ever guard you by his matchless power,
And round your steps his choicest blessings show'r!
But O forgive! too high my sorrows swell—
Now I conclude, and bid the long farewell!

JUBILEE ANTHEM

FOR THE

CATHEDRAL OF OLD MACHAR.

Sung at Old Aberdeen, Wednesday, Oct. 25, 1809.

I.

SOV'REIGN of Heaven and Earth,
Whose FIAT brought to birth
Nature's great Whole!
Angels thy Glories chime,
Stars, in their Orbs sublime,
Grace, Mercy, Fate, and Time,
Wait thy controul.

II.

Hear, on this honour'd day,
Hear a whole Nation pray,
"*God Save our King!*"

Long may he bear command
O'er a free, happy land;
Rul'd by thy guiding hand,
Under thy wing!

III.

O fix his throne in peace!
Round it, as Angels, place
Virtue's fair choir:
Holy Religion's Light,
Freedom and native Right,
Long may he guard with Might,
His people's Sire!

IV.

Banish Corruption far;
Turn from our gates the War;
Mock Treason's aim:
KING of kings! hear our pray'r;
Make Britain's Isle thy care!
While our Foes plot the snare,
Whelm them with shame!

V.

On this glad Jub'lee year,
His prostrate subjects hear,
"Save GEORGE our King!"
After a long-bless'd sway,
Freed from his House of clay,
Waft him to thrones of Day,
Thy praise to sing!

AMEN.

PROSPECT OF LIFE.

Rebus angustis animosus, atque
Fortis appare.—Hor. Ode 10. Lib. II.

THE Night, retiring westward, draws aside
Her mantle, figur'd round with shadowy dreams;
The sickly Morn, not in her wonted pride,
Spreads through the cheerless waste her pallid gleams.
The growing light a dismal scene reveals,
Of caverns, rocks, and wilds, and miry bogs,
Impervious torrents thund'ring o'er the dells,
And half the mountains lin'd with creeping fogs!
Black tempests gath'ring round his awful brow,
The wintry Genius rides the turbid sky,
Dark'ning the world with show'rs of sleety snow,
And the year's hopes in ruin prostrate lie.
The damp-engend'ring films around me glide,
Whose influence clogs the vital springs within:
Like sponge, my garments drink the oozy tide,
I feel the trickling riv'lets drench my skin.
The pathway leads through yonder steepy wild,
With briers and thorns, and rueful heath o'ergrown,
Where Spring's enliv'ning verdure never smil'd,
But cloudy horrors, dark as midnight, frown.
As o'er the far-extended waste I gaze,
Still denser mists involve the prospect round:
How far beyond it winds the weary maze,
Mysterious Fate conceals in shades profound.

A triple barrier, like the waving flame
That fenc'd the vital Plant on ev'ry side,
Precludes admission, and near each extreme,
Destruction, raving, scoffs at human pride.
A bubbling quagmire, sluggish, deep, and foul,
Here buries thousands in its gulfy womb;
Here serpents hiss, and famish'd monsters growl,
There, madd'ning whirlpools threat a wat'ry tomb.
Are these the fair, the rainbow-colour'd scenes,
That to fond youth such tempting charms unfold,
That rous'd th' ambitious flame in all my veins,
And cheer'd my nightly rest with dreams of gold!
What seem'd, but yester noon, to distant view,
Like the green regions sung in fairy tale,
Its circling mountains ting'd with lovely blue,
While Eden bloom'd in each romantic vale!
But ah! how chang'd, since Night forsook the sky!
How fled the scenes that with gay Beauty smil'd!
No fairy landscape now salutes the eye,
But howling tempests, and a dreary wild.
Ah me! must I explore you distant realms,
Pregnant with danger, horror, and affright,
Where the grim storm collects its pitchy films,
And threats to wrap the skies in tenfold night!
Each moment hid beyond this fleeting hour,
Trembling with dread on Doubt's sharp edge I stand:
O God of Pilgrims! Source of boundless pow'r!
Do thou, to aid me, stretch thy mighty hand.
Supreme of Kings, whose all-controlling nod
Air, fire, and earth, and seas and storms obey!
Speak but the mandate, and the deathful flood
Through its cleft breast shall yield a spacious way.

The bubbling quagmire, turn'd to solid stone,
Shall bear me safely to yon distant shore;
The monsters fierce that range the dark unknown,
Chain'd by thy word, shall thirst in vain for gore.
Though crowds of hissing serpents round me swarm'd,
That with blue steams of venom taint the day,
Speak Thou the word, and hissing serpents, charm'd,
Shall loll their forky tongues in harmless play.
Let Earth and Hell against me join their pow'rs,
Doubling the terrors of yon fearful field,
With dauntless heart I'll face Destruction's show'rs,
If Jacob's God is my protecting Shield.

King's College, Sept. 12, 1802.

THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.*

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Terricolas! VIRGIL.

WHEN Eurus streams along the boundless sky,
O'er all th' expanse the dusky vapours fly,
Now shines th' emerging Sun with ardent blaze,
Now transient glooms conceal his faded rays:

* This is a Valedictory Discourse, which was delivered at the Theological Society of Marischal College, Aberdeen. The concise view of the Christian scheme, which it exhibits, was suggested by the place and occasion.

The shepherd, musing in his lonely cell,
Surveys the forms that shoot across the dell,
Sun-beams and shades, in quick succession, chac'd
Down the gay fields, and up the woodland waste;
Now, wid'ning o'er the mountains heath'ry side,
He sees the train of checquer'd fleeces glide;
Till, roll'd effusive o'er the topmost height,
The hurrying figures vanish from the sight:
Thus, thoughtful Wisdom marks th' uncertain span
Of being, checquer'd with the fates of man;
How transient ev'ry bliss beneath the skies,
How quick the thin aerial semblance flies;
Awhile it mocks the trav'ller's eager gaze,
And casts by fits a broad diffusive blaze:
Th' ambitious fool pursues the fleeting toy,
With ardent rage to clasp perennial joy;
Urg'd on by Hope, he springs through flame and storm,
And nearer, daily, views the distant form:
Anon, accomplish'd all his mighty toil,
His eager arms embrace the gaudy spoil;
But ah! the false delusion melts away,
As the thin dews before the morning ray:
He finds enjoyment but an empty name,
And all his prospects vanish in a dream. [smart,
What means that sting which pains with constant
That fest'ring wound which preys on ev'ry heart,
That rain-drop stealing through the crannied walls,
Which on the bolster'd head incessant falls,
Expells soft slumber from the wakeful eye,
And prompts the breast to heave "th' eternal sigh?"
That airy point we fondly strive to gain,
That void of bliss we strive to fill in vain?

O Happiness! thou dear delusive boon!
For thee by night we sigh, and sweat by noon;
For thee our toils prevent the rising dawn,
Ere the young Morning decks the spangled lawn;
In quest of thee we urge the tedious way,
Through pains and hardships, all the livelong day;
For thee, the miser swells his bags of ore,
For thee, the spendthrift wastes his copious store,
For thee, the drunkard crowns the festive bowl,
And gluttons make vile sense enslave the soul:
For thee, the sons of Av'rice search the mine,
For thee, the sailor cleaves the foamy brine,
And braves the terrors of the world unknown,
Betwixt the scorching and the freezing Zone:
To taste thy cheering sweets, celestial Fair!
We struggle through this weary world of care,
Amid confusion, envy, rage, and strife,
Scrambling up-hill against the steep of life:
But still, as o'er the cliff we toil our way,
What dreary wilds the op'ning scenes display?
Here monsters, breathing flame, the sentry keep;
There, far projecting o'er the shaded deep,
Rocks pil'd on rocks, on mountains mountains rise,
That lose their snow-tipp'd foreheads in the skies!
Say then, since first the Universal Mind
Implanted Hopes and Fears in all our kind,
Desires whose strength with age and stature grows,
Whose heat, supprest, but more intensely glows;
Had not our Former some determin'd aim,
Ere first he rous'd this all-pervading flame,

Which for prompt action sets the breast on fire,
And proves us nobler than the trodden mire?
Has he for action fram'd the human soul,
To pant and strain, but never reach the goal?
Is Happiness the full-perfecting prize;
Or a fleet form to mock the wand'rer's eyes?
In what resplendent fane, or distant cell,
Delights the Heav'n-descended Nymph to dwell?
How long shall men her devious haunts explore,
Like sailors toss'd through seas, without a shore?
Dwells not the Goddess in imperial domes,
Where, fresh as Eden, heav'nly Beauty blooms,
Where Music's power each stinging grief disarms,
And Art and Nature lavish all their charms?
Where smiling Plenty loads the sumptuous board,
With all the wealth that all the climes afford,
Where stars and diamonds dart their blended rays,
Squires, dukes, and lordships, mingle blaze with blaze,
While the loud trump of far-resounding Fame
Peals through the world the victor's envied name?
Ah! no; she courts not the resplendent dome;
Gold, silver, titles, names, are empty foam,
A filmy medium that misleads our eyes,
Distorts each form, and alters ev'ry size.
Hear then the voice of old experienc'd Age,
Hear Fate record it in th' unerring Page;
All that from Earth's exhaustless bounty springs,
All that the wealth of India show'rs on kings,
Are childish baubles, unsubstantial wind,
All, all unfit to sate th' immortal Mind.
Let blust'ring Folly vent whate'er she can,
The Christian acts the part design'd for man;

In quest of Happiness he needs not roam ;
Shrin'd in his tranquil breast, she dwells at home :
A guiltless Conscience is perennial bliss ;
Virtue is Wisdom, all her paths are peace.
The Man who holds his grosser half at bay,
May walk secure, for Nature leads the way :
Though headlong Passions, stormy, rude, and blind,
Drive to and fro the mass of human kind,
Each grov'lling appetite confin'd in chains,
The sov'reign master of himself he reigns ;
Thron'd on this height, he looks with pity down
On all the splendors of a kingly crown.
Thus have I seen, in Cona's winding vale,
The shadowy fogs in creeping volumes sail,
From their loose skirts the eddying Winter flow
Round all the plains beneath, in flakes of snow,
While Malmor, tow'ring o'er the filmy wild,
Amid the golden skies serenely smil'd.
At first, when Man obey'd but Nature's laws,
He trac'd Effects to their Almighty Cause :
In every branch that blossom'd in the grove,
In ev'ry bird that wing'd the fields above,
In ev'ry beast that rang'd the flow'ry plain,
In ev'ry fin that clave the azure main,
In the four seasons of the rolling year,
In the fair lights that starr'd the vaulted sphere,
The prostrate swain ador'd th' Essential Soul
That form'd and harmoniz'd the mighty Whole.
No tow'ry fanes on gilded columns rise ;
One spacious temple, Ocean, Earth, and Skies,

Suffic'd th' adorers; here, with one accord,
Man, beast, and bird, proclaim'd one gen'ral Lord;
Parties and sects in faith were then unknown;
Their hearts were simple, and their faith was one.
But when soft Affluence, and a genial clime,
By slow degrees, unnerv'd their manly prime,
Luxuriant Fancies, swimming, cloud the brain;
The Passions, wanton grown, reject the rein
Of sober Reason, hurrying all astray,
Where Pleasure, Lust, or Av'rice, led the way:
Truth's lamp, that beam'd through each successive line,
At length began with fainter rays to shine;
As, spreading wide from their paternal home,
Mankind o'er earth extend their devious roam;
Thick fogs obscur'd Religion's purer day,
Till heathen Night assum'd her murky sway.
When lo! a Figure,* ghastly, grim, and pale,
Emerges from th' expanding jaws of hell;
Her giant limbs, tremendous, vast, and high,
Up-heaving rose, and seem'd to threat the sky:
Her eyes were spheres of half-extinguish'd flame,
Her dangling locks like blood-red meteors stream,
Black serpents round her creep on slipp'ry rings,
Thick damps are scatter'd from her clammy wings,
High in her grasp th' imperial Sceptre shines,
A curl of snakes its dreadful length entwines;
No mortal sceptre bore such dire controul,
With potent charms t' enslave the fetter'd soul:
A dragon flew before on winding spires,
And bore her flag that stream'd with sanguine fires.

* The Power of Superstition.

Disastrous beams reveal'd th' innum'rous train
Of hell-born Shapes that flutter'd round the plain;
Ten thousand Furies vent terrific yells,
Ten thousand Phantoms, Goblins, Fays, and Spells,
Ten thousand shrieking Night-Mares hideous frown,
With Gorgon-looks that froze the blood to stone!
Round the four quarters of the spacious sky
The streamy swarms on rustling pinions fly,
And, settling thick in æther, earth, and main,
O'er all the blinded world usurp their reign:
High-thron'd in æther sat th' Olympian Pow'rs,
Some sought the fountains, hills, and sylvan bow'rs,
Some fill'd the shelly chambers of the flood,
Some chang'd the River's roaring whirls to blood;
Some taught the will of fate by figur'd dreams,
Birds, voices, entrails, snakes, and fiery gleams:
Delusion's deep'ning vapour warps mankind;
Abandon'd to themselves, and doubly blind,
In ev'ry grove they hail a god inshrin'd:
Some on th' Æthereal Fire adoring gaz'd,
As slowly rising o'er the flood he blaz'd;
To silver Cynthia now their vows they paid,
As her fair crescent beam'd athwart the shade;
When Night's blue arch with shining spangles glow'd,
Each star and planet shone a heav'nly god;
The fertile orchards teem'd with pow'rs divine;
Worms, fishes, serpents, frogs, and grazing kine;
Mis-shapen monsters, arm'd with dragon-claws,
Usurp'd the temples, and gave Nature laws;
Unknown that hand which sense and life bestow'd,
To senseless blocks the Sons of Reason bow'd.

For these, on burning coals their offspring trod,
And blushing altars reek'd with human blood;
To soothe their rage, the little lisping child,
That near the breast with angel-beauty smil'd,
Whose tender years ev'n murd'ring foes would spare,
(Else deaf as rocks to Pity's melting pray'r)
Now rudely torn from those parental arms,
Its wonted shelter from impending harms,
For those terrific rites of hell design'd,
That stifle Nature, and imbrute mankind,
In vain his little suppliant hands he rears,
In vain his eyes look up through glist'ning tears;
The fiends incarnate snatch their helpless prey,
To please their stocks of silver, gold, and clay:
Now, headlong hurl'd into the brazen frame,
Shrieking he falls amid the gulf of flame:
Th' unpitying monsters hear the feeble cries,
While, bound in chains, the struggling victim fries!
O God of Mercy! God of boundless love!
'Twas thine to pity from thy throne above;
Such were the chains that held the world in thrall,
Deep'ning in woe, since man's disastrous fall!
To chace this gloom of tenfold Night away,
The Star of Jacob shed its orient ray:
The Indian Sages mark'd with dazzling eyes,
The beauteous Wonder glitt'ring in the skies;
Of all the starry thousands last it shone,
While o'er the waves Aurora rear'd her throne;
Beneath the fervours of the noontide beam,
Around the hills it shot a golden gleam;
O'er many a realm the journeying pilgrims trac'd
The wand'ring Fire slow-gliding to the west;

O'er Bethl'em's fields the hov'ring Glory staid,
Then instant, like a meteor-flame, decay'd.
Now from the plain the scatt'ring emblems run,
And fair on Judah rose the Gospel-SUN;
As o'er heav'n's vault his dazzling splendors play,
The moral fogs before him melt away;
The philosophic stars that gilt the shade
Of pagan night, like glimm'ring tapers fade;
A sudden fear arrests the Prince of Hell;
The shrines and fanes of Dagon prostrate fell;
The snaky Gorgon fled with dreadful screams,
And spells and sprites dissolve like airy dreams;
The nations seated in the vale beneath,
Environ'd by the sable glooms of Death,
Beheld with joy the pleasing dawn arise,
And day diffus'd o'er all the smiling skies.
Who yonder comes from Edom's far abode,
His wavy garments dy'd in purple blood?
The Sun's transcendent glory round him streams,
Immortal Love his heav'nly visage beams;
Full in the greatness of his strength he tow'rs
To wage the war with all th' infernal Pow'rs!
This is the Darling Hope of ancient times,
Th' expected Light of Earth's remotest climes,
The destin'd Victor of the gloomy grave,
The God made flesh, omnipotent to save!
Behold him come from Jordan's rolling flood,
While the lone desert hails the Saviour-God;
Behold him circled by the gazing throng,
Heav'n's softest balm distilling from his tongue;
See! how the coldest heart to love he warms!
See Virtue rob'd in all her winning charms;

See Guilt that bears the load, with many a groan,
Now wailing prostrate at th' offended throne,
With cordial faith to him pour forth her grief—
"*Lord! I believe: help Thou my unbelief!*"
He speaks the word; th' internal storms subside;
Doubt wings her flight; the tearful cheek is dried;
The wither'd limbs no tort'ring fiend enslaves;
No more in chains the moon-struck maniac raves;
Wide o'er the plain the lame, exulting, bound;
The deaf admire the magic charms of sound;
Down fall the scales that quench'd the visual ray,
And shew the Source of Heav'n's Immortal Day.
The shrouded corse, just hanging o'er the tomb,
Starts from the couch in youth's enliv'ning bloom;
The maim'd, the dumb, the sick, the halt, the blind,
Circle the great Physician of mankind;
Diseases, Death, and Demons fly the strife;
One sov'reign touch gives health, and sense, and life.
But ah! behold the fatal period come,
That drags my Saviour to his dismal doom!
Beyond the brook of Cedron cast thine eyes;
Hark, how he vents his grief in deep'ning sighs!
See o'er his head the bellowing storm expands!
See, trembling on the brink of fate he stands!
See ev'ry muscle strain beneath the load,
And ev'ry smarting pore distilling blood—
"O Father! Father! view my dire dismay—
"Take, O my God! this bitter draught away—
"If else no art avail, the doom to shun,
"Thy will is best, and let thy will be done!"
Contemplate now the closing scene of woe;
See the long range of waving torches glow;

Big with destruction rolls the gloomy line;
Their murd'rous arms with dreadful splendours shine:
See Judas with a kiss his God betray!
See the meek Captive seiz'd and dragg'd away!
With piercing thorns his sacred temples crown'd,
While scoffing shouts from prostrate crowds resound;
Behold him to the brazen column tied,
The mangling scourge deforms his furrow'd side;
At ev'ry lash they tear the throbbing veins,
And sprinkling blood the guilty pavement stains!
Behold, my pitying soul, the deed of deeds!
Nature with horror starts, and Feeling bleeds!
Behold him stretch'd upon the tranverse beam,
Hung in mid-air, the butt of public shame!
See the fell lions rousing all their rage!
See Earth and Hell against his life engage!
His very God forsakes him, and the dart
Of vengeance revels in his bursting heart!
See o'er his breast the gasping head he hangs!
His whole frame struggling in convulsive pangs!
"*Tis finish'd!*" now he cries, and breathes his last!
Creation hears, and, shudd'ring, stands aghast;
Sun, moon, and stars, with all their glories, fade;
Night's tenfold glooms the muffled concave shade;
The world's old columns scarce support their load,
And Nature seems to perish with her God!
O man! contemplate, wonder, and adore;
To ransom thee, could heav'nly Love do more?
What arm'd the hand of Death's terrific King,
And in hell's venom dipp'd the mortal sting?
What kindled all the bolts of wrath divine?
Blush! blush, O man! th' ungrateful deed was thine:

Heav'n's angels, trembling, view the scene august,
And prostrate, in amazement, kiss the dust!
From this stupendous altar rear'd on high,
What pleasing scents perfume the distant sky!
This is the Balm that soothes our mental pain,
The Fount that washes sin's polluting stain,
Diffusing bliss for savage, saint, and sage,
In wid'ning streams, through ev'ry realm and age:
'Twas now the Snake, in brazen fetters bound,
Was dragg'd in triumph through the vast profound;
Hosannahs sound from all the harps on high, [reply.
And all heav'n's chrystal bounds the shouts of praise
Hail, unexampled Love! All-conquering Grace!
Immanuel dies for Adam's fallen race!
The Lord of Life hangs lifeless on the Tree,
To ward Death's shaft, O thankless Man! from thee!
Rejoice, ye realms still wrapt in Pagan shade!
For you, for me, the Lord of Life hangs dead!
For us, health streams from yonder gaping wound,
For us, that purple current stains the ground;
For you, for me, the sacred Victim lay
In earth's cold bed, the shadowy Monarch's prey.
For us he forc'd the portals of the grave:
To raise the dead he came, the lost to save.
Ye who would fix your bounds for Grace divine,
And Mercy's vast infinitude confine,
Who deal Heav'n's thunders with unsparing waste,
On all your narrow creeds pronounce unblest;
Expell th' ungen'rous thought, and blush for shame,
That foul reproach should stain the Christian name:
Faith bids the soul with nobler views expand,
And sees Immanuel reign from land to land,

Sees years on years the grand event unfold,
Far happier than the fabled age of gold!
Sees Zion's hill advanc'd above all height,
In the full blaze of her unrivall'd light:
From all the regions of the earth unknown,
Between cold Arctos and the southern Zone,
Faith sees the swarming myriads pour their throngs,
Through her wide portals, with triumphant songs,
Innum'rous as the leaves that deck the grove,
The glitt'ring lamps that gild the vault above,
The drops that spangle all the dewy ground,
Or swell the realms of Ocean's liquid round!
Faith sees pale Death by his own shaft expire,
Those realms of sin in one vast blaze of fire,
An earth renew'd emerge from Ruin's pile,
Skies that with more perfected beauty smile,
While worlds below accord with worlds above,
And sing the reign of universal LOVE!

'Tis this eventful, this long-wish'd for day,
This pleasing hope that smoothes our weary way,
With heav'nly cordials cheers the woe-worn breast,
And strews with roses life's perplexing waste.
All hail, Religion, whisp'ring peace to man!
The Christian triumphs in Redemption's plan;
Still teach how Love immortal, unconfin'd,
With wide embrace encircles all mankind;
Bid Passion yield to Reason's calm controul,
Ennoble Nature, and perfect the soul!
Fraught with instruction to the rustic swain,
For which all letter'd Wisdom toil'd in vain,
'Tis thine to hush the orphan's plaintive cry;
'Tis thine Affliction's streaming tear to dry;

'Tis thine to blunt the stinging darts of Care,
And gild with hope the midnight of Despair:
With thee the flinty rocks are beds of ease,
With thee the cottage, want, and rags, can please;
To thee, celestial Guide, be ours to cling,
Thee, faithful Friend, when ev'ry friend takes wing!
While Fortune, flatt'ring, sheds propitious rays,
And round her fav'rites casts a borrow'd blaze,
Be ours the temper'd medium still to hold,
Nor measure worth by bags of hoarded gold:
Again, should this malignant goddess frown,
Our fame eclips'd, our transient honours flown,
With one fierce tempest all our hope destroy,
And in one hour intomb all earthly joy;
Religion, like the healing Angel, sheds
The dews of comfort round our drooping heads,
Diffuses Zion's fragrant sweets around,
And pours æthereal balm on ev'ry wound.
When, trembling on the awful verge of Fate,
We stretch our anxious views to either state;
When the fleet forms of Grandeur melt away,
And all the pictur'd scenes of Earth decay,
Religion bids th' immortal Dawn illume
The dusky horrors of the cheerless Tomb,
Through Death's dark vale conducts us by the hand,
And shews from Pisgah's top the promis'd Land.
But ah! no more I tempt the sacred theme,
Too damp my ardour, and too faint my flame;
But, urg'd by you, companions of my love!*
The task delights, the lays spontaneous move.

* The Students of Theology, before whom this Essay was delivered.

While others rove in Folly's idle maze,
Like insects flutt'ring in the summer-blaze,
The "MODE" their only test of right and wrong,
Their sole desire to please the gazing throng;
You, like the wise Beræan sires of old,
Draw, from the mines of heav'n, perennial gold,
And, here assembling, spread your wealthy store,
Purge off the dross, and clear the redd'ning ore.
Let surly Spleen put on th' illib'ral frown,
And damn all Sects that dare her creed disown;
Let mad Enthusiasts cant the raving strain,
That "man's attempts to please his God are vain;"
But sure, that God, who, from his throne above,
On all Creation sheds his smiles of love,
Who, when one erring sheep hath found the way,
Makes Praise resound through the high climes of Day,
That God must view with fond parental eyes
Youth in life's bloom aspiring to be wise,
Religion's sacred Code their dear delight,
Their daily pleasure, and their dream by night,
While Faith to Reason lends her aid divine,
Unfolding, stage by stage, the grand design:
Well-pleas'd, he marks the soul sublimely rise,
And earnest pray'r, like incense, mount the skies.
While thus, collected here, on ev'ning hours,
You gather'd health from Wisdom's fragrant bow'rs,
Marking each cover'd tract with heedful care,
Where the fell Serpent form'd his wily snare;
As side by side you fought with sword and shield,
And shew'd how vanquish'd Atheism left the field,

How Zion baffled all the force of Hell,
And Satan's flaming bulwarks prostrate fell;
My list'ning soul a magic pleasure charm'd,
And ev'ry power Devotion's feelings warm'd;
Weeks pass'd like days, and hours like moments flew,
Yet the lov'd theme appear'd for ever new.
Long have I walk'd o'er many a hill and dale,
A pilgrim wand'ring through Life's thorny vale:
The Sun, that gilt the morning of my days,
Now shone with fainter, now with livelier rays;
Now cloudless glories deck'd the mild serene,
Now tempests round me darken'd all the scene;
But soon as Science grasp'd my yielding hand,
And op'd the prospect of her fairy land,
At once the vapour, melting, clear'd away,
Hill, dale, and plain, their loveliest hues display,
On each green mount dissolv'd the yielding snows,
And the wild desert blossom'd as the rose!
Eight times the great diurnal Planet shone
From the two bounds that mark th' Ecliptic Zone,
Since hand in hand we roam'd the happy clime,
Fraught with the spoils of old revolving Time;
While feasting on those sweets that never cloy,
Each heart was transport, and each sense was joy.
O! with what thrills of soul-distracting pain
My wishful eyes survey the fading scene,
The fields where once we pass'd the festive hours,
The spring of cloudless suns, and thornless flow'rs!
Faint, and more faint, the parting vision gleams,
For ever past, like childhood's golden dreams!
Far diff'rent prospects now salute my eyes,
Where storms on storms envelope half the skies:

The vale of Life before me widely spreads,
Steeps pil'd on steeps, and black perplexing shades:
A life, where Av'rice sells the soul for gain,
A life, where mad Ambition turns the brain,
A life, where Pride, array'd in frowns and glooms,
The mimic airs of high-born Worth assumes;
A life, where Envy ev'ry art employs
To bare our wounds, and blast our blooming joys;
A life, where Malice works the hollow wile,
In ambush couch'd behind the dimpling smile;
A life of toils and tears, and dark dismay,
Where madd'ning Passions tempest all the way:
Through this rough wild the arduous journey lies,
That seals our doom, or rears us to the skies!
O God of Love! extend thy heav'nly shield,
And safely guide us through the dubious field.
Adieu! ye scenes, to youth for ever dear;
Adieu, sweet spring of life's eventful year!
Companions of my happier days, adieu!
Thrice happy days, no more to glad my view!
Farewell the converse round the social fire!
Farewell the pleasing themes that never tire!
Farewell th' amusive sports, the devious rove,
Where purl'd the stream, or arch'd the bow'ry grove;
Ye sacred Walls, where Science loves to dwell!
Ye Seats, where beams Heav'n's purest light, farewell!
Ye lov'd compartners of my grateful toil!
No more with you I tread the sacred soil;
No more, conducted by our faithful Guides,
We drink large draughts from Salem's fresh'ning tides,

Where Love's soft voice the captive audience drew,
And Truth distill'd, like Hermon's balmy dew!
But now, since part we must, and envious Time
May spread us far and wide through ev'ry clime,
Let fond Remembrance oft retrace the past,
Let Friendship live, while sense and life shall last;
Though far as Earth's remotest bounds we part,
Let sweet Affection link us heart to heart.
Till in these veins the blood shall cease to flow,
While this warm breast shall feel the vital glow,
Till Death's cold hand shall quench th' internal flame,
And break the bands that string this cumbrous frame,
My fond regard, improv'd through life's decays,
Shall last for friends I lov'd on former days.

EVENING.

IN BLANK VERSE.

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained:—What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

PSALM viii. 3, 4.

BEHIND yon range of cloud-envelop'd hills
That line the Western verge, Day's awful Sire,
Descending, gilds their azure peaks with gold.
The thin-fleec'd vapours on their skirts reflect
The dazzling beams, and, pendent round the vault,
Set all the skies on flame. Swift through the gate
Gemm'd with æthereal carbuncles, the bound

Of Ocean, Sol's magnific Chariot glides
In triumph, and resigns the universe
To Ev'ning's sober reign. The golden blaze,
Varying through deep-stain'd purple, crimson, brown,
And violet, last into mild yellow fades;
Till, all Day's fires extinguish'd, Twilight soft
Hangs the wide hemisphere with grey. This hour
Discards intrusive Vanity, and spreads
A philosophic calm o'er all the pow'rs
Of the deep-musing soul. Forth let me stray
Through the lone haunts where Wisdom, angel-form'd,
Knit with her sister Contemplation, roves;
Where oft Urania tunes her lute, and wakes
All the transporting world of Harmony,
Congenial to poetic Feeling. Hail,
Daughters of heav'n! Be mine, while Folly's sons
Repair to Pleasure's magic bow'rs, and drink
Th' intoxicating stream, that sends Death's fumes
Madding through the distemper'd brain, and blunts
Each moral energy—be mine, while Eve
Bids her dun shadows wrap the stilly scene,
With you to tread the spangled lawn, to climb
The wide-commanding eminence, and hold
High converse with my Maker, through these types
That, ceaseless, preach his glories. Far as sight
Darts unconfin'd through Space, each object bids
Quick Thought indulge her devious flights. The noise
Of rustic Labour ceases o'er the plain;
The lowing cattle, teat-distended, walk
Home to their stalls: the shepherd, whistling, pens
His woolly charge within the wattled fold;
And the sweet strains of melody, that sooth'd

The woodland waste, on the charm'd ear decay:
The little plumag'd warblers, light or dark,
Of plain or party-colour'd wing, repair
To their warm moss-lin'd beds, in branch or trunk,
Or bow'ry thicket. All the living tribes
That people field and flood, and winding vale,
Or tall-cliff'd hill, invite the Pow'r of Sleep.
No zephyr stirs a leaf. Each voice is hush'd,
Save where the crake makes all the neighb'ring fields
Resound her harsh romantic note, or where,
At intervals, the village-mastiff's bark
Floats to the ear along the billowy void.
Prone from th' abodes of air, the pearly dews,
Stealing with imperceptive pace, descend,
And with ten thousand studs adorn the ground.
The clouds in stationary ranges line
The circling boundary of Earth and Sky:
While, high above, the grand chrystalline Dome
Crowns the vast theatre, a concave blue,
Smooth and serene as molten glass: where now
The glitt'ring signs that deck Night's azure robe
Begin to shew their fires. Arcturus gleams
Fair in the West; while opposite, the star
Of bright Capella trembles on the wave;
In the mid-space, the Lucid Harp, the Bear,
The silver Cygnet, and Medusa's curls,
With the huge Boreal Snake that, spiring, winds
Around the steady Pole, successive light
Their dancing splendors: till, anon! a blaze
Of smaller tapers (countless as the dews
Clust'ring on ev'ry blade) effusive runs
Kindling through all the round immensity.

Such were the scenes my sweet Philander* lov'd,
Mirror of Angel-Purity. Though now
Far distant as the ice-encirled Zone
From Ganges; once in the gay spring of life
For many a rolling season, when mild Eve
Shook on the pine-clad hill her dewy locks,
Oft from the busy world we stole, and roam'd
(Arm lock'd in arm, commixing soul with soul)
From field to field excursive, fresh as May,
Imbibing music from each murm'ring rill,
Health from each breeze, and joy from ev'ry scene,
Till the fair wonders of the star-crown'd pole
Made pure Devotion light her heav'n-born flame.
Stranger to Ceremony's stiff control,
From ev'ry act unstudied Pleasure flow'd;
Each word, each look was sentiment; each face
Beam'd with the sympathetic glow that spoke
Nature's own language, thrilling to the heart.
O! were my lov'd Philander here, to scan
This vast display of grandeur, how our pulse
Would beat harmonious concord, as our glance
Roll'd in fine phrenzy o'er th' unbounded sphere!
See, from that ridge of Southern Hills, a stream
Of dusky amber quiv'ring through the clouds,
That, rifted, break like fleeces o'er their tops;
See, through their silver-skirted veil, the Moon,
Half full, displays her yellow orb, and pours
A milky deluge o'er the silent shades:
Close by her crescent beams the star of Jove,
With vivid rays, like a small gem of gold,

* A much esteemed Class-fellow.

To Venus next, the loveliest in the train
That stud the nightly sky. By this green mound
I kneel, and through my astronomic tube,
Its focal point adjusted fair, survey
Those radiant wonders that traverse the depths
Of æther, hung as signs to mortal men.
How from this low abode their forms appear
Spheric or circular, when magnified
By human art. O mighty God! what scenes
Fill my transported mind! I see display'd
Worlds circling worlds, the secrets of the sky,
Secrets that stagger man's weak intellect,
And stretch the soul's extended view beyond
The narrow bound of sublunary things!
I see Jove's beauteous orb, with sparkling moons
Around him, sailing through th' unfathom'd blue,
Himself a mighty world! Hence to the Earth's
Refulgent Satellite I turn my gaze.
O glories of creative Pow'r! O King
Of all these rolling worlds! what finite mind
But sinks beneath the vast idea! Late
What seem'd a cloud of variegated white,
Like a half darken'd mirror, now appears
A spacious continent, where hills and vales
Alternate swell and deepen; oceans flow;
Dazzling with light, rude cliffy isles emerge
Above the tumid surface! Hail, fair World!
Art thou of mold celestial, or a Sphere
Opaque, like this our Earth, the green abode
Of rational Existence! Know ye, say,
Aerial Beings! know ye grief and tears,
Sin, and disease, and death? Have serpent-wiles

Seduc'd your Eve from fealty to heav'n?
Does the peace-speaking Blood, effus'd for man
On Calvary, proclaim your guilt aton'd,
Or need your hearts the strength'ning balm that flows
From a pierc'd Saviour's wounds? or live you still,
Like the bright armies of th' empyreal sky,
Reaping Life's fruits in isles of Paradise,
Immaculate, immortal, hymning praise,
From amaranthine bow'rs, on harps of gold!
What means yon universal host of fires
Gliding for ages, with unalter'd course,
Exempt from mortal change! perhaps each star
An orb far-flaming, like our central sun,
The fount of life to other orbs, that glide,
Annual, encircling its attractive sphere;
And those vast systems of attendant worlds,
Illum'd by suns more num'rous than the leaves
That deck the spring, Aurora's twinkling pearls,
The sands that line the crooked shores, the drops
That swell the fluid empire of the deep!
If so, what then the Power Ineffable,
Whose mandate first from Non-Existence's womb
Bid the great Whole into fair being start,
And spread enchanting Harmony through all
Creation's ample round! how wonderful
That arm which still supports it, and that hand,
Within whose all-containing hollow, rolls
The blazing pomp of planets, comets, suns,
And worlds, in their prodigious orbits wheel'd!
Hail Mystic Omnipresent! boundless Source
Of life to all that live, and breathe, and feel,
Vocal or mute, from Michael,* to the cloud

* The Prince of Angels.

Of the leaf-peopling myriads ! Sire august !
Elohim, Allah, Jove, or Three-in-One,
Through ev'ry age and clime, however nam'd,
However worshipp'd ! O how swells thy praise
From worlds to worlds re-echoed, far as Space
Heard the creative FIAT, to the walls
That form the frontier of Confusion's realm !
Awe, terror, and astonishment, combin'd,
Transpierce me, thrilling to my inmost soul,
Contemplating this wonder-pregnant scene !
This place is dreadful, this the Gate of heav'n !
Sov'reign of all perfection ! what is man,
Or what man's son, that dust-engender'd mite,
That Thou shouldst deign to lavish on his kind
Such marks of unexampled love ! All-bless'd !
All-good ! be ours, oft as with ravish'd eye
We scan thy works divine, to raise our souls
Above the grosser films of sense, to force
The rage of Passion, mad and turbulent,
Beneath mild Reason's lore ; to form our taste
Of noble, beauteous, lovely, consummate,
From this great Fabric, where thy Wisdom shines,
Thy Might, thy Goodness infinite, display'd
So wide, so various ; that when full matur'd
By Virtue's seas'ning energies, for climes
Whose feeblest gleam would quench yon waste of suns
In darkness ; hosts of Cherubim may waft
Our sp'rits from mortal dross secrete, to those
Pure seats of immortality, where all
The sons of Reason met, with pow'rs renew'd,
Voices and harps in one grand chorus join'd,
For endless ages sing thy matchless praise.

A METRICAL PARAPHRASE

OF

ST. JOHN'S REVELATION.

CHAPTER I.

ARGUMENT.—*St. John's Address to the Asiatic Churches.—His glorious Vision of our Saviour; and the terms of his prophetic commission.*

THE Secrets of th' Omniscient Father's mind,
By Christ the Son disclos'd to human kind,
Where his lov'd Saints, in wonder rapt, behold
Earth's hast'ning fates their various maze unfold;
The fates with Godhead's dread impression seal'd,
Sent by his Angel, to his Seer reveal'd;
The Seer, illum'd by rays of Truth divine,
With faithful care records each op'ning sign:
Blest who peruse what heav'nly Wisdom penn'd;
Blest who to heav'nly Truth an audience lend:
Blest who perform with fear the high command;
'Tis Heav'n's decree: the term is nigh at hand.
JOHN to the flocks in Asia's western bound;
May Grace and Peace your favour'd haunts surround;
The Grace and Peace of Him whom Nature's laws
Proclaim the First and Last Essential Cause;
The Grace of those mysterious Sp'rits that shine
With sev'n-fold splendors round the Throne divine;

The Grace of Him who died a world to save,
And rose, the First born of the vanquish'd Grave;
The faithful Witness, and the Prince of all,
Beneath whose sway terrestrial kings must fall:
To Him who lov'd, and bought our souls with pain,
Whose blood has wash'd from Guilt's infectious stain,
Who crown'd us kings and priests before his God,
To serve and reign in his august abode:
To Him be glory, pow'r without controul,
And boundless praise, while endless ages roll!
Behold He comes! his terrors shake the skies,
On stormy clouds his rapid chariot flies;
All shall behold with awe the King of Kings
Sublimely riding on the whirlwind's wings!
His foes who pierc'd him on the sacred Tree,
Faint with despair, shall bend the trembling knee;
The tribes of Earth shall wail in deep dismay,
And Nature in his presence melt away!
So let it be! in heav'n and earth ador'd,
Let Jesus rule, the world's perpetual Lord!
"I AM: no pow'r created rivals mine;
First, Midst, and Last, on Godhead's throne I shine:
Creations, at my mandate, spring to Day;
Creations, at my frown, like smoke decay."
With you, so firm in Christian Grace allied,
With you, so long in patient suff'rings tried,
On ev'ry hand by leaguer'd foes inclos'd,
And to all Hell's malicious rage expos'd,
While, bold for Truth, I brav'd contempt and pain,
To spread on earth our Master's heav'nly Reign,
Because I durst proclaim the wond'rous Plan,
That freely tenders life to thankless Man,

Am doom'd to wander far from Man's abodes,
Where Patmos' shelves o'erhang the murm'ring floods.
On Sabbath morn, when first the Lamp of Day
Shot o'er the billowy waste a golden ray,
The Sp'rit of God my ravish'd soul inspir'd,
And all the films of mortal sense retir'd;
When, straight, a mighty Trump behind me sounds,
Heav'n's spacious arch the solemn blast rebounds:
These words were utter'd: "Son of Man! attend;
I am Creation's Sov'reign, Cause, and End:
Write in thy tablets each mysterious sign,
If word or deed, that speaks the Will divine;
Their good to perfect, and their faults to mend,
To Asia's Flocks th' attested visions send."
The Churches, sev'n, were nam'd. I turn'd around,
To know what voice had pour'd the distant sound:
When lo! I mark'd above, with wond'ring eyes,
A range of beauteous lights that deck'd the skies;
The lights were sev'n, resplendent to behold,
Like candles fixt in shafts of heav'nly gold.
Amid the circuit, God's Eternal Son
With far superior rays divinely shone:
His train majestic swept the chrystal ground;
His sacred breast a golden girdle bound;
His awful tresses wav'd, like wreathes of snow,
Like flames of fire his piercing eye-balls glow:
His feet, incessant sparkling, as he turn'd,
Like finely polish'd brazen columns, burn'd;
His voice re-echo'd through the high abodes,
Loud as the thund'ring sound of torrent-floods:
In his right hand sev'n lovely planets gleam'd;
Forth from his lips a two-edg'd meteor stream'd:

His face outshone the Sun's meridian blaze!
I saw! I quak'd with terror and amaze!
Around my sight a cloud of darkness came,
And mortal pangs assail'd my fainting frame!
Dead at his feet I sank! his mighty hand
Touch'd me to life! I liv'd at his command!
Then mildly thus he spake:—Thy fears dismiss:
Know me, the First and Last, the Prince of bliss,
Who once on Earth for Man's Redemption slain,
Now, living, sway the world's unbounded reign;
Th' æthereal hosts obey my high controul,
And own me God of Gods while ages roll:
With mighty chains th' Apostate Snake I quell;
My bosom guards the keys of Death and Hell.
Write in a book the Visions here display'd,
The fates of Earth in pictur'd signs convey'd;
These sev'n celestial Lights that round me beam,
And the sev'n Stars that send a quiv'ring gleam,
Are mystic types; the Stars, the Guides I send,
My sev'n distinguish'd Asian Flocks to tend;
The range of candles shining heav'nly fair,
Are Asia's Churches, my peculiar care.

CHAPTER II.

ARGUMENT.—*The first four of the seven Epistles to the Asiatic Churches.*

I. THE EPISTLE TO THE CHURCH OF EPHESUS.

WRITE to the Pastor of th' Ephesian Fold:
Thus, He who walks amidst the Lamps of gold,

In whose right hand the sev'n mysterious Fires
With dancing glories gild th' æthereal spires:
Thy daily works I mark with careful eyes,
Thy patient labours, and thy secret sighs;
How thy warm bosom glows with righteous rage
Against the sins of a degen'rate age;
How they who spread their baneful doctrines round,
Explor'd by thee, were prov'd a race unsound,
Whose cheeks were gay with Friendship's pleasing smiles,
But their foul hearts were stor'd with deadly wiles.
Strong in my cause, thy constant Faith has borne
The whole collected weight of public scorn,
With toil unceasing climb'd the steepy way,
Nor fainted in the long laborious fray.
But now I mark thy faults, and thus reprove:
Lost is the vigour of thy former love;
The Lamp which once so bright a beam display'd,
Now faintly gleams, its splendor half decay'd.
Then hear my charge: Amend defects in time;
Let future care efface th' unwary crime!
Beseech th' offended Judge with fervent pray'r;
Beseech his Grace, while Grace vouchsafes to spare.
If this award thou slight, I quickly come,
And all thy sins shall meet th' impartial doom;
Thy Candle, blotted from the realms of Light,
My breath shall quench in everlasting Night.
Be wiser then; resume the sacred road:
A true repentance seals thy peace with God.
Thou hat'st the Nicolaitans; this I praise;
I too detest their truth-distorting maze:
Hate thou them still, and keep beyond their snares;
For Heav'n against th' ungodly Tribe declares.

Thus to the churches speaks th' Inspiring God,
Who makes Creation's whole his vast abode,
Who sheds his various gifts on all mankind,
But dwells familiar with the spotless mind:
For them who conquer in the dubious fray,
I furnish regions of unfading Day,
And plenteous feasts in Eden's happy vales,
Where Life's fair Plant immortal balm exhales.

II. THE EPISTLE TO SMYRNA.

These words to Smyrna's faithful Pastor send:—
Thus speaks the King whose reign no ages end,
Whom Morn's fair glories sung in strains sublime,
Ere Light and Shade revolving measur'd Time;
Who once within the tomb a Captive lay,
Now high with Godhead holds an equal sway:
To me thy works and painful toils are known;
Thy daily pray'rs ascend before my throne:
The haughty sons of affluence deem thee poor,
But Heav'n's unfailing wealth supplies thy store.
I know their impious fraud who boldly claim
Th' exclusive rights of Judah's favour'd name;
Their guilty deeds declare their pleas are wrong,
And Satan's wiles mislead the perjur'd throng.
But fear not thou th' impending storms of woe,
Though Hell's united Pow'rs resolve the blow:
For pains and bonds my suff'ring saints must urge,
And Satan's agents ply th' ensanguin'd scourge:
Ten days of woe the tort'ring Fiends molest;
To these succeeds the long eternal rest.

Be faithful then, till Death shall hush thy sighs,
And Life's immortal Crown becomes thy prize.
Ye who would hear, attentive ears incline;
Thus to the Churches speaks the Sp'rit divine:—
From him who Victor quits the strife of tears,
My smile shall banish all perplexing fears;
Though once to Fate he yield the mortal breath,
His soul shall never taste the second death.

III. THE EPISTLE TO PERGAMOS.

To him whose cares my favour'd Flock attend,
In Pergamos, this warning message send:
So speaks the Lord of Nature's boundless frame,
Ev'n He who wields the two-edg'd sword of flame,
Whose forceful sway the jointed bones can part,
Pierce to the soul, and bare the inmost heart:—
To me thy works and dwelling place are known:
Thou sitt'st where Hell supports her tyrant-throne:
Regardless of a wicked world's applause,
A keen assertor of the heav'nly cause;
Through ev'ry madd'ning sea of danger tost,
Firm to the faith; the Saviour's Cross thy boast,
Ev'n where the adverse Pow'rs with vengeance burn'd,
And on just Antipas their fury turn'd;
He brav'd their rage, by my example fir'd,
And nobly conqu'ring, with a smile expir'd.
I now explain thy failings; mark them well:
Insidious foes in crowds among you dwell;
With Balaam's art they lead the world astray,
Who threw the stumbling-block in Israel's way;

The blinded nation, caught within the snare,
To senseless idol-gods address'd their pray'r,
In ev'ry lawless rite promiscuous join'd,
And shar'd at feasts of each polluting kind.
'Tis thus th' infectious race, in mischief bold,
With fell diseases smite the tainted fold:
Thine were the care to stop their rapid course,
And check the torrent at the baneful source.
With these, the Nicolaitan sect conspire,
And heap their fuel o'er th' increasing fire:
Yet, shame to mention! these my mortal foes
Secure within thy shelt'ring arms repose.
Shake off thy slumbers, rise with active zeal,
Repent, amend, the thick'ning cloud dispell:
If not, with this expressive sign of Truth
(The fiery sword, that issues from my mouth,)
I quickly come to scourge the guilty times,
And speedy vengeance shall o'ertake thy crimes.
Ye who would hear, attend: the Sp'rit of God
Speaks to the Churches from his high abode:—
The man who victor quits the field, shall share
Th' immortal Manna, Heav'n's mysterious fare:
The gift I add, a Stone of precious kind,
With all his new celestial titles sign'd,
Grav'd in the sacred language of the skies,
Which none can learn, but he who grasps the prize.

IV. THE EPISTLE TO THYATIRA.

Write to the Guide who rules my chosen train,
Where Thyatira frequent crowds my fane:—

Ye blest! attend: so speaks the Son of God,
Th' exalted Son, who once with flesh abode;
From whose keen eye-balls streams of lightning flow,
Whose awful feet like brazen columns glow:—
Long known to me, thy patient labours prove
Th' effect of well-tried faith and ardent love;
From first obedient to the Word divine;
But thy last deeds with brighter beauties shine.
Yet here I mark a deed deserving blame,
That casts a stain on all thy former fame:
For lo! an impious Dame among you tries
To blind my servants with delusive lies.
Fool! to pretend that her polluted eye
Could pierce the awful secrets of the sky:
While Satan's wily arts her brain misguide,
She spreads her hellish poison far and wide.
A stranger to the conscious blush of shame,
She lights the torch of lust's pernicious flame,
Makes men to lifeless idols pay the vow,
Eat of their feasts, and in their temples bow.
Long, long, my patience bore the daring crime;
I tender'd Grace, if she reform'd in time;
My Spirit daily strove, but strove in vain;
The proffer'd Grace she spurns with fix'd disdain.
Since thus she acts, without one thought of change,
I soon proceed to take the just revenge:
For her and all th' adult'rous tribe I form
A bed where Hell's profoundest whirlpools storm;
A bed whose fires with fiercer fury flame,
Than those of lust, that now possess her frame:
Her sons the thunders of my wrath shall slay,
And Death shall sweep the perjur'd race away:

Thus shall the Church my peerless might adore,
And know the God whose piercing eyes explore
The reins and hearts of all the human kind,
And ev'ry thought that lurks within the mind.
Before my throne the gather'd world shall stand
To meet their due from my impartial hand:
The deeds perform'd in their terrestrial state,
If good or bad, shall fix their future fate.

On you who hold your virtue free from stain,
Not tempted yet to join the rites profane,
Though wide and vast the floods of error swell,
Incessant belching from the depths of hell,
No burden but my former charge I lay;
Let no seduction tempt your steps astray.
Hold fast your faith, till I again descend,
And faith and hope in sweet fruition end.
To him who Victor quits the toilsome field,
My mandate holding, till the breath he yield,
I give full pow'r the heathen realms to guide,
An iron sceptre to controul their pride.
As when the potter smites the brittle clay,
The shatter'd vase in splinters flies away;
Thus shall the Rebels who reject his yoke,
Dash'd into fragments, sink beneath the stroke.
The golden Star that hails the rising Morn,
(Imperial circlet) shall his brows adorn:
Such honours from my heav'nly Sire I claim,
And such I share with all who love my name.
Thus to the Churches speaks the Voice divine:
Let man with lively faith an ear incline.

CHAPTER III.

ARGUMENT.—*The three remaining Epistles to the Asiatic Churches.*

V. THE EPISTLE TO SARDIS.

WRITE to the Angel of my Sardian fane;
Thus He who holds with God perpetual reign,
Before whose throne the mystic Spirits beam,
And the sev'n Fires with trembling radiance gleam:—
I know thy works: In vain the voice of fame
With ev'ry specious praise exalts thy name;
In vain thy "*lively faith*" she sounds abroad,
Thy "*growing virtues*," and thy "*zeal for God;*"
The damps of languor o'er thy vitals creep,
All ardor dead, all caution lull'd asleep:
Bestir thee quickly, mend thy slack'ning pace,
Supply with light th' expiring lamp of Grace,
And snatch from Death what hastens to decay:
A jealous God has found thee far astray.
Dispell the mists that thy dull senses blind;
Recall my word, the guide of Truth, to mind;
Weigh well its sacred precepts, hold them fast;
Let genuine grief atone for errors past.
But know, unless thou hold a constant guard,
Thy loins begirt, thy lamp with oil prepar'd,
I come and seize thee, drown'd in sinful sleep,
As the night-thief invades deserted sheep.

A few distinguish'd names there still remain
Who keep their snow-white garments void of stain:
These, cloth'd in robes that burn with solar flames,
Shall walk with me; for such their merit claims:
In these celestial garments, bright as Day,
I clothe the Victor in the dubious fray;
His name shall shine in types of living gold,
In Life's fair Volume, with my Saints inroll'd:
Before my God I'll cause his fame to blaze,
And all th' æthereal thrones shall hear his praise.
Thus to the Churches speaks the Voice divine:
Ye who would hear, attentive ears incline.

VI. THE EPISTLE TO PHILADELPHIA.

To him who tends my Flocks with faithful care,
Where Philadelphia pours the fraudless pray'r:
So speaks th' immaculate, unchanging God,
Who makes the Heav'n of heav'ns his high abode,
Who guards the mystic key of Jesse's Son,
And opes the door which can be shut by none,
Or shuts at pleasure; but t' unfold again
Th' attempts of all created might are vain:—
Thy works I know. Display'd before thee stands
A gate not to be shut by mortal hands;
Thy strength is small: but, still, be not dismay'd;
Almighty Grace shall prove thy strength'ning aid.
For, braving pain and insults daily borne,
You vouch my name, where myriads laugh to scorn.
An impious tribe among you dares to dwell,
A synod hood-wink'd by the wiles of hell,

Who up to Israel's source their lineage trace,
Though Israel never own'd the faithless race:
Behold! I blast their pride's exalted brow,
And force them suppliant at thy feet to bow;
Convinc'd thy help is from the throne above;
And those how blest who share their Maker's love.
Since thus unaw'd thou keep'st the word divine,
And thy firm fearless patience speaks thee mine;
That day, when from Hell's bursting dungeon hurl'd,
Temptation's gloomy Storm shall shake the world,
In Danger's conflict, my protecting shield
Shall guard thy footsteps through the dreadful field.
To judge the earth behold I quickly rise:
Keep fast the faith; let none invade thy prize.
The man who, crown'd with triumph, quits the fight,
Translated to th' exalted halls of Light,
Shall blaze, a Column of immortal Stone,
From age to age before my father's throne:
In lively types shall his mysterious name,
And mine, of late acquir'd, adorn its frame;
Æthereal Salem, favour'd of my God,
His first selected, last desir'd abode,
Shall on the sculptur'd pile her charms unfold,
Descending from the skies on clouds of gold.
Thus to the Churches speaks the Mind divine;
Ye who would hear, attentive ears incline.

VII. THE EPISTLE TO LAODICEA.

To him who guides my Laodicéan train:
So speaks the God who never spoke in vain;

That faithful Witness, that perennial Sun,
Who marks the paths where Stars and Planets run,
Whose radiance flash'd through Chaos' foggy gloom,
Ere yet Creation rose in youthful bloom :—
I know thy works ; and, with regret, behold
Thy frame, alike remov'd from heat and cold :
The fire of godly zeal hath ceas'd to glow,
And all thy boasted works are empty show.
I charge thee, drop at once thy Christian claims,
Or for my service burn with warmer flames.
Since then, in ev'ry view, thy deeds unfold
Affections lifeless, neither warm nor cold,
Forth from my mouth, in righteous ire, I thrust
A sapless draught that nauseates to disgust.
For thus thou vaunt'st :—"In bliss I daily grow ;
Full tides of golden wealth around me flow ;
Wide o'er the realms of Earth resounds my fame,
And of mean want I scarcely know the name."
Thus, carnal pomp, and eyes with pride elate,
Evince thy poor, uncloth'd, defenceless state.
I warn thee then, while Grace invites, to buy
The genuine Wealth esteem'd in realms on high,
The Gospel-Robe, the Gold that bears the flame,
For riches this, and that to veil thy shame.
With unctuous juice thy blunted sight renew,
So shall thy sense distinguish false from true.
Those whom in dearest love I call my own,
When slack and careless, meet my chast'ning frown.
Be zealous then, repent, make no delay,
Retrace the path from whence you turn'd astray.
Before the gate the proffer'd Saviour stands ;
At ev'ry heart he knocks with earnest hands :

Happy the man who to the social feast
With freedom welcomes in the knocking Guest:
Beneath that favour'd roof I'll gladly share,
What meats or drinks compose the offer'd fare;
He in return shall quaff perennial joy,
At my full table, feasts that never cloy.
For him who conquers, I prepare a throne
That beams imperial splendors near my own:
Such I obtain'd from my all-pow'rful Sire,
When Death I quell'd, and chain'd the Fiends of fire.
Thus to the Churches speaks the Voice divine:
Ye who would hear, attentive ears incline.

CHAPTER IV.

ARGUMENT.—*Vision of God the Father, of the twenty-four Elders, and of the four Cherubim.*

THIS scene dissolv'd: when lo! the hosts on high
Unfold the starry portals of the sky:
Forthwith a trumpet rais'd its solemn sound,
And peal'd these accents o'er the great profound:—
"Come hither; mark Eternal Wisdom's plan,
And all the future fates design'd for man!"
I heard; and straight, from cumbrous flesh disjoin'd,
I rov'd through Space, a pure æthereal Mind:
When gazing far beyond the mundane pole,
Along whose vault night's glimm'ring myriads roll,
I saw a regal Throne sublimely rais'd;
JEHOVAH there in boundless glory blaz'd!

Th' immortal Vision seem'd of Sardine hue,
Mixt with the Jasper's fine celestial blue;
A bow of em'rald wide surrounds the throne,
Where all Heav'n's tints with quiv'ring radiance shone!
Twice twelve grave Ancients, in imperial state,
On chrystal thrones, around the Godhead wait;
Loose hung their robes in many a pompous fold,
Their sparkling temples gleam'd with crowns of gold.
Now from amidst the Throne loud voices pour,
Red lightnings flash, and hollow thunders roar!
Sev'n ardent lamps, before the awful Sire,
(His mystic Spirits) burn with ceaseless fire.
Within th' eternal courts, a glassy main
Spread far and wide its smooth cœrulean plain;
Like liquid pearl th' undrossy substance flow'd,
And round, with amber flames commingling glow'd.
Four wondrous living Forms invest the Throne;
Before, behind, their eyes innum'rous shone:
The first a lion's lordly shape display'd;
The next a calf,* (the sign of strength) pourtray'd;
The third serenely smil'd with human face;
The fourth, an eagle, cleav'd th' empyreal space.
Six gorgeous wings each lucid Form infold;
Their inward eyes, like starry systems, roll'd:
Nor day nor night they cease the grateful ode,
Resounding praises through the vast abode;
While "*Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!*" they sing,
"*The Great, Omnipotent, Eternal King,*
Unchang'd in Deity's immortal bloom,
The God who was, and is, and is to come!"

* τὸ δεύτερον ζῷον ὅμοιον μόσχῳ.

As thus the Four their sacred strains engage,
In praise of Him who lives from age to age,
The twice twelve rev'rend Seniors prostrate fall
On the smooth pavement of th' æthereal hall;
Before the throne they cast their crowns of gold,
And thus with one accord their song unfold:—
"Worthy art Thou of glory, Sire divine!
All wisdom, honour, praise, and pow'r be thine!
At thy command primæval Night retir'd,
And sun and stars the blazing æther fir'd:
Thy wisdom still pervades th' unmeasur'd Whole,
And all Existence owns thy vast controul."

CHAPTER V.

ARGUMENT.—*God the Father holds in his hand a Book with seven seals, which contains emblems of his dispensations with mankind till the end of the world.—Christ (represented under the figure of a slain Lamb) being the Mediator of the New Covenant, was the only Person found worthy to open this mysterious Volume.—He receives it for that purpose from his Father; whereupon all the host of Angels and the whole Creation join in extolling his praises.*

AND now intent I gaze with wond'ring eye,
Where sat inthron'd the Monarch of the Sky,
From whom full floods of glory burst around,
That stream'd far blazing through the vast profound;
In his right hand a Roll mysterious shin'd;
Sev'n radiant seals the sacred Volume bind,

Then, of the millions that surround the Throne,
Hymning with sweetest sounds th' Unconquer'd ONE,
A mighty Sp'rit his golden wings display'd,
And swift as thought his airy flight convey'd
To heav'n's high battlements, whereon he stood,
And thus, with hollow trumpet, peal'd aloud :—
" Empyreal Realms, through all your tracts on high,
And ye swift Worlds that course the pathless sky !
Hear through the bounds of Motion, Time, and Place ;
Hear through the vast Infinitude of Space,
Unnumber'd Ranks of life, in Earth's attire,
In Air, or Flood, or elemental Fire !
Is one among your countless myriads found
T' unseal yon Roll, and its contents expound ?"
He spoke : the glitt'ring walls of heav'n reply :
All heard ; but none that hymn'd above the sky,
Or trod on earth, or wing'd the starry world,
Or where Night rules, with raven-flag unfurl'd,
A task so hard for finite pow'rs would try,
Or dare within the mystic veil to pry.
Then loud I wept, in bitterness of soul,
And down my cheeks the briny torrents roll :
Since none the depths of Heav'n's decrees could scan,
I gave for lost the hapless race of man.
While thus I wail, in pensive sorrows drown'd,
One of the Seniors that the Throne surround
In these consoling strains my bosom cheers :—
No more indulge the grief of plaints and tears ;
The mighty Lion sprung from Judah's race,
The Stem of David, wins th' exalted place :
Immanuel's pow'r dispells the dark'ning cloud ;
And man enraptur'd learns the mind of God.

I then beheld, within th' imperial Throne,
Near where the Four Cherubic Glories shone,
Where the glad Seniors form'd a flaming round,
And made Heav'n's arch with hymns of praise resound;
There, seated high o'er all the Pow'rs above,
The radiant Emblem of Immortal LOVE,
The LAMB of GOD for man's redemption slain,
Beside his Father held perpetual reign.
Sev'n horns miraculous on his forehead grow,
And sev'n distinct his piercing eyeballs glow,
(The sev'n æthereal Sp'rits that run abroad
O'er all the Earth, t' effect the will of God;)
With pity mov'd for man's precarious state,
He claim'd by sacred right the Roll of Fate:
With a sweet smile that brighten'd all the skies,
The SOURCE of Godhead yields the mystic prize.
The fourfold Shapes, with joys unfelt before,
And the twice twelve, the favour'd Lamb adore,
While prostrate fall'n, their chorded lyres they strung,
And to their notes the starry concave rung:
From their bright vials, fram'd of massy gold,
In vap'ry curls the fragrant incense roll'd!
These are the pray'rs of God's afflicted Saints;
Well pleas'd he hears, and gracious aids their wants.
While thus their songs in strains exalted swell:
Hosannah! God's triumphant Son we hail!
Thy wondrous deeds what finite thought can scan?
But O! how deep, how vast, thy love for man!
Thou, thou alone canst ev'ry seal unbind,
And pierce the counsels of th' Omniscient Mind!
Us from yon scenes of darkness, guilt, and pain,
Us fetter'd once in Sin's enthralling chain,

Selected from th' unnumber'd realms of Earth,
Of ev'ry tribe, persuasion, rank, and birth,
Thou, thou, hast ransom'd by thy sacred blood,
And crown'd us priests and kings before our God!
Grim Death assail'd thee with his dreadful sting;
Thy mighty arm subdu'd the grisly King,
With tenfold bars the gate of hell immur'd,
And Heav'n's resplendent thrones for thine secur'd;
From age to age we crowd thy sacred fane,
And wide o'er earth shall stretch our ample reign.

They said: when, lo! round all the space divine,
I heard whole choirs of hymning Angels join,
Circling th' Eternal. Thousand thousands sing,
Ten thousand thousands sweep the trembling string:—
To Him who triumph'd o'er the shadowy Grave,
The Lamb once slain, a falling world to save,
Shout Nature! shout in loud symphonious lays,
Strength, honour, glory, pow'r, and endless praise!

With this, what creatures breath'd a living soul
Through Earth's green regions, or the starry pole,
They that through Ocean's chrystal chambers glide,
And where old Darkness clothes the gloomy void,
With one grand universal peal reply:—
To Him who sits enthron'd above the sky,
To thee, the Lamb, our God's Eternal Son,
Co-equal Partner of thy Father's Throne,
Let all created Pow'rs their strains engage,
And sing thy matchless praise from age to age!
"*Amen! Amen!*" the fourfold Shapes resound;
The prostrate Ancients kiss the spangled ground;
While voice and harp in lofty strains record
The praise of Nature's Sempiternal Lord.

CHAPTER VI.

ARGUMENT.—*The opening of the six prophetic seals, with the concomitant Visions.*

WHILE thus th' æthereal host in rapt'rous lays,
With all Creation, swell the shouts of praise,
High thron'd in glory, God's Omniscient Son
Prepares to pierce the gloom of Fates unknown.
And now, he breaks the first resplendent seal;
When lo! as in the thunder's noisy peal,
A voice address'd me from the starry Four:—
"*Approach! observe attentive, and adore!*"
Swift as he spoke, a Steed of purest white
Burst from a cloud that beam'd with rays of light;
One sat thereon, athirst for high renown,
And on his head he wore a kingly crown:
The bending bow on his right side unstrung,
Behind him, stor'd with death, his quiver hung:
He darts, refulgent, like a gliding Star,
Wide-flashing splendors through the vast of air;*
Arriv'd on earth, he spreads the boundless scene
Of war and havock through th' abodes of men:
Earth's sceptred monarchs bend with one accord,
And hail the Victor for their lawful Lord.
The second Knot the Filial Pow'r unties:
"*Approach and view!*" the second Seraph cries:
When lo! another Steed, whose redd'ning blaze
Inflam'd the wide expanse, attracts my gaze:

* *Star, war—air,* Rhymes frequent in Pope, Dryden, Mickle, &c.

His fiery back a wrathful fiend bestrode,
A fiend commission'd by th' avenging God
The calm of Peace from men to banish far,
And plunge them in the wasteful woes of war;
His breast with fell desire of carnage heaves;
Like heav'n's tremendous bolt, his sword he waves.
The third portentous seal th' Incarnate broke.
"*Approach, and view!*" the third Immortal spoke:
When, instant, bolts upon my wond'ring sight,
Through the dense gloom, a Courser black as night;
His hand, who sat thereon, a balance rear'd,
And from the Four* this solemn voice was heard:
"Of the dear wheat a scanty modius weigh,
Its price the labour of a livelong day;
Three equal weights of barley's homelier grain,
The boon that crowns the workman's daily pain:
Let man protect the field with wakeful toil,
Nor careless hurt his growths of wine and oil!"
Meanwhile, the sable monster cours'd the skies;
And scatters blasting mildews as he flies;
While Plague and Drought, and Famine, ghastly pale,
With triple scourge the wither'd earth assail;
Wide o'er the realms extends the gen'ral cry,
And myriads starv'd along the pathways die.
The fourth mysterious seal he tore away;
The fourth Celestial bids my eye survey:
When lo! there shot along th' æthereal vast
A meagre Steed upon the whirlwind's blast:
Death's horrid form bestrode him, frowning dire,
And Hell behind them belch'd her floods of fire!

* The four Animals described in Chap. IV.

God gave them pow'r, in all their rage t' efface
One fourth of mortal man's offending Race,
That Sword and Want should waste from shore to shore,
And hungry monsters bathe the world in gore.
The fifth was open'd, and unveil'd to sight
Th' undaunted Souls who brav'd the glorious fight;
T' evince their faith in God's redeeming Love,
Their blood they shed; and now they reign above.
Beneath the altar's golden frame they stood,
And thus with voice united cried aloud:—
"When, when, impartial Judge of wrong and right!
Shall Violence cease to triumph in thy sight?
When shall thine arm avenge our guiltless blood,
And righteous judgment whelm th' accurs'd abode?"
In Music's softest strain a voice replied:—
"My best belov'd! in patience, still confide,
Till yon apostates fill their guilty round,
And rolling Time has reach'd the destin'd bound,
When all my martyr'd Saints have breath'd their last,
And all Apollyon's fiery storms are past:
Then my right hand th' unerring bolts shall guide,
And Wrath descend to scourge the sons of Pride.
Meanwhile, lest doubt should cast a dark'ning gloom,
Receive this earnest of the bliss to-come."
Forthwith the Godhead beam'd a smile of love,
A smile that brighten'd all the tracts above;
At once in flowing robes of white adorn'd,
Like Suns, the whole august assembly burn'd.
When the sixth seal the sacred Lamb unbound,
Great God! what awful terrors spread around!
What human art by pencil, tongue, or pen,
Has words or hues to paint the fearful scene!

For now, methought, the final Day was come,
Fraught with rebellious Man's decisive doom!
A veil of sudden horrors blots the sky,
From their burst caves ten thousand lightnings fly,
Ten thousand thunders shake Creation's base,
The sun, affrighted, wrapt his golden blaze
In sackcloth dark as Night's terrific shroud;
The lunar orb appear'd a mass of blood!
In Death's convulsions reels the stagg'ring world;
Down the black vast th' æthereal lights were hurl'd;
As the fierce tempest, sweeping from above,
Rolls all its fury on the crashing grove,
The lofty fig tree, shaken to and fro,
Strews with th' untimely fraught the plains below;
Thus from their orbits dash'd, and scatter'd wide,
The starry host fell glitt'ring through the void!
The flying heav'ns their ample curtains roll
In gather'd volumes as a parchment scroll;
The mountains leap'd with all their tow'ring piles,
And swift through Ocean rush'd the floating isles!
Earth's scepter'd kings, and men with pow'r endow'd,
The sons of Affluence, and the mingled crowd,
Leaders of armies, clowns unknown to fame,
Free, bond, rich, poor, of ev'ry rank and name;
Throng'd to the mountain-rocks and shelvy dens,
To hide them from the death-portending scenes;
Appall'd by conscious guilt and wild despair,
Their dismal howlings rend the frighten'd air;
Pale ev'ry face, each heart with terror fails,
Imploring hills and rocks with piteous wails:—
Crush us, ye rocks, with all your whelming load!
Ye mountains, hide us from an angry God,

From Him who burns on yon tremendous throne,
And from the Lamb, His dread offended Son!
Begirt with whirlwinds of devouring fire
The JUDGE descends, and who can stand his ire!

CHAPTER VII.

ARGUMENT.—*The Sealing of the* 144,000 *Israelites.—The felicity of Saints in glory described.*

THESE visions instant darkness snatch'd away,
A diff'rent view the shifting scenes display:
I stood, methought, on some aerial height,
All earth in prospect spread before my sight;
At east and west, and either frozen pole,
Four mighty sp'rits the struggling winds controul;
No billow curl'd on Ocean's peaceful breast;
No Zephyr sigh'd o'er all the leafy waste;
Hill, dale, and plain, a solemn silence keep;
The hush'd Creation, pausing, seems asleep.
When lo! where first the Morn, arising fair,
Purples with orient-blush the boundless air,
I saw a blazing portal, starr'd with gold,
Spontaneous, its majestic valves unfold:
Forth issuing, a celestial Shape appear'd,
His regal limbs in awful splendors spher'd:
The rolling clouds beneath him form'd a throne;
On ev'ry side long tracts of glory shone,

Redundant streaming through the vap'ry vast,
As gliding o'er th' æthereal realms he pass'd!
In his right hand the sacred Seal of God,
With lucid rays, like a fair Planet, glow'd.
All Nature hail'd him, and the climes above
Confess'd the Nunciate of Redeeming Love!
Now near our world arriv'd, aloud he cries,
While peals of thunder rend the vaulted skies:—
"Ye potent Ministers of fate, who chain
The blust'ring Brethren of the stormy reign!
Restrain the deadly plague with watchful care,
From woods, from fields, from seas, from voids of air;
Till I, descending, with this Stamp divine,
On all th' Elect impress the mystic Sign."
He said; and down in pompous glory rode,
Smooth sailing forward, till on Man's abode
He lights, intent to seal the sons of God.
Straight he proceeds, immixt with mortal men,
Wherever found, to mark the righteous train;
From town to town, from shore to shore he flies,
Nor rank, nor birth, nor splendor drew his eyes;
The proud he pass'd, and men of high renown,
Who wade through seas of gore to gain a crown,
Who spurn the just controul of human laws,
Or forfeit heav'n, for this vain world's applause;
He sought the cot where patient Virtue sigh'd,
Where pure Religion scorns the blaze of Pride,
Where modest Meekness, and the Fear of God,
Each other sweet'ning, place their fix'd abode;
Where ragged Want the homely pittance shares,
Yet smiles content, and trusts to Heav'n her cares;

Who keep the truth, and pass through life unknown,
Approv'd of Conscience and their God alone:
The Sp'rit selecting these among the rest,
Deep on their front the sacred Seal impress'd:
From him who wore the shining robe of Pow'r,
To him who begg'd his food from door to door,
Of Israel's favour'd tribes the virtuous Race
Receiv'd the Token of celestial Grace:
Of ev'ry tribe twelve thousand faithful prove,
And on their foreheads bore the sign of love.
This done, he soar'd aloft from mortal view,
And o'er the clouds a trail of radiance drew.

Following his tract, I gaz'd, where, rear'd on high,
The Throne of Godhead burns th' empyreal sky:
Here, the redeem'd of Adam's fallen Race,
Numbers which none could number, throng'd the space,
Thick as the drops impearl'd on vernal flow'rs,
Ere Darkness sets behind the western bow'rs;
Of ev'ry kingdom, language, tribe, and birth,
That people all the various climes of earth,
Attir'd in long majestic robes of light
Exulting in their lov'd Redeemer's sight;
Each hand a branch of shadowy palm displays,
And the whole Chorus shouts in peals of praise:—
"To HIM who sits exalted on the Throne,
Our God, and to the Lamb, his only Son,
Salvation, praise, uncircumscrib'd controul,
From all that breathe, while endless ages roll!"

As thus they sung, the universal Choir
Of Angels, hymning their Eternal Sire,
Who stood effus'd o'er all the lucid plain
Round the starr'd Cherubim and Senior-Train,

Circling th' empyreal Throne, in deep amaze,
All on their faces prostrate sound his praise :—
" Amen ! thanks, glory, wisdom, strength, and pow'r,
Be to that matchless God whom we adore ;
Let all thy works this tribute yield to Thee,
While ages flow through vast Eternity !"
'Twas then, methought, a Senior stepp'd behind,
Just where I stood, and thus explor'd my mind :—
" Yon great Assembly, cloth'd in robes of flame,
Say, mortal ! who they be, and whence they came ?"
To whom in brief :—" Intelligence divine !
I know them not : to clear the doubt be thine."
Then, sweeter than the softest strain of love
That e'er on Ev'ning charm'd the vocal grove,
The Voice replied me :—" Those have urg'd their way,
Through many a tedious storm of dire dismay,
Through long afflictions, struggles, tears, and groans,
They wag'd the war with all th' infernal thrones :
Now from their weary toils they rest on beds,
Or rove at large in Eden's bow'ry shades,
Or in cool vales where balmy breezes play,
Through heav'nly groves awake the warbling lay :
Their robes they wash'd and whiten'd in the tide
Shed by the Lamb, who, for their ransom, died ;
For this with joy they stand before the Throne,
And in his temple serve th' Immortal ONE ;
His ceaseless praise by night and day they swell,
HE on the Throne amidst them loves to dwell :
No more shall fev'rish thirsts, nor slow decay,
No more pale Hunger waste their frames away,
No more their suns with scorching ardors glow,
Nor winter arm the freezing blast with snow :

The Lamb who holds with God an equal reign,
Shall feed his flock along the blissful plain,
Where Life's perennial fount meand'ring pours
Its healing wave along celestial flow'rs;
No more the trickling streams of sorrow flow,
For God's own hand shall dry the tear of woe.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARGUMENT.—*Silence in heaven after the opening of the seventh Seal.—Propitiation made at the celestial Altar.—The seven Angels receiving the seven Trumpets.—Judgments that followed the sounding of the first four.*

NOW when the sev'nth bright seal the Lamb unbound,
Th' angelic Chorus ceas'd at once to sound;
For half the space which metes the hour of day,
Each glitt'ring harp suspended, dropp'd the lay;
Through all th' extent of heav'n's unbounded plains,
A deep, portentous, death-like silence reigns.
Meantime, I saw before th' eternal Throne,
Where sev'n resplendent Forms distinguish'd shone;
Endued with might beyond compare they stand,
Attendant on their Sov'reign's great command;
These are the swift-wing'd heralds of the sky,
Who through all space to bear his mandates fly;
To each a hollow brazen tube was giv'n,
To sound abroad th' alarms of judging Heav'n.
Another Angel issues to the height
Where shone the golden altar heav'nly bright;

In his right hand a beamy censer glows ;
High piles of od'rous incense near him rose,
To fume the pray'rs of all the faithful train,
Address'd to Him who knows and feels their pain.
The fires, apply'd, around the off'ring blaze,
And sighs and groans are turn'd to hymns of praise ;
Aloft in curling wreathes the vapours roll'd ;
Ambrosial fragrance cheer'd the courts of gold !
This rite perform'd before his awful SIRE,
He loads his censer with the sacred fire,
Then speeds his flight along the Dome divine,
And reach'd where Heav'n's majestic portals shine ;
Thence down the vast he hurls the scatter'd coals,
Red flash the vivid lightnings round the poles,
Roar'd voices mingling, peals of thunder make
The solid Earth's eternal columns shake !

Now came the time fraught with the woes of earth ;
Dire indignation ready ripe for birth
Hover'd tremendous o'er the guilty domes,
With low'ring frowns, and black impendent glooms !
The mighty Sev'n were now prepar'd to sound
The peals of Vengeance through th' immense profound :
Lo ! issues forth the great command of God :
The first, obedient to the Sov'reign Nod,
Springs like the lightning-flash above the throng,
And o'er th' empyreal Region darts along :
Anon ! the high resplendent portal past,
And the first borders of the starry waste,
Pois'd on the rolling clouds, the tube he sounds ;
All æther trembled to its utmost bounds :
Forthwith were storms on storms tumultuous hurl'd,
Pregnant with wrath against th' apostate world,

Down burst full floods of hail in whirlwinds dire,
Commixt with gory show'rs and blasts of fire:
Earth felt the shock: the tempest rolls amain
Its doubled horrors o'er the burning plain;
The third of sylvans green resign their pride
At once, and all the flow'ry nations died.
The second Angel shot on nimble wings,
And his loud tube the fateful judgment rings;
When, hurl'd from heav'n by strong cherubic might,
A red mass tumbled down the realms of light;
It look'd like an enormous hill of fire,
Swift as it roll'd, emitting flashes dire:
Through parted clouds the blazing Ruin sweeps,
And, thund'ring, sinks amid the billowy deeps:
Loud hiss'd the glowing bulk as down it fell,
And its quench'd fires the refluent whirls conceal:
Smit with the redd'ning plague, the poison'd Flood,
Through all its hoary realm, was turn'd to blood:
Fierce winds their brazen barriers open threw,
And o'er the boundless ocean rushing flew;
Of ships that through the wavy marble glide,
One third in shatter'd fragments strew'd the tide:
Of the finn'd race one third their lives resign,
And, gasping, flounder'd on the foamy brine.
The third to sound his brazen trumpet flies;
He blew, the peal pervades the rattling skies:
When lo! there shot a swift-descending Star
Refulgent o'er the pathless tracts of air;
Like a great burning Lamp it seem'd to move,
Emblazing all th' illumin'd orbs above;

Approaching Earth it winds through circling spires,
Behind it swept a trail of frightful fires;
In the deep Source of rivers, founts, and lakes,
The flaming torch its darksome lodging takes;
This dreadful Comet mortals Wormwood name,
Dire Wormwood fills each third infected stream;
Millions, that tasted of the liquid death,
Drop in convulsive pangs, and yield their breath.
The fourth commanded, pours the solemn blast:
All Nature heard, and, shudd'ring, stood aghast;
The scene was chang'd! a shroud of horrors foul,
With rushing shade enwarps th' expanded pole;
The Sun, the Moon, and all the starry Choirs,
In partial darkness veil'd their golden fires:
One third of day the cheerless glooms conceal,
One third of night did frown like blackest hell;
While thus a flying Seraph cried aloud,
As with swift wing he clave th' empyreal road:—
"Soon as the Angels which are next to sound
Shake with the direful blast the void profound,
God's judgments on the guilty World take place;
Then, woe, woe, woe, to all th' offending race!

CHAPTER IX.

ARGUMENT.—*At the sounding of the fifth trumpet, a Star, falling from heaven, opens the mouth of the bottomless pit.—Description of the infernal Locusts, and of the vast Army which afterwards appeared.—The terrible, but ineffectual punishments inflicted by these on the reprobate world.*

SO cry'd the Seraph, as he flew along,
When the fifth trumpet peal'd the sadd'ning song;
Whereon a wond'rous Sign appear'd on high,
A dreadful Comet darting down the sky;
Portent of Vengeance, Wrath, and dire Dismay,
Through spiry curves it shap'd its burning way;
Pale mortals faint with thrilling terror gaze,
As nearer swift approach'd the wid'ning blaze!
Against Earth's crust the dashing nucleus hurl'd
With fierce concussion shook the central world;
At once Earth, cleaving, bar'd the sunless realms,
Where hoary Chaos, rob'd in darkest films,
Sways, with the ghastly Sov'reign of the Tombs,
The drear abode of horrors, shades, and glooms!
As one vast furnace yawn'd the cave of Death;
Loud roar the boiling gulfs of Hell beneath.
Forth from the grisly gap redundant came
Sulphureous smoke, and globes of dark-blue flame;
The sun, eclips'd, withdrew his golden ray,
And hills of mounting vapour chok'd the day.
Swift from the teeming darkness pour'd a train
Of Hell-born Locusts, cov'ring all the plain;

Myriads on myriads thick they swarm'd around,
Like earthly Scorpions was their pow'r to wound;
'Twas charg'd them, not to touch the sylvan scene,
Nor blast the beauties of the flow'ry reign,
But against those their warring league combine
Whose foreheads wore not God's Redemption-Sign;
Not with an instant stroke to cause them die;
But while five tedious moons travers'd the sky,
From limb to limb, through all their guilty frames,
To grind th' accurs'd with torture's fell extremes;
Such complicated woes the Scorpions bring,
When in the flesh they plunge the burning sting.
Wide, wide they spread along the swarthy shore,
So fierce an host of monsters ne'er before
Arose from Hell's black den t' infect the air;
Their blood-shot eyes like living meteors glare!
Tempestuous rolling on, they seem'd afar
Like steeds prepar'd to scour the field of war;
As men's their faces look'd, in prowess bold;
Their temples shone with crowns of burnish'd gold;
Fair as of female beauties danc'd behind
Their ringlet tresses, flowing on the wind;
A den of fate their gaping jaws display,
With tusks of lions mad to rend their prey;
Their cuirasses, of polish'd iron bright,
Through the dun gloom emit a flashy light:
As when a thousand brazen chariots sound,
Impetuous roll'd athwart the rattling ground,
Rapt by swift steeds to meet the mortal fray,
So swept their thund'ring wings along the way!
The lengthful tails of Scorpions, dire to view,
In many a tortuous fold behind they drew,

These arm'd with three-fork'd stings, distilling bane,
To wound and plague the rebel sons of men.
Like floods unbounded roll'd on ev'ry side,
They pour'd War's wasteful furies far and wide;
While shrieks, and groans, and wails, and piercing cries
Of wretches rack'd with torture, rend the skies,
Imploring Death, with tears, to end their pain;
Death flies affrighted, and their cries are vain:
For five long months th' unfeeling monsters deal
The scourge, and men endure the pangs of Hell:
For Hell produc'd th' avengers, and their Sire,
Th' Apostate Pow'r, who rules the Deeps of fire.
One woe has rag'd its fill, and finds an end:
Two woes succeeding, with close steps attend.
The sixth bright herald swells the peal of wrath
With full exertion of immortal breath:
When from the court, where, glorious to behold,
God's sacred altar rears its horns of gold,
A voice address'd the Form which pour'd the sound:—
Descend, and loose the four Celestials bound
On yonder polish'd rocks, secur'd with chains,
Where vast Euphrates, thund'ring, shakes the plains.
He said: the lucid Form obedient hears,
And shoots, a Stream of Glory, down the Spheres,
Arrives at earth, the fatal Four unbinds,
And straight remounts upon the pinion'd winds.
And now, th' unfetter'd Angels roam abroad,
Dire ministers of wrath sent forth by God,
Prepar'd for hour, for year, for month, for day,
The third of Man's ungodly race to slay.
From land to land th' alarm of terror spread,
And War in ev'ry realm unsheath'd the blade;

From east, from west, from both the polar coasts,
Like roaring waters pour'd the assembled hosts;
Against the impious world their march they bend,
Th' unmeasur'd area shook from end to end;
Two hundred thousand thousands rode on steeds,
All breathing ardor for heroic deeds.
As, rapt in heav'nly Vision, I beheld
The Wonders rolling o'er the shadowy field,
The lofty Steeds that tow'r'd above the rest,
What dreadful arms the riding warriors grac'd,
Their motion, with the thunder's rumbling sound,
Made my thrill'd heart with quick vibrations bound!
Broad hyacinthine plates their breasts adorn'd,
That with keen flames and vap'ry sulphur burn'd;
Their steeds the heads of brindled lions rear,
Each haggard look dispensing mortal fear;
Uncouth they roar; from their wide jaws expire
Vast deluges of sulphur, smoke, and fire:
With these three plagues in rapid whirlwinds hurl'd,
They fling fierce Vengeance round the trembling world;
O'er the vast space the raving deluge spread,
While instant death each eddying whirl convey'd;
Tow'rs, cities, nations, kingdoms, empires, fall,
The sudden burst of fate involving all
In hideous ruin! O'er one third of men
Triumphant Death bestrode the burning plain;
While from their throats the Goblin-Monsters cast
O'er the shock'd æther blast succeeding blast;
And far behind them swept their dragon-tails,
Enormous, horrid, arm'd with burnish'd scales,
Whose crested heads were rear'd on spiry rings,
Emitting venom black, and darting stings:

From these the baleful plagues they pour abroad,
And deal the terrors of th' offended God!
The rest of men whom Vengeance deign'd to spare,
Still grossly sinn'd, devoid of fear and care,
Hard as the rock, to all conviction steel'd,
No stripes could bend their stubborn hearts to yield;
Still wall'wing in the mire of lust, like swine,
Still were their vows preferr'd at Satan's shrine;
Still their unnumber'd fanes with off'rings shone
Before their Gods of silver, gold, and stone,
Idols detested, speechless, dumb, and blind,
The spawn of Fancy, emptier than the wind.
While some by theft their neighbours wealth invade,
And some with shameless wantons press'd the bed;
Their reason some enslav'd to magic spells;
Ungodly Violence ev'ry where prevails:
All was transgression through the dire abode,
And man to open combat dares his God!

CHAPTER X.

ARGUMENT.—*The accomplishment of the Divine Mystery, to succeed the sounding of the Seventh Trumpet.—The Roll eaten by St. John, and its wonderful effects.—His commission to preach the Gospel.*

THIS dreary scene the glooms of Night involve,
And all the flitting Shapes in air dissolve:

Another Sight attracts my wond'ring eyes;
A mighty Angel sails along the skies:
A rainbow round him gleam'd with lovely rays,
His visage lightens like the solar blaze!
Loose floating vapours form'd his rich attire;
His feet were columns of empyreal Fire:
In his right hand he held a Roll display'd:
Impetuous winds the flying Shape convey'd:
Earth quakes; the echoing hills and forests nod;
And heav'n resounded, as sublime he trod!
One foot on Earth's extended realm he plac'd,
And one amid the Ocean's billowy waste;
Then loud he cries:—"Ye conscious Orbs, attend!"
All Æther's vaults the piercing accents rend:
Not half so dreadful, when by night he roams,
The savage lion roars athwart the glooms:
Red flash the fire-wing'd bolts from pole to pole,
And sev'n responsive thunders bellowing roll;
Words big with fate were pour'd amid the noise,
And utter'd by the thunder's sev'nfold voice:
Loud echoes aggravate the solemn sound,
Deep'ning and mingling, as they flow'd around!
Soon as it ceas'd, my trembling hand essay'd
To write what these terrific sounds convey'd;
Forthwith a heav'nly voice address'd mine ear:—
Belov'd of God! the awful task forbear;
No mortal eye must pierce the dark sublime;
Then seal the whole, and wait th' appointed time.
The Angel then to æther's tow'ring height
Uprais'd his hand that stream'd with floods of light:—
"Hear, earth and seas, and orbs that float on high,
In myriads rolling round the spacious sky!

Hear, all Creation, through thy boundless range!
I speak that God's decrees who cannot change—
That God who dwells in Glory's fullest blaze,
Whom prostrate Angels sing with deep amaze,
Whose nod commands a thousand worlds to day,
Whose dreadful frown makes worlds like smoke decay!
By that tremendous, nameless Pow'r I swear;
Hear, all his works, and tremble as you hear!
So wills your God! the destin'd days are come,
The sev'nth momentous trump proclaims your doom,
At once consummates all the mighty plan,
And all the purpos'd fates decreed for man;
Then, suns and stars shall quench their orbs of flame,
And sink amid the whole dissolving frame,
Time's wheel suspended cease to mete the day,
And universal Night resume the sway!"
He spoke: at once thick flash the vivid fires;
Loud thunders roll'd along th' æthereal spires;
Far flew the rattling peals o'er all the void,
And Nature's chrystal bounds in groans reply'd.
The former Voice again arrests mine ear:—
"Go, favour'd of the skies, and void of fear,
Approach yon radiant Form whose feet bestride
The realms of Earth, and Ocean's boundless tide:
Receive the Roll in his right hand display'd:
God speaks it, and be God's command obey'd."
Swift at the word, my willing step I turn'd,
And hied me where the awful Figure burn'd:
The roll I sought, as charg'd by Heav'n's command;
With gracious smiles he plac'd it in my hand.
"Accept," said he, "this rare celestial good;
Accept, and eat the soul-supporting food;

With luscious sweets it gratifies the taste;
When swallow'd, sharp as gall it wrings the breast."
The Cherub spoke: obedient to his word,
I ate the Roll with heav'nly science stor'd;
Its wondrous influence on my soul I felt;
Soft on the tongue its sweets delicious melt,
Like honey dropping in the sunny bow'rs,
When yellow Morn bedews the op'ning flow'rs.
Soon as I ate, it purg'd the vapours foul
Of Self-Conceit which once enwrapt my soul;
And, bitter as the gall of Serpents fell,
It bar'd the carnal Nature black as hell;
With thunder-voice accusing Conscience storms,
My sins appear in all their ghastly forms;
I saw the dismal Fount of ev'ry woe
From whence th' infectious poisons wid'ning flow,
A whole degen'rate World to mischief sold
I view'd, and down my cheeks the torrent roll'd!
But still Redeeming Love for wretched Man
Pervading all Creation's mighty plan,
Some cheering prospects gave, that Grace was free
To pity a lost World!—to pity me!—
Soft Mercy whisp'ring sooth'd my fears to rest,
And balm-distilling Peace consol'd my breast;
No more within I foster'd empty Pride,
And all the blust'ring winds of Passion died.
The Angel then:—"Attend what Heav'n commands.
'Tis thine to traverse seas and distant lands,
'Tis thine the light of Gospel-Day to bring
To many a nation, many a sceptred king;
In the lone desert, or assembled throng,
To speak the Saviour's love in ev'ry tongue.

Meanwhile expect, while roll thy weary years,
The term ordain'd in yonder vale of tears,
A mingled series of afflicting woes,
Rebuke, Temptation, Scorn of friends and foes:
But thou, undaunted, face the gloomy show'r,
Relying firm on that Almighty Pow'r,
Who hurls his storms o'er all th' aerial way,
Who says:—"Be still!" and Floods and Storms obey:
His Shield secures thee through the dreary scene,
And all the Pow'rs of Hell shall rage in vain.

CHAPTER XI.

ARGUMENT.—*St John directed to measure the holy City.—Vision of the two Prophets, with its concomitant circumstances. Sounding of the Seventh Trumpet.*

SO spake the Angel, charg'd with Heav'n's command,
And straight to me presents a shining wand:
"Herewith," said he, "survey the sacred Fane,
The golden Altar, and th' adoring train:
The outward Court before the Portal spread
Unmeasur'd leave for Gentile feet to tread.
Thrice and a half o'er æther's blue profound
The golden Sun shall course his annual round,
While these accurst the courts of God defile,
And press with steps impure the hallow'd soil.
Then shall my two selected Prophets giv'n
T' announce on Earth the awful Truths of Heav'n,

For nine score weeks, disguis'd in weeds obscene,
Plead with the guilty world, but plead in vain;
Two Olives these, with stateliest branches green,
That wave conspicuous o'er the sylvan scene;
Two radiant Lights before their God they stand,
With cheering beams to bless the gladden'd land:
What foes attack them with insulting scorn,
Swift from their mouths a rushing whirlwind borne
On fiery wings, tempestuous, sweeps along,
And whelms with instant death the impious throng.
Unnumber'd signs of pow'r the Two display;
Th' astonish'd Elements confess their sway;
Strong, as with God's Almighty arm, they bind
The rapid storms, and chain the madd'ning wind;
Suspend the rains, congeal the vernal clouds,
And turn to putrid gore the silver floods;
Oft as they list, th' ungodly Race assail,
And torture Earth with all the woes of Hell.
Soon as the Days decreed of God expire,
Th' infernal Monster quits th' Abyss of Fire,
Against the Saints the mortal war to wage,
His bosom swoll'n with inextinguish'd rage.
Now Heav'n permits: The wrathful Tempests fly
Victorious; and my faithful Martyrs die:
Their bodies, hewn with many a ghastly wound,
Shall lie dishonour'd on the hostile ground,
The spacious streets of Sodom's foul abode,
And Egypt smitten by the sword of God,
Where sighing Israel suffer'd ev'ry wrong,
And Life's Immortal Sov'reign lifeless hung.
But thus insulted, fetter'd, scourg'd, and slain,
And cast like mire upon the trodden plain,

The arm of God protects the friendless pair,
His dearest purchase, and his constant care;
Renew'd with heav'nly life again they rise,
Forsake this earthly scene, and mount the skies.
Where safe they reign beyond the pow'r of foes;
Nor War, nor Toils disturb their sweet repose.
Learn hence, though dangers crowd th' eventful field,
While God before thee holds his heav'nly shield,
Though fierce the strife, how sure thy safety stands,
By trusting all to his Almighty hands."

This said, methought th' Imperial form withdrew;
His words were all accomplish'd in my view.
The two predicted Saints distinguish'd rise,
And preach the sov'reign mandates of the skies,
While words and practice, closely join'd, impart
Truths that inform the head, and mend the heart,
Dispensing just reproofs without disguise,
And warning heedless Folly to be wise.
Reproof was lost on the degen'rate age;
Advice reform'd not, it inflam'd their rage.
Stung to the quick, th' uniting Pow'rs of Night,
To quench these Stars of pure æthereal light,
Against them hurl'd the wrathful storms of Hell;
'Twas God's permission, and the Martyrs fell.
Thrice and a half the term that metes our day,
On the cold ground their naked corpses lay,
Bereft of fun'ral rites, with gashes torn,
Expos'd to ev'ry mark of public scorn,
Disgrac'd and spurn'd by all th' insulting throng,
And o'er the strand like refuse driv'n along!
To ev'ry good, to ev'ry feeling lost,
The foes exulted: Joy! and brutal Boast

High swell'd, while Pæans sung, in ev'ry hall,
Th' exploit accomplish'd, and the Martyrs' fall;
Bright altars blaz'd before their idol-gods,
And riot revell'd in their full abodes,
While mutual gifts from hand to hand they bore;
For now the world's tormentors were no more.
Thrice had the Sun survey'd with conscious eye,
Their guilty triumphs, as he cours'd the sky;
Now from the loftiest height of Heav'n he shone,
Wide scatt'ring Noon-day from his golden throne:
With laughter-peals the courts of Sodom rung,
As round the martyr-corpses danc'd the throng:
When lo! a wondrous scene attracts their eyes;
The sacred Two, the Favour'd of the Skies,
Were seen to change! their wounds spontaneous heal;
Their livid hue the bright'ning limbs expell;
Fresh through their veins the crimson torrents flow,
Their cheeks with Morn's empurpling blushes glow:
For now the Sp'rit of Life, sent down from God,
Re-ent'ring, animates the new abode,
Kindling the vital spark: they breathe, they move,
And rise, soft smiling with immortal Love,
In awful Beauty's fairest light array'd,
While heav'n-bred fear the gazing crowds dismay'd:
Forthwith, a Voice address'd them from the skies:—
"Ascend, belov'd! receive the destin'd prize!"
Instant, around their forms a mist was roll'd,
Its curly fringes seem'd to burn in gold;
Whereon, triumphant thron'd, the happy Pair
Forsook this wretched seat of grief and care;
Ascending high, the floating vapour sails
Through upper regions, borne on airy gales;

They pass the voids where blust'ring tempests roar,
Where freezing Winter moulds his feath'ry store,
Where changeful Moons and flaming Comets roll,
With all the twinkling Fires that gild the pole;
At length they reach'd the climes of endless calm,
Where Heav'n's own æther breathes perpetual balm,
Where Angels tune the high seraphic lay,
On the fair frontiers of immortal Day:
A tide of lucid Forms, with harp and song,
To meet the welcome Strangers, pour'd along;
Now at their homes arriv'd, the skies unfold
Their portals, blazing in empyreal gold:
Fierce glories burst upon the dazzled sight,
And the Pomp vanish'd in a sea of light!
Long as they durst, the envious foe beheld,
And fruitless rage their heaving bosom swell'd,
In vain: for God accelerates their doom,
And vast destruction sweeps them to the tomb;
For lo! a dreadful earthquake rock'd the ground,
And Wrath's terrific Furies roar'd around;
One tenth of Sodom's tow'rs and lofty walls
Prone from its height with thund'rous ruin falls:
Sev'n thousand Wretches whelm'd beneath the pile,
With spatter'd gore distain'd the reeking soil.
The rest, whom Heav'n's remitting Vengeance spar'd,
Stood ghastly pale, with freezing horror scar'd,
Or prostrate fall'n, the Sov'reign Judge ador'd,
And his kind grace with fault'ring lips implor'd.
The second Woe, with all its rage, is past;
Prepare, O World! the third approaches fast.
Now spreading solemn through the void profound,
The seventh loud Trumpet peal'd its brazen sound:

With awful symphony th' angelic throngs,
Their voices join'd: the starry arch prolongs
The noise, like thunder roll'd through turbid clouds,
Or the hoarse roar of Ocean's rushing floods:—
"Celestial Armies! swell your loftiest lays;
Ye starry myriads! shout in songs of praise:
For lo! the realms of earth submit the sway
To Him whom all created worlds obey:
The vanquish'd Pow'rs of Darkness hush their rage;
The matchless Jesus reigns from age to age!"
Forthwith, the Sires who form'd a lucid round
Before the Godhead, prostrate, kiss the ground;
While thus respondent to the golden strings,
They sung adoring:—"Mighty King of Kings!
Uncircumscrib'd Essential Presence, hail!
Be thine the glory! still thy reign prevail!
Thee First, Thee Midst, thee Last, with joy we own,
And at thine awful feet resign the crown!
Now Grace Omnipotent her Pow'r displays,
And ransom'd worlds triumphant swell thy praise:
The Heathen rage; the dreadful hour is come,
To pass on man the great decisive doom,
To see the might of Tyrants prostrate hurl'd,
And those destroy'd, whose wrath destroy'd the world.
The great and small, who serv'd their God with fear,
Array'd in light, before the Judge appear;
The Saints and Prophets look with eager eyes,
And now expect the well contested prize!
Reign, Jesus! ev'ry living Creature sing
The ceaseless glories of th' Eternal King!"
While thus sublime they warbled heavenly praise,
God's sacred Temple trembled on its base:

Within its court, as the bright valves unfold,
The mystic Ark appear'd to blaze in gold:
Strange Voices mutter'd; flash'd the fiery gleams;
Loud bursts of thunder roar'd to heav'n's extremes;
Night round the skies a veil of darkness pours;
The weighty hail descends in rattling show'rs,
The massy Earth's perpetual columns shake,
And Vengeance seems to threat a gen'ral wreck.

CHAPTER XII.

ARGUMENT.—*The Woman with Child, and the Great Red Dragon.*

MIX'D with the shades those passing emblems flew;
A sign of wonder now attracts my view;
For lo! the vapours, parting wide, display
A Female, spher'd in the full blaze of Day;
The Sun around her burn'd with flames of gold,
Beneath her feet the lunar Circle roll'd;
High on her head, from which Morn's glories stream'd,
A crown of twelve æthereal Planets gleam'd.
Destin'd by Heav'n, her hour of labour came,
And Childbirth's pangs pervade her fainting frame.
Not far, against where stood the Form divine,
Appear'd on high another wondrous Sign,
A huge red Snake, whose op'ning jaws expire
Long wreathes of smoke, and blasts of grisly fire!
With wings display'd, on curling spires he rides,
Thick plated scales invest his rocky sides;

On his strong neck sev'n heads terrific frown,
And on each head he wore a kingly crown.
Ten pointed horns on his rough foreheads rise,
Like sulph'ry meteors roll'd his baleful eyes:
'Twas he who once with mad ambition fir'd,
At Heav'n, and God's eternal Throne, aspir'd;
When round the vast he wheel'd his flaming train,
He swept the third of æther's starry plain;
The lamps of night, from the high concave hurl'd,
Fell sparkling down, and strew'd th' inferior World.
This hideous Monster, wrung with thirst of blood,
Before the pregnant Fair expecting stood,
With his sharp fangs the new borne babe to tear,
Soon as it drew the breath of vital air:
At length, the labour past, with tender cries,
Her Infant-Birth, a Son, salutes the skies;
The mystic SON incarnate, sent by God,
To rule the Nations with his iron rod.
But soon as born, th' angelic hosts convey
The fateful Child along th' æthereal way;
Fast by the throne of God their charge they laid,
To rest beneath his wing's protecting shade.
The favour'd Matron, snatch'd from hostile pow'r,
Shall seek the Desert's lone sequester'd bow'r:
Here God's own hand the shelt'ring home prepares,
He feeds her here, and guards from threat'ning snares:
For nine score weeks, the circling Lamp of day
Shall cheer the hills with his enliv'ning ray,
While she, protected by celestial Might,
Performs her vows with ever new delight.
Now there was War in heav'n: the rattling sounds
Of War and Discord shake th' æthereal bounds;

The Dragon rous'd his fiends with dire alarms,
And all th' Angelic Realm appears in arms !
Imperial Michael leads the faithful train,
Like Oceans rolling o'er the unmeasur'd plain :
T' oppose their force the adverse legions came,
Gloomy as Night, and wrapt in Storms of Flame !
Host against host, with more than mortal rage,
Meet on the clouds, and in fierce fight engage :
I saw, deep thrill'd with terror and dismay,
The closing myriads mix in direful fray ;
I saw the kindling tempest in mid-air,
And the dark horrors of th' immortal War,
Such as if all the madd'ning winds had borne
The scatter'd mountains, from the centre torn,
Were system dash'd on system, world on world
Down the black void in hideous ruin hurl'd !
Thus rag'd the conflict with wide-wasting sway,
While noise tremendous rends the starry way !
But rag'd in vain ; the righteous hosts prevail ;
And Justice, arm'd with Vengeance, turn'd the scale :
God gave the sign : from all their sulph'ry caves,
The floods of Wrath effuse their fiery waves,
While bolt succeeding bolt explosive rolls,
With deaf'ning crash, and shakes th' affrighted poles :
Swift fall th' Apostate Rebels, headlong driv'n
In millions, howling, down the vast of Heav'n,
For ever exil'd from empyreal thrones,
Doom'd to the realm of ceaseless tears and groans ;
The haughty Dragon, God's invet'rate Foe,
The Snake who rules the boiling deeps below,
The Devil call'd, foul Imp of secret wiles,
Whose daily art our hapless race beguiles,

Amerc'd of bliss, his seat in Heav'n unknown,
To Earth with all his curs'd associates thrown.
Now, loud with praises rung the vast abode,
And choral triumphs hail Creation's God:
Each harp was Music, ev'ry voice was Song;
While this glad Anthem flow'd from ev'ry tongue:—
"Now, now is come thy reign, Almighty King!
All thy glad works their peerless Monarch sing;
Salvation, strength, and pow'r, invest thy throne,
With all the sway of thine Anointed One;
The spiteful Foe, whose malice, day and night,
Accus'd our Brethren to the Judge of Light,
Is from these hallow'd seats at length expell'd,
And o'er his force the Sons of God prevail'd,
Through faith in Him who shed the precious tide,
And for our fallen World a Ransom died;
True to his witness'd Word, their lives they yield,
And, crown'd with ample conquest, quit the field.
For this, ye boundless regions of the sky,
With joyous shouts from realms to realms reply!
But woe to Earth, and Sin's abandoned Slaves!
For with fierce wrath the foil'd Apostate raves
Among you fall'n! he knows his shorten'd date,
And longs to wreck on Man his deadly hate."
Meanwhile the Snake his dire disgrace beheld,
And ev'ry boasted scheme of Empire quell'd;
Bent on Revenge, he roam'd the spacious Earth,
In quest of her who own'd the Infant-Birth;
When found, to writhe her limbs with torture fell,
Contriv'd by Fiends within the Gulf of Hell;
But God espous'd her cause; for, strange to view,
On Eagle-Wings the rescu'd Female flew,

Where the lone Desert rears its shelt'ring bow'rs,
Beyond the reach of Satan's baffled pow'rs:
God's bounty feeds her in this calm retreat,
Till all the destin'd days their course complete.
The raging Dragon, stung with wild despair,
T' arrest her flight amid the devious air,
Fierce as a Comet shoots on dusky wings,
While seeds of death on ev'ry blast he flings;
Till from his swelling throat, effus'd at large,
Collected Seas their copious stores discharge,
To drown his prey: a night of horror shrowds
All heav'n, and downward roll'd the pitchy floods;
But roll'd in vain: for straight, at God's command,
Earth shakes throughout, her cleaving jaws expand;
Swift and tempestuous, down the horrid steep,
The waters rushing, sought the central deep.
The Monster, still intent on vengeful schemes,
Against the Saints eternal war proclaims;
Those to delude by force or fraud he tries,
Who hold the sacred dictates of the skies,
The suff'ring Seed, who, prov'd by flood and fire,
Maintain their faith, till faith with life expire:
But those, through Jesus, onward urge their way,
And more than Victors quit the glorious fray.

CHAPTER XIII.

ARGUMENT.—*Description of two political Monsters, of which one emerges out of the Sea, and another out of the Earth.—They are severally invested with extraordinary Powers.—The extent and duration of their authority.*

THIS mystic Vision past, methought I trod
On the smooth margin of the rolling flood;
As with lone steps I press'd the sandy bay,
Where curling waves with restless murmur play,
From whence, extended wide, the level main
Spreads to the skirts of heav'n its boundless plain;
From this expanse which gleam'd with azure blue,
A wondrous Form emerging meets my view;
To make him way the chrystal streams divide,
The Monster gradual heav'd above the tide
His sev'nfold frame, of more than earthly size,
Sev'n heads terrific from his shoulders rise,
Rough with ten horns his hideous foreheads lour,
On each a regal crown denotes his pow'r:
A title seem'd on ev'ry head engrav'n,
Proud names assum'd to mock the thrones of heav'n;
His giant-bulk, tremendous, vast, and high,
Huge as it rose, appear'd to reach the sky!
Like the grey leopard swell'd his shaggy chest,
His feet the bear's that roams the midnight waste;
His jaws the lion's, fierce to rend their prey;
To him th' Infernal Dragon yields the sway,
And kings and empires his controul obey.

One head I mark'd, inclining to the ground,
It seem'd to languish with a mortal wound:
From the red gash a sanguine current pour'd;
But magic spells the glowing torture cur'd:
O'er earth and seas he claim'd imperial right,
And all the Nations wonder'd at his might.
Th' apostate Fiend, from heav'n's high mansion hurl'd,
Who gave this Monster pow'r to rule the world,
In lofty strains adoring nations praise,
To both, as Gods, their smoking altars blaze,
But chief to him who held the billowy throne
Their off'rings flam'd; to him as God alone
The whole degen'rate race preferr'd the vow,
And at his shrines in throngs unnumber'd bow.
"Who like this God?" they sing, "and who can dare
His awful prowess in the field of war!"
To this terrific Pow'r a mouth was giv'n
To speak great things against the God of Heav'n;
Allow'd to reign, with peerless glory crown'd,
Till two and forty moons complete their round.
Swell'd by his honours to the height of pride,
God and his Throne the impious wretch defied,
That God who sees Archangels scarce upright,
Whose glory turns the sun and stars to night,
The dreadful thunder of whose nameless Pow'r
Makes Hades tremble, and all Heav'n adore!
This Atheist foul, to ev'ry mischief sworn,
From day to day derides with ceaseless scorn,
The sacred temple where God's splendors blaze,
And souls redeem'd who there exalt his praise.
Against the saints he warr'd, and won the day,
While kindreds, tongues, and nations, own'd his sway:

All who inhabit Earth, from shore to shore,
Shall, prone in dust, the Rebel-Pow'r adore,
Those few except, the Lamb's selected fold,
Whose names in Life's fair Volume stand inroll'd,
The Lamb predestin'd for Man's crime to die,
Before th' eternal columns propp'd the sky.
Ye who would hear, attend with serious mind,
How God is pleas'd to deal with human kind:
Hear it reveal'd; the time is near at hand,
And fix'd as fate his wise decree shall stand.
He who leads captive from the bloody plain,
Himself shall feel the tyrant's galling chain;
He who delights with ceaseless rage to slay,
Himself becomes the sword's predestin'd prey:
'Tis thus the saints their faith and patience prove,
In full reliance on Redeeming Love.

I now with wonder mark another scene,
In prospect wide before me stretch'd a plain,
On its smooth breast a heaving mound appear'd;
Forth issuing thence, another Monster rear'd
His mighty bulk above the lab'ring ground;
Of warlike brow, he seem'd for empire crown'd:
Thund'ring uncouth, with dragon-voice he bray'd;
Two horns, as of a lamb, his front display'd:
Puff'd with the pride of delegated sway,
He speaks his mandate, and all realms obey;
Their trembling knees they bow, by him compell'd,
To the first Beast whose deadly plague was heal'd;
He works prodigious signs before their eyes,
Makes vivid fires to flash along the skies,
With lying wonders spreads a dire dismay,
And brings the whole deluded world astray.

To the first Beast he bids their altars blaze,
And rear an idol Statue to his praise;
That Beast whose sickly head the weapon gor'd,
Till magic rites the fainting life restor'd.
His order instant met th' obedience due,
And high the moulded frame they raise to view;
When, wondrous to relate! instinct with soul
The Image breath'd: its living eye-balls roll;
It mov'd, it spoke, it seem'd a present God!
With prostrate awe the world before it bow'd.
For, such as bow'd not, Death their lot became,
The rack, the gibbet, or th' avenging flame:
'Twas he, whose order rear'd the sculptur'd brass,
Had pow'r t' inform with life the rising mass:
Besides, his laws constrain the bond and free,
The great, the small, of high or low degree,
To bear the type that owns the sea-born Beast
Deep on their foreheads or right hands impress'd.
The rest were to perpetual shame consign'd,
Esteem'd the sordid dregs of all mankind,
Debarr'd commercial rights, and doom'd to hell,
Who durst refuse to wear th' imperial Seal,
The mystic *Number*,* and high-sounding Name,
Assum'd to rival Heav'n's ador'd Supreme:
Here is discernment; here is learning's height;
Ye who are guided by æthereal light,

* Six hundred and sixty six. Many Commentators suppose this Number to symbolize Rome, both Pagan and Papal. The words ΛΑΤΕΙΝΟΣ, and רומית, each converted into numbers, make exactly 666.

Resolve this knot; and to your comfort know,
Almighty Wisdom guides our fates below.

CHAPTER XIV.

ARGUMENT.—*Five Visions.—I. The Lamb of God on Mount Zion.—II. An Angel sent to preach the Gospel.—III. An Angel proclaiming the Fall of Babylon.—IV. The denunciation against the Worshippers of the Beast.—V. The Harvest and Vintage of the Earth.*

I. NOW eastward far I bend my ravish'd view,
Where Canaan's plains imbibe the glitt'ring dew,
Where first the young ascending Morn displays
Wide o'er the bluish hills her golden rays;
Conspicuous there, amid surrounding skies,
The favour'd Zion's flow'ry tops arise;
On its green side appear'd the Lamb of God;
Fair as the orient Sun his lustre glow'd:
Twelve thousand twelves of Israel's chosen train,
Around him pouring, grace the lovely scene!
High on their front, Redemption's sacred Sign,
The titles of the Father-Godhead shine:
All these along the verdant pastures led,
With cheering sweets their faithful Shepherd fed.
As this enchanting prospect pleas'd my sight,
Loud voices utter'd from the starry height
Attract my list'ning ear. The song divine
In shouts of vocal praise the chorus join,

Like bursts of thunder peal'd in distant clouds,
Or the mixt roar of Ocean's rushing floods.
With these, light-floating on the billowy gale,
The sounds of angel-harps were heard to swell;
Louder and louder still the numbers roll,
Ecstatic lays that thrill'd the melting soul!
Till in one gen'ral peal the minstrel throng
Wak'd all the raptures of celestial song;
While voice and hand in the full strain accord,
T' extol the praise of Nature's awful Lord;
Near where the four Cherubic Wonders shone,
And the grave Seniors rang'd around the throne;
The new-fram'd lay through various measures ran,
In accents too sublime for mortal man;
The favour'd Flock on Zion's hill who stood,
The purchase of Immanuel's sacred blood,
Those few selected from Earth's sinful throng,
And none beside, could learn the mystic song.
Those are pure Virgins in white robes array'd,
Who ne'er with wantons press'd th' adult'rous bed;
Those go not from the righteous fold astray,
But follow where the Lamb directs the way;
Those are the first fruits of his bloody toil,
Their holy lips were found unstain'd by guile;
Now the full ransom paid, and vict'ry won,
Approv'd they stand before the Sov'reign Throne.

II. An Angel, now appearing, shot from high,
On fiery wings along the yielding sky;
A blaze of light he burn'd, as on he pass'd,
And with long rays illum'd th' æthereal vast;

The Messenger of peace and joy, design'd
To preach th' eternal Gospel to mankind,
Through ev'ry empire, realm, and clime, that lay
Between the rising and the setting day:
And now, approaching Earth, he cried aloud:—
"O man! with fear and rev'rence serve thy God!
To Him give glory; for the hour is come;
Truth stands display'd, and sin receives its doom:
At his command, the Earth, and starry Plain,
The central Floods, and Ocean's wat'ry reign,
From the dark womb of Non-Existence sprung,
Took all their forms, and pois'd on æther hung:
His influence still pervades the ample Whole,
On Him dependent breathes each living soul:
He frowns! the Planets, lawless, rush abroad,
And Life and Death await his awful Nod!
That God, O Man! proclaims thy sins forgiv'n,
The slaughter'd Lamb unfolds the gates of heav'n:
Repent, reform; confess th' Almighty Pow'r,
And on bent knees with grateful love adore!"

III. A second Angel, foll'wing, cleaves the skies,
And, gliding o'er the blue immense, he cries:—
"Great Babylon, the boast of human Pride,
Imperial Goddess worshipp'd far and wide,
Is fallen, fallen! She, who rul'd the world,
On earth, with all her greatness, prostrate hurl'd!
The blinded Realms which drank to large excess
Full floods of Pleasure in her lewd embrace,
Now in abundance quaff the vengeful Wine,
Sharp with the fiercest gall of Wrath divine."

IV. A third, succeeding, wings the great profound;
He cried: Heav'n trembled at the dismal sound:—
"Listen, O Earth! Celestial Tracts! give ear;
Adore, ye Saints! Ye impious! quake for fear:
He who presumes with suppliant knees to bend
To yon Sea-Monster, or those rites attend
Where altars blaze before his idol-frame,
To heap disgrace on God's tremendous name,
On hand or forehead wear the hated sign,
Embrace his laws, or in his int'rest join;
The same shall largely drink the boiling flood,
Charg'd with the vengeance of an angry God,
From the full cup of his unmingled ire;
And headlong hurl'd into the gulf of Fire,
Where sulph'rous whirlwinds tear the red profound,
Shall howl, in chains of endless torment bound;
No moment's ease or respite, night or day,
While the just Judge of heav'n can bear the sway:
Adoring Angels, prostrate with amaze,
Shall clear his justice, and extol his praise:
The God made Flesh, for Man's redemption born,
Became the butt of their incessant scorn;
They scorn'd his offers, and disdain'd his laws:
Now lost for ever, and themselves the cause,
They reap the fruits of what their crimes have sown,
And in th' abyss of utter darkness groan;
The vapour of their torture mounts the sky,
In dusky wreathes, to all Eternity.
O then, Offender! seek the throne of grace,
Repent! repent! accept the proffer'd peace!
Beware, thou Saint! for strong delusions fly,
Thy patience in this dismal hour to try;

Stand ever firm: those tedious conflicts prove
The Christian's faith, if sound, and from above."
A voice address'd me then from æther's height:—
"Hear, favour'd Prophet; in thy tablet write:
Thrice blest are they, who, through yon gloomy scene,
Where Hell, and Sin, and Death, and Darkness, reign,
Long struggling in the conflict, win the spoil,
And quit the field with God's approving smile:
The storms have ceas'd to rage; they gain the shore
Of endless rest, and war returns no more!
Behind them, following to the Throne above,
Their righteous deeds in fair procession move."

V. Another vision now attracts my sight:
A Vapour sail'd along the fields of light;
Far o'er the void its trembling glories flow'd,
The SON OF MAN on its bright volumes rode;
High on his temples burn'd a golden crown;
In his right hand a sharpen'd sickle shone.
Then cry'd an angel from the sacred fane,
To him who glided on the vap'ry train:—
"Thrust in thy sickle, reap the fertile fields:
For Earth matur'd her plenteous produce yields;
The destin'd time completes its long career,
And full perfection crowns the pregnant year."
Swift at the word, the cloudy throne descends,
And issuing forth, th' obedient Form attends
The order giv'n. His bended hook he wields;
The crops thick-falling strew the loaded fields;
O'er all th' extended world he ran at large,
From the fair morning to the western verge.

Till o'er its ample surface lay the grain
In rich effusion prostrate on the plain.
An Angel following, from Heav'n's temple flew;
His hand a sharpen'd sickle rear'd to view;
Another from the golden altar came,
The Pow'r he was, who rules the wasteful flame!
To him who bore the hook, aloud he cries,
His voice full sounding shakes the vaulted skies:
"Descend to Earth, thy sharpen'd sickle wield;
The swelling grapes that blush o'er all the field
Collect, and to the destin'd vessel heave,
For now, full ripe, the mellow clusters wave."
The Angel hearing, from the starry spire
Shot down the vast in a long trail of fire;
With his bent hook the glowing vineyards reap'd,
That spread all earth, and the red produce heap'd
In the great vine-press of Almighty Wrath,
Tremendous fore-type of the second Death!
Now, when the concave vase inclos'd the load,
Without the walls of Salem, legions trod
The spacious vine press, and a foaming stream,
Squeez'd from the grapes, o'erflows its ample brim:
High to the bridles of the snorting steeds
The billowy deluge, rising, wider spreads,
Till, twice eight hundred furlongs cover'd o'er,
The space appear'd one floating sea of gore!

CHAPTER XV.

ARGUMENT.—*The Seven Angels, with their Vials of Wrath.—The triumphant exultation of the glorified Spirits that had overcome the Sea Monster.—Preparations for the execution of the divine judgments.*

THESE various emblems mixt with darkness flew;
Fresh op'ning scenes attract my eager view.
Their azure plains emerging skies unfold:
The fair celestial portal, bright with gold,
Again its star-bespangled valves display'd;
While far above, in glorious pomp array'd,
Sublime and awful reign'd th' Eternal Sire;
His glowing throne set all the heav'ns on fire:
Th' angelic hosts his ceaseless praise extol,
And the vast region shook from pole to pole.
Meanwhile I mark'd, before the Seat divine,
Sev'n kingly Forms, (a great and wondrous sign,)
With port gigantic tow'ring o'er the rest,
In robes of more terrific splendor drest:
These were commission'd by the Sov'reign God
To pour his wrath on man's profane abode.
The sev'n last plagues in dire succession hurl'd,
To scatter Vengeance o'er the guilty world.
Now, widely spread before th' imperial Throne,
A pure expanse of living chrystal shone,
Like the vast Ocean look'd the smooth serene,
When its broad glass reflects the starry train;

With mingled fire th' unbounded surface glows,
And round the skies an amber radiance flows.
Ten thousand Forms, who bore the harps of God,
Wide pouring, o'er the lucid mirror trod;
Those scorn'd the Beast, his name, his hated sign,
Nor bow'd their knee before his idol shrine.
Like countless suns, reflecting blaze on blaze,
Athwart, convolv'd, they sweep the various maze
In measur'd dance, while ev'ry lyre was strung,
And ev'ry voice th' immortal anthem sung:
The spacious arches of the sky prolong
The rapt'rous sounds that flow'd from harp and tongue,
As the full Chorus chaunt the sacred Ode
Of faithful Moses and the Lamb of God,
Thus sweetly warbling:—"Hail, Almighty Lord,
By all the hosts of heav'n and earth ador'd!
Sov'reign of Saints, how just and true thy ways!
What wondrous pow'r thy matchless arm displays!
God of all Gods! who should not fear thy name,
Joy in thy service, and thy praise proclaim?
For sanctity unstain'd is thine alone,
And ev'ry realm shall bow before thy throne.
For now is come the great decisive hour
That speaks thy truth, while worlds confess thy pow'r:
The reign of Sin has reach'd its final date,
And judgment dooms the guilty to their fate."
While thus the myriads swell the hymn of praise,
All Heav'n was seen to tremble on its base;
The fœd'ral Temple shook, its valves unfold,
Adorn'd with glitt'ring gems, and beamy gold:
Forth issuing thence the fated Angels come,
To hurl on rebel man the sev'nfold doom;

Onward with high majestic port they strode,
And look expectant of th' imperial Nod;
Their faces lighten'd like the Comet's glare,
That waves o'er earth the sign of blood and war;
In golden zones their radiant breasts were bound;
Like trails of flame their garments sweep the ground.
Dark on their brows the storms of Vengeance play,
And Terror's fiend precessive shapes their way.
Then of the fourfold wondrous Forms that sing
Perpetual praises round th' Almighty King,
One of the sev'n vindictive Spirits brought
For each a Vase, with God's fierce fury fraught;
With ruddy beams each golden Vial glow'd,
Like hell within them boil'd th' imprison'd flood,
Impatient to let loose the dreadful rage
Of the high God who lives from age to age!
At once the scene was chang'd; each harp unstrung
Suspends its notes, and mute was ev'ry tongue:
Now thunder roar'd along th' æthereal domes,
And storms on storms effus'd, collect their glooms!
Anon! thick wreathes of black'ning vapour roll'd,
And the high Temple's darken'd courts infold,
The sign of Wrath, to screen the splendors bright
That burst redundant from the SOURCE of LIGHT!
None breathing dar'd approach th' august abode,
T' appease the fury of th' offended God:
Pray'rs, tears, and intercessions, all were vain;
Wrath, wrath, unbridled, now must rage amain,
The vengeful scourge till injur'd Right had ply'd,
And fully punish'd Man's prepost'rous pride.

CHAPTER XVI.

ARGUMENT.—*The Seven Vials of Wrath discharged on the world, and the consequent Judgments.*

AND now, deep sounding through the high abode,
A Voice was heard! the awful Voice of God
Bursts from the gloom that wrapt the sacred Fane,
Loud, as when thunder shakes the starry plain:—
"Go forth, ye Sev'n! perform your God's command;
"Go forth! discharge my wrath on sea and land!"
The first, obedient to the mandate, springs,
And cleaves the yielding void on nimble wings;
Rapid as thought, he pass'd the domes divine,
And where high Heav'n's majestic portals shine;
Hence, downward driv'n on our offending World,
The liquid tempest of God's wrath he hurl'd.
Wide spreads the plague, endu'd with noxious pow'r,
And Death descends in each destructive show'r;
It seiz'd th' Apostate Tribes that bore impress'd
The mystic figure of the Sea-born Beast,
With daily incense to his temple came,
And bent their knees before his idol-frame:
Foul blotching boils on human skins arise;
And prostrate Nations wail with fruitless cries:
For Justice now corrects the impious land:
And God, to scourge the guilty, stretch'd his hand.
With this dire woe began the wrath of Heav'n:
When the next Angel, on a signal giv'n,

Swift issuing on the Whirlwind's rapid blast,
Discharg'd his vial on the wat'ry waste:
Smit by th' æthereal plague, the hoary Flood
Became one stagnant, putrid mass of blood,
Through all his boundless kingdoms. Ev'ry tribe
That mid the deep nutritious life inbibe,
If finn'd or scal'd, of ev'ry shape and size,
In millions, from their poison'd caverns rise,
Find in their element a gen'ral grave,
And, gasping, flounder on the crimson wave.
The third, obedient to the dreadful Sire,
Shot downward, flashing like a beam of fire;
On that dark cell the fatal curse he pours,
Whence founts and rivers roll their briny stores;
Founts, rivers, pools, and lakes, arrested stood,
And seem'd by instant magic turn'd to blood;
Th' infection winds along each blushing tide,
Half chok'd with gore the sluggish torrents glide.
'Twas then the Angel, whose controuling sway
The regions of the billowy world obey,
His arms uplifting o'er th' empurpled Flood,
Thus loudly celebrates the righteous God:—
"Father of Ages! Nature's Monarch! hail;
Still let thy will in heav'n and earth prevail:
The present, future, past, to Thee are one;
Impartial Justice props thy Sov'reign Throne;
Thou, Thou art holy; Thou art good alone:
Just are thy judgments pour'd on Man's abode:
Blood let them drink, who shed thy Martyrs' blood;
Against the shrieks of woe their hearts were steel,
Let now th' accurst thy hottest Vengeance feel;

And this fix'd truth let all offenders know,
That judgments, long provok'd, are sure, though slow.
Here ceas'd the Angel; and th' adoring throng
Round the celestial altar crown'd the Song:—
"Yea, Lord Almighty! Wisdom guides thy ways;
And let all worlds thy righteous judgments praise."
The fourth commission'd Angel instant flies,
And hurls the storm of wrath along the skies:
Swift and resistless, through the azure way,
The fluid rushing, blots the Orb of Day;
Thick clouds conceal his more indulgent beams,
Through the dim veil he shot malignant streams
Of pois'nous red, that dealt infernal woes;
All æther like one fiery furnace glows!
The plague assaulted Man's degen'rate sons;
Near scorch'd to death, they wail in plaintive groans,
The bubbling marrow fries within their bones:
They howl, they rage, and, with indignant ire,
Curse their own birth, and Heav'n's All-judging Sire,
Whose Pow'r controuls the pestilential flame,
And scorn submission to his dreadful Name.
The fifth Celestial pour'd the tide of fate
On the proud Throne where Ocean's Monster sate:
Quick fled the day-light; and a shrowding film
Of ugly horrors darken'd all his realm:
Men feel new furies madd'ning through their veins,
Their limbs emboss'd with sores and burning blains;
Their blister'd tongues they gnaw with tortures fell,
And, raving, struggle with the pangs of hell,
Blaspheming God who scourg'd th' abandon'd times,
But not inclin'd to quit their darling crimes.

The sixth swift Sp'rit discharg'd the wrath of God
Where vast Euphrates rolls his foamy flood:
With new-felt terror shrunk th' astonish'd waves,
And, far retreating down their inmost caves,
To central deeps with rapid refluence fly,
And leave their ancient hollow channels dry,
T' admit the sceptred kings who spread their sway,
Where the young Morning sheds her golden ray.
While this stupendous scene I gaz'd around,
Methought the Sea-born Beast with empire crown'd,
The Dragon-Pow'r with him in league combin'd,
And the false Seer whose lies seduc'd mankind,
Appear'd before me in full view display'd;
They spoke their mandates, and the world obey'd.
Anon! from their three op'ning mouths were seen
To issue forth three Shapes like frogs unclean,
The Spawn of Devils, sent from deepest Hell,
To roam all earth, and on her kings prevail,
Their armies rouzing to the mortal fray,
For God Almighty's great decisive day.
Round the vast surface of this earthly ball,
Methought I saw the filthy monsters crawl;
Redundant stream'd from their infectious breath,
Plagues, Famine, Drought, and War, and Blasts of Death.
Earth's rattling champaign sounds with loud alarms,
Fields shake, heav'n echoes to the din of arms.
Th' assembled hosts to Armageddon came,
Impetuous pour'd like seas of wasteful flame:
Here met, they fiercely mix: the dismal cries
Of Death and Havock shock th' affrighted skies;
Nor ceas'd, till the wide plain was cover'd o'er
With hills of mangled carnage roll'd in gore.

"Thus I," saith God, "my righteous ire display
Against the race who tread the downward way,
Resolv'd in mischief. Ye who daily turn
My word to laughter, and my mandates spurn,
Audacious Rebels! tremble; judgments past
Announce more dreadful judgments foll'wing fast;
Ye mock yourselves, not me. Revenge shall come,
Swift as the whirlwind, and complete your doom!
Ye faithful, who my yoke with patience bear,
Hold out and faint not in your bright career;
Be watchful; let one moment's warning giv'n
Find you prepar'd to meet the call of Heav'n:
For, as the thief invades the sleeping plains,
I come, perchance when midnight silence reigns;
Thrice blest are they who watch the awful hour,
Keep my commands, and walk with garments pure;
These, rob'd in light, shall stand devoid of blame
Before my Father: none shall see their shame."
The sev'nth, swift flying, from his Vase of gold,
Through Air's void tracts the wrathful deluge roll'd:
"'TIS DONE!" a Voice from the high temple sounds,
"'TIS DONE!" the wide æthereal arch rebounds:
To Chaos' gloomy confines flew the blast,
And bursts of thunder rend the vap'ry vast;
A fiery flash precedes each sudden peal,
And on their seats th' eternal Mountains reel:
The old chrystalline columns quak'd for fear,
That on their tops support the starry sphere:
Such dire convulsions never shook the frame
Of trembling Earth, since Man a race became:
Three spacious gaps divide th' Imperial TOWN;
The Heathen Kingdoms prostrate yield the crown;

The tow'rs of Babel, doom'd to endless woes,
With all her crimes, in God's remembrance rose;
Her time approach'd to drink the burning Wine,
Sharp with the fiercest gall of Wrath divine:
Torn from their beds th' affrighted isles withdrew;
The hills, receding, vanish'd from the view:
Each stone a talent's weight, the massy hail
Through the grim skies in rattling torrents fell;
All human works the vengeful show'r effac'd,
And left the plains a desolated waste;
The guilty brood with impious lips blaspheme
Th' avenging justice of the Great Supreme;
For never storm, since Time its flight began,
So big with terror, scourg'd the pride of Man.

CHAPTER XVII.

ARGUMENT.—*A Woman on a Scarlet-coloured Monster, the Figure of Spiritual Babylon.*

THESE scenes of terror mix'd with films of air:
When lo! an Angel beaming heav'nly fair,
(One of the Sev'n, who, by divine command,
Discharg'd their wrathful urns on sea and land)
Address'd me, beck'ning with a smile of love:—
"Come hither, favour'd of the Sire above,
On his behest, from heav'nly spheres I came,
To shew thee what betides th' imperial Dame,

In boundless pow'r unrivall'd and alone,
Who o er the waste of waters rears her throne;
With whom the blinded kings of Earth, misled,
In shameful dalliance press'd th' adult'rous bed;
Whose wine diffusing Lust's pernicious bane,
Intoxicates the sinful race of men."

This said, he leads me through the yielding void,
O'er hills, vales, streams, and plains extended wide;
Smooth without step along th' immense we sail,
Borne on the pinions of the breezy gale;
At length, on a tall mountain's rugged brow,
Whose mighty shade obscur'd the vales below,
With forests crown'd, our airy flight we stay,
Whence the wide Earth in ample prospect lay.

And now, where Babel plac'd her proud abodes,
I saw the Harlot seated o'er the floods;
High on a Monster's back she seem'd to ride,
Adorn'd in all the pomp of regal pride:
Rich purple robes the gaudy Beast array'd,
With Heav'n-insulting names around pourtray'd;
Sev'n grim terrific heads he rear'd to view;
Ten horns on his portentous foreheads grew;
Above, the Fair her pompous train unroll'd;
'Twas purple, all adorn'd with flaming gold;
On its loose waves, in broider'd foliage, shone
Ten thousand gems of parti-colour'd Stone,
Blue Sapphires, Rubies, Diamonds, Em'ralds green,
And yellow Jasper starr'd the pearly scene;
Bright as the Lamp that gilds th' æthereal ways,
Far o'er the billowy realm her glories blaze!
High in a golden cup she rear'd a draught,
With all the spells of sensual pleasure fraught:

The names, inscrib'd on her proud front, display
Her pomp, her lewdness, and her awful sway :—
" Mysterious Babylon, who rules the flood,
" Where ev'ry crime has fix'd its foul abode ;
" Mother of lust, and lust's pernicious dames,
" The Brand whose fire the wanton world inflames."
Swell'd by her pow'r that seem'd to brave the sky,
Her cheeks were flush'd with Guilt's empurpling dye ;
Drunk with the blood of Saints and Martyrs slain,
Whose daily deaths disgrace her tyrant-reign.
Long on the dazzling scene entranc'd I gaze,
While shudd'ring horror blends with deep amaze.
" Suspend thy wonder," (said my heav'nly Guide),
" A gloom shall soon o'ercast this blaze of Pride.
Yon scarlet Monster seated o'er the tides,
And the fair Form which his huge back bestrides,
Are mystic emblems spread before thy view :
Mark well their import, thus explain'd in few :
That Beast was once with might imperial crown'd ;
But in this age his name is no where found :
Once more, when the predestin'd years expire,
He rises from th' unbottom'd gulf of Fire,
To bring aside the blinded World with lies,
And ply his magic rites before their eyes.
The *World* shall wonder at his dubious name,
And bend the knee to him as Heav'n's Supreme,
This World unmark'd in Life's eternal Rolls,
Ere the strong columns propp'd the starry poles.
A season's rule procures him high renown,
Death soon arrests him, and subverts his throne.
The man with heav'nly knowledge favour'd, sees
How God herein conducts his wise decrees :

Those heads the sev'n imperial hills design,
Where the thron'd Harlot's gaudy splendors shine.
Sev'n Pow'rs successive here their rule display;
Five now are fall'n, and one upholds the sway;
The sev'nth is not yet ris'n, to fill his place;
When come, he reigns a short permitted space;
The Beast which *was*, but *is not*, last appears,
His term completes the destin'd round of years:
He of the former sev'n by birth descends;
Like those, his pomp in black destruction ends.
By the ten horns, as many kings are shown;
Some have not yet receiv'd a regal crown,
But with the Monster pass one festive hour,
And in his right assume a fleeting pow'r.
For him they rule, and him declare their Lord;
To him they bring their crowns with one accord:
These with the Lamb shall wage an impious field,
Before the conqu'ring Lamb their troops shall yield;
For Heav'n and Earth, and all created things,
Confess him Lord of Lords, and King of Kings;
Th' elect and faithful are his warrior-train,
And Hell against their force combines in vain.
  Yon noisy host of Floods and Whirlpools roll'd,
Beneath their splendid Empress thron'd in gold,
Are those subjected to her vast controul,
Realms, tongues, and nations, stretch'd from pole to pole.
The twice five Horns that grace the sev'nfold Beast,
Shall the proud Harlot's insolence detest,
Disrobe her beauty, lay her empire waste,
With eager rage her pamper'd flesh devour,
And yield her to the flame's destructive pow'r.

For God o'errules them, and they thus fulfil
The stedfast purpose of his sov'reign will:
For this, establish'd o'er the wide domain,
Confed'rate with the Beast they hold their reign,
And with one soul perform his high command,
Till Heav'n's all-wise decrees accomplish'd stand.
The Dame which thine admiring eyes behold
Amid yon glorious blaze of pearls and gold,
Her seat exalted o'er th' assembling tides,
Is that Imperial TOWN whose pow'r presides
Where'er the Sun extends his dewy ray,
And all Earth's scepter'd Lords adore her sway."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARGUMENT.—*The Fall of Babylon.*

NOW scenes of wonder draw my ravish'd eye:
A radiant Angel gliding down the sky,
Unmatch'd in pow'r among the thrones of God;
On the grey vapour's flowing skirts he rode;
O'er all th' unbounded vast long lucid streams
Shone through the folds of mist with trembling gleams;
Earth's brighten'd hemisphere reflects the blaze;
The sick'ning sun withdrew his faded rays:
Aloud he cry'd; as bursts of thunder roll,
So spread th' immortal Voice from pole to pole.
"Great BABYLON, th' exalted Seat of Pride,
Imperial Goddess, worshipp'd far and wide,

Is fallen! fallen! down to darkness hurl'd!
The lofty tow'rs which aw'd th' adoring world,
Are now thrown headlong, now a crumbled bust,
And all her greatness prostrate in the dust!
The pleasant palaces, with lust profan'd,
Where, scorning bounds, tumultuous Riot reign'd,
Are now the nest of ev'ry hated fowl,
Where ev'ry doleful creature strives for rule,
Where swarms of hissing serpents dart their stings,
Where hideous Ruin flaps her dusky wings,
Where Satyrs dance, and fiery dragons yell,
With Spectres shrowded in the flames of Hell!
She whose full stores effus'd the boundless tide
Which all the trading world with wealth supplied!
The purple kings and lords of earth, ensnar'd
By her coy wiles, the lustful orgies shar'd;
But now the torch that fed her lawless fires,
To kindle Heav'n's avenging rage conspires;
Now with the guilty realms she drinks the wine,
From the full goblet, charg'd with wrath divine."
A solemn Voice from Heav'n confirm'd the doom:—
Quit her, ye faithful! fly the wrath to come;
Touch not the thing unclean, nor heedless swerve;
Thus may you shun the woes her crimes deserve:
Her crimes are pil'd to heav'n's exalted thrones,
And with th' enormous burden Nature groans:
The tempest pregnant with fierce floods of fire,
And the long sleeping thunders rouse their ire;
The sword of Vengeance arms th' eternal King,
And swift Destruction rushes on the wing!
Repay, ye saints, her scorn with double scorn,
And double woes for woes unjustly borne;

For you she mix'd her pois'nous drugs to kill;
For her the bowl with doubled portion fill.
How high, with gorgeous pomp, her seat she rear'd,
How sweet on Earth's delicious dainties far'd,
So far her tow'ring grandeur downward throw,
So sharply wring her with the gall of woe.
For thus, her heart, that with big pride distends:—
"I reign sole Queen; the world before me bends:
No widow'd spouse a perish'd lord I mourn,
For sceptred Kings my nuptial rites adorn:
My cloudless days no cares or griefs annoy,
But each succeeding hour augments my joy."
Thus she, unconscious of her woes to come,
Nor marks the hand that ratifies her doom:
For in one dreadful unexpected day,
All Hell's dread engines drawn in dire array,
Pregnant with Vengeance, shall her tow'rs o'erthrow,
And turn her joyous songs to shrieks of woe;
The blasting Plague shall sweep along the field,
Pale Death th' enormous Scythe in triumph wield,
Wrap ev'ry beam of light in cheerless glooms,
And with slain myriads glut the gaping tombs;
Her portals forc'd, her walls involv'd in fire,
In one huge pile her last remains expire;
For strong is HE who sounds the dread alarm,
And mortal Force in vain resists his arm.
The mighty kings who held the world in thrall,
Whose sov'reign nod made empires rise and fall,
By the fair Harlot's wanton charms allur'd,
Like captive slaves, her silken bonds secur'd:
Earth's rarest gifts their daily banquets crown'd,
And Whoredom's wines in plenteous bowls went round;

They gorg'd, they revell'd, without bounds enjoy'd
The feast, till ev'ry pamper'd sense was cloy'd;
By night they ceas'd not, and the conscious shade
The long-protracted scenes of lust survey'd:
But now, their fleeting joys for ever gone,
With loud lament they raise the piteous moan,
When from afar they view her lofty spires
Encompass'd by the rage of wasteful fires,
Her smoke in mounting volumes dark'ning heav'n,
And the whole Realm to vast Destruction giv'n.
"Alas! alas! the high Imperial Seat
Which blaz'd in the full noon of earthly state,
Whose wealth astonish'd, and whose awful sway
Made all kings tremble, and all earth obey!
Alas! the long-predicted hour is come;
Alas! one dismal hour completes thy doom,
Hurls from her base that Prop of human trust,
And levels all her glories with the dust!"
The rich shall wail her, and the merchant train,
Which by her wares amass'd enormous gain:
For now no more her wares are bought or sold;
No more her pomp of silver, pearls, and gold,
No more her glitt'ring stones attract the view,
Her flowing silks, or vests of crimson hue,
Her robes whose waves with fiery scarlet glow,
Her linen dazzling as the winter snow,
Her figur'd plate by the skill'd artist wrought,
Of precious wood from foreign regions brought,
Or where the iv'ry's polish'd whiteness shines,
Or brass or marble, dug from wealthy mines,
Where ductile iron ev'ry form assumes,
Her sculptures, paintings, and her rich perfumes,

Each unctuous juice that the warm sun refines,
Her costly incense, and her gen'rous wines,
The spicy shrubs that scent Idumea's bow'rs,
Or wholesome drugs combin'd from Indian flow'rs,
With ev'ry store that plenteous Autumn yields,
The lab'ring Ox to till her fertile fields,
The fleecy sheep, the steed that mocks the war,
The splendid trappings, and the whirling car,
The fetter'd slave, and (what her fame extols
Above all fame) the trade of human souls.

The year, display'd in all its wanton prime,
Heap'd thy rich board with fruits from ev'ry clime:
Rev'lling at large, with rage for gorging still,
Thy sensual soul indulg'd its fulsome fill:
But now, no sav'ry banquets cheer thy halls;
Dash'd from thy lip the cup of Pleasure falls;
The years of fulness past, a golden dream!
Pale want shall settle on thy pining frame;
With eager wish to find the luscious store,
Thou grop'st in vain, for feasts return no more!
Thus she who once so high in glory rode,
And rear'd her throne above the stars of God,
While Morn's fair Planet crown'd her radiant head,
Now blends her honours with the mould'ring dead;
The crawling worms in myriads waste her bloom,
Within the caverns of the dreary tomb:
For one sad hour o'erwhelms her stately frame:
Forgot her noise, her place, and splendid name.

Thus far th' æthereal Voice. Amaz'd I stood;
For now withdrawn was ev'ry shadowy cloud:
The many portal'd Town, divinely bright,
In her full splendour, greets my ravish'd sight,

Her countless domes emblaz'd with starry fires,
Her ample streets, her gates, her glitt'ring spires,
Whose awful height the trembling world commands,
The fairest Structure rear'd by mortal hands:
High fenc'd, her brazen walls ascend the sky,
And all th' attempts of human force defy:
Within her gaudy courts the bustling throng
Indulg'd the rev'lling dance and wanton song;
Above her loftiest heights th' obstrep'rous sound
Of riot, rising, fills the void profound;
Immers'd in foul debauch, and drunk with wine,
No rule, or bounds of shame their rage confine;
Secure of present fears and woes to come,
While crimes on crimes provoke the ling'ring doom!
But lo! the fateful hour approaches fast,
And this resplendent Harlot shines her last.

For now, when the full Cup was foaming o'er
With guilt, and injur'd right could bear no more,
The sign was giv'n! From Earth's remotest end,
Pregnant with Fate, the black'ning glooms ascend:
A loud alarm th' unbounded region fills,
A noise ran rumbling through the distant hills;
The peal of clarions sounding from afar,
The din of shaking realms that rush'd to war;
The countless armies march at God's command,
And deal his judgments round the wasted land:
Far as the sight could mark, the burnish'd gleam
Of marching hosts appear'd a fiery stream,
Devouring, as it roll'd. The direful tide
Pours swift Revenge on Babel's tow'ry pride:
Through its vast circuit shakes the yielding wall
Before their might, and thunders in its fall;

In pour'd the myriads: Murder wastes before,
And the lewd City floats in waves of gore!
As when the clouds of darkness, fold on fold,
Charg'd with the fraught of sulph'ry tempests, roll'd
On Sodom's tow'rs full cataracts of fire,
Throng'd nations in the flaming gulf expire;
Above them, rob'd in Night, th' Eternal King
Strode awful on the whirlwind's gloomy wing:
Thus when the foes applied the blazing brand,
The swift destruction spreads on ev'ry hand:
From roof to roof, ascending to the poles,
With rumbling roar the fiery torrent rolls:
The palaces of gold, the high abodes
Of affluence, and the fanes of idol-gods,
Prone from their height with deaf'ning crash descend,
And in one mass their crumbled ruins blend:
Dark, heavy, slow, like wreathing hills, upcurl'd
The pale-red clouds, as from a burning world.
The Sun, the Moon, and all the starry host,
Quench'd their bright orbs, in pitchy vapour lost;
All Nature views the scene with wild affright,
"And impious mortals fear'd eternal Night."
They too, for gain, who plough the wat'ry way,
And in swift ships their glitt'ring stores convey,
See distant far the smoky volumes rise,
And the big sorrows drown their streaming eyes;
To shun her torments, pale with fear they stood
Far off, in deep dismay, and wail'd aloud;
Their beating bosoms throbb'd with transport wild,
And their torn locks with sordid dust defil'd:—
"Alas! our fairest hopes for ever flown!
How is the lofty City prostrate thrown!

On Her, to empire's tow'ry summit rais'd,
Th' adoring World with silent wonder gaz'd,
As reigning peerless on her gorgeous throne,
In the bright pomp of regal state she shone!
Her snow-white robes that, glorious to behold,
Burn'd with the blaze of orient pearls and gold,
O sad reverse! a shred of rags become,
And all her splendour sunk in endless gloom!
Great Source of affluence, whose exhaustless tide
With golden wealth the trading realms supplied;
Charg'd with thy brilliant stores, th' unnumber'd ships
For ev'ry distant region cleav'd the deeps:
But now, no more the plenteous fountain flows,
Thou now must drain the bitter cup of woes;
The tort'ring pangs of death thy joys arrest,
And one hour turns thee to a cheerless waste!"
So mourn'd mankind o'er Babel's dreadful fall:
Fear, faintness, horror, anguish, seiz'd on all,
Not less than if they saw the dead arise,
The stars unbalanc'd tumbling from the skies,
The Judge array'd in storms of fiercest ire,
Hell's jaws expanding, and the world on fire!
As on Wrath's dismal scene I fix'd my view,
Methought a beam illum'd th' æthereal blue;
An Angel darting from the vap'ry vast;
He gleam'd, a flash of lightning, as he pass'd;
Down from the clouds a weighty mass he hurl'd,
Which fell, loud-thund'ring, on the billowy world;
While straight he cried, (the skies his accents ring);
"With violence thus th' Almighty Arm shall fling
Thy tow'rs, O Babel! headlong to the ground;
Where late thou stood'st, shall never more be found:

No more thy spacious vaulted roofs prolong
The cheerful notes of soul-subduing Song;
No more thy trumpets breathe the solemn peal,
No more thy pipes the growing concert swell,
No more thy lyrists brush the trembling chords,
Nor am'rous ditties fire thy sensual lords;
Death screams aloud, and Horror wide extends,
While all thy pomp to the dark grave descends:
Here Art employs the craftsman's toil no more,
No whirling millstones grind the meally store,
No merchants spread their wealth of rich perfumes,
No nuptial torch emblaze thy festal rooms,
No youths nor maids in airy dances bound,
No bridegroom hail his bride with joyous sound:
Deep-mourning glooms, instead, o'ershadowing all,
Without one ray to gild the sable hall;
While, thron'd in Darkness, Terror's grizly King
Far o'er the sunless realm expands his iron wing!"
Thus sunk th' imperial Town, with all her fame,
A prey to carnage and vindictive flame;
Destruction's besom, with tremendous sweep,
Hurl'd down her tow'rs, and whelm'd them in the deep.
For, swol'n with pride, heav'n's awful Sire she scorn'd,
And purple Kings her throne with gold adorn'd;
Her wealthy merchants were the great by birth,
Her magic spells seduc'd the blinded Earth;
The sacred blood of saints and prophets slain
Her guilty pavements soil'd with deep'ning stain;
But those, victorious in the deathful fray,
Now triumph, smiling in immortal Day;
While she lies mould'ring on the naked plain,
A heap of worms, abhorr'd by God and men!

CHAPTER XIX.

ARGUMENT.—*God praised for the punishment of Babylon.—The Marriage of the Lamb with his mystical Spouse.—The War of the Beast against the Lamb; the assembling of the Forces, the Engagement; the Defeat of the Beast with his Confederate, and their final Punishment.*

AND now I heard o'er all the starry plain,
Ten thousand thousand voices raise the strain;
Symphonious warbled on their harps of gold,
With ev'ry charm of sound the music roll'd;
In sweet preamble, "Hallelujah" rings,
"Immortal praise be to the King of Kings!
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r divine,
Through all the vast Eternity be thine!
Thy ways unerring Truth and Wisdom guide;
Thy dreadful judgments quell the Harlot's pride,
Whom law, nor faith, nor conscious shame could bind,
Whose monstrous lusts enslav'd the human kind;
Ador'd, ador'd be Thou, whose matchless hand
Pour'd just destruction on th' unhallow'd land,
T' avenge the Saints who in thy cause expir'd,
But baffled Death, and, crown'd with Life, retir'd!
Let ceaseless Hallelujahs swell our lays,
And all Heav'n's arches ring triumphant praise!
She who disgrac'd the beauteous works of God,
And soak'd the purple earth with righteous blood,
Is now a prey to Hell's vindictive rage,
Her smoke ascends the sky, from age to age!"

Respondent to this strain, with one accord,
The twice twelve Sires and starry Four ador'd,
On the smooth pavement prostrate round the throne,
And sing the Glories of th' Eternal One:—
"Amen, amen! from Earth, and Seas, and Skies,
Let the full Choir of Hallelujahs rise!" [small,
Then from the Throne was heard:—"Ye great and
Thus, ever thus, with fear and rev'rence fall
Before your King! to Him ascribe the sway,
And Him let all created worlds obey."
On this, methought the millions of the sky
Fill'd with redoubled shouts the tracts on high,
Loud as the noise of rushing Ocean Floods,
Or mighty thunders roll'd through racking clouds;
While thus they chaunt:—"The God of Gods extol,
Th' Almighty God who reigns without controul!
The course of destin'd years hath now expir'd,
And the blest Period comes, so long desir'd:
Exult with gen'ral joy, ye Climes above!
Each tongue be praise, and ev'ry heart be love!
To all your harps adapt the grateful Ode,
And sing the Nuptials of the Lamb of God!
To meet her royal Spouse with open arms,
The Bride comes forth, array'd in all her charms;
Behold she comes! her garments, pure and white,
Flow round her form in pompous waves of light,
Transcending far the Sun's unsullied rays,
When o'er the skies he pours the noontide blaze!
This is the Robe procur'd by Him who gave
His sacred life, a falling world to save;
The soul-renewing Garment, freely giv'n,
That hides our guilt, and fits the saint for heav'n:

No more the shafts of Death or Hell annoy:
Sing, Earth and Ocean! shout all Heav'n, for joy!
Directed, then I wrote:—"Supremely bless'd
Who come, invited to the nuptial feast,
Where, with his best belov'd, the Lamb presides,
Partakes, and with unsparing hand divides
The plenteous boon, th' immortal heav'nly food,
Among the myriads ransom'd by his blood:
This is the sweet repast that never cloys;
The earnest this of never-ending joys!
Such are the truths reveal'd by God's command;
'Tis God confirms them, and his word shall stand."
This done; amaz'd at each stupendous scene
That shaded forth the various fates of men,
Before the Angel's sacred feet I bow'd,
Kissing the radiant ground whereon he trod,
And fain would yield him homage due to God:
He, smiling sweet, prevents my rash design:—
"Beware! beware! such honours are not mine;
One of the brethren I, the faithful train,
Who spread o'er Earth our Master's heav'nly reign:
A fellow servant can no worship claim;
Adore no being but the great Supreme."
I now beheld before Jehovah's throne,
On a wide plain that smooth as chrystal shone,
Where millions of immortal Glories trod,
And in full concert hymn'd the praise of God,
A FORM AUGUST, surpassing all in height;
He rode majestic on a Steed of light.
The TRUE, the JUST, the FAITHFUL, is his name;
Applauding worlds his righteous acts proclaim:

He wages war with all the Pow'rs of Hell;
Just are his judgments, and his arms prevail:
A blaze of crowns his awful head adorn'd;
Like fiery flame his eyes incessant burn'd:
Immers'd in blood, his crimson garments shine,
And Angels call his name "THE WORD DIVINE:"
The glowing Vest his titled name records,
IMMANUEL, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.
A mystic name he bore, conceal'd from view,
Which he alone of all created knew.
A two-edg'd sword (the lively sign of Truth)
Fierce-waving, seem'd to issue from his mouth;
This keen resistless blade he wields in fight,
The baffled hosts of Pride are turn'd to flight:
The Rebel Nations feel his iron rod,
And, trembling, bend before the Filial God:
He treads the vine-press of his Father's ire,
The dreadful symbol of eternal Fire.
Behind him, far as eyes could mark the plain,
Ten thousand thousand Warriors form'd his train;
On burning Steeds th' æthereal legions rode,
All cloth'd in light; their pompous garments flow'd
In full luxuriance billowing o'er the void;
The long array, refulgent far and wide,
Swift as they mov'd, illum'd th' abodes on high,
And doubled splendours flash'd o'er all the sky.
As thus God's armies mov'd in order bright,
Another awful Form attracts my sight:
His front appear'd to touch the starry spires;
The Sun's huge Orb, emitting copious fires,

Supports his burning feet. He peals a sound
Whose echoes float to Nature's utmost bound:
"Ye fowls of ev'ry shape or wing, that sail
With various motion on the breezy gale,
Where'er along the cloudy world you fly,
Round the four quarters of the spacious sky!
The dreadful Pow'r who guides these rolling spheres
For your whole race a plenteous feast prepares:
Assemble through the wide aerial vast,
Ye feather'd tribes! and share the great repast,
The flesh of sceptred kings and gen'rals slain,
The flesh of captains, with their warrior train,
The flesh of riders and their flound'ring steeds,
The flesh of heroes fam'd for martial deeds,
Of ev'ry birth, of ev'ry known degree,
The flesh of small and great, and bond and free,
In mangled heaps shall strew yon reeking shore—
Go! glut your hungry maws with fat and gore!"
He spoke: all Nature, starting, took th' alarm,
The realms, enrag'd, for mortal combat arm:
The sev'nfold Beast displays th' imperial Sign;
To aid him, Earth's confed'rate monarchs join:
From ev'ry clime, o'er all the huge domain,
Like streams of billowy vapour pour'd the train;
The Dragon-Monster leads the hosts to fight,
Against the Pow'r who rode the steed of light.
The sacred Legions, form'd in fair array,
Descend along the skies to mix the fray;
On steeds of flame heav'n's blazing myriads borne;
Their armour glitter'd like the rising Morn;
A fiery Zone they stretch'd from pole to pole;
Beneath them thick the vap'ry volumes roll.

Alighting, now, they pour'd o'er all the plain
In rolling floods: the tempest swells amain,
Pregnant with blood and havock scorning bounds;
The champain thunders, and the sky resounds:
Rage and Despair their serpent-scourges rear,
Tremendous Uproar, and heart-with'ring Fear,
Blacken'd the scene of horrors! Ghastly pale,
Death took all shapes, and Earth appear'd like Hell!
Long, long the wid'ning storm of Ruin held
Its wasting empire o'er th' ensanguin'd field;
At length the Host of heav'n, unconquer'd found,
Compell the Atheist force to quit the ground:
In millions slaughter'd fell the flying crowd,
And gasping roll'd in tides of purple blood:
Like lightning, whirl'd aloft with direful sway,
IMMANUEL's Sword completes the fatal day:
From north and south the scent of carnage borne
Spreads through the west, and taints the breezy morn:
The hungry fowls on rustling pinions fly
From the four winds, and darken all the sky;
Hawks, eagles, vultures, ev'ry bird of prey,
Flock'd to the banquet through th' aerial way;
Then screaming hoarse, thick settled on the plain,
And, rav'nous, gorg'd their fill on carrion slain.

The Beast and Seer, who bore such ample sway,
And brought the world by magic spells astray,
Who caus'd them bear on high th' imprinted Sign,
And pay the brazen Statue rites divine,
Those two were captur'd, dragg'd along the plains,
And fetter'd, hands and feet, in iron chains;
Then, down, with force of mighty Angels, hurl'd
Beyond the chrystal walls that bound the world;

Alive they fell, pursu'd by lightnings dire,
In a vast sea that burn'd with liquid fire !

CHAPTER XX.

ARGUMENT.—*Satan bound during the Millenium.—He is again released.—Gog and Magog, by his suggestions, attack the Camp of the Saints, but are destroyed by fire from heaven.—Satan's ultimate fate.—The general Judgment.*

AND now, a mighty Angel wings the pole,
Beneath him swift the gath'ring vapours roll;
Dreadful he frown'd ! his face was all on flame,
The bolt's dread glare from his fierce eye-balls came !
In his right hand he held a brazen chain,
That, rattling, swept o'er half th' æthereal plain;
Earth's wide extent his piercing glance survey'd;
And there he mark'd where the old Serpent play'd
His wily arts on all the sons of men,
By force or fraud his fell designs to gain:
Swift as the fiery flash pervades the skies,
Directly down the darting Cherub flies,
And seiz'd in his firm grasp the destin'd prey,
The Prince of Air, who bore unrivall'd sway,
The Rebel Dragon, Foe to God and Man,
Who strives to baffle Mercy's sacred plan;
To wreck on Adam's race his deadly hate,
In vengeance for his own disastrous fate.

The Monster, captur'd, vomits grisly fires,
And, madly struggling, twists his scaly spires,
Rearing with horrid yells: in vain he turns,
His guilty head the trampling Angel spurns
With heel insulting: mad he writhes in pain,
As fold on fold the strong vindictive chain
Around his crackling ribs triumphant winds,
And with coercive knots his arms and pinions binds.
Then snatching from the ground the pond'rous load,
Th' up-springing Angel cleaves the vap'ry road,
And hies him to the black terrific bound;
Obedient to the touch, with rumbling sound,
Th' expanding Earth unveils the realm of Woe,
Where Hell's unbottom'd burning Oceans flow:
From the dark pit thick flames and smoke ascend;
Hurl'd headlong down th' abyss the fetter'd Fiend
Swift whirling fell amid the surgy waves;
Earth o'er his head recoiling rolls her caves;
Imprison'd there to wail with groans and tears,
Through the long period of a thousand years.
Then on the portals of the Den of Hell
Shut firm, the Seraph stamp'd the fatal seal,
That here the Dragon, tortur'd day and night,
Should howl, sequester'd from the world of light;
Till the full term revolving cours'd the skies,
When Heav'n's high will permits him once to rise,
And tempt mankind again with glozing lies:
The faithful prov'd, the little season past,
Satan is doom'd afresh, and Death shall groan his last.
Now scenes of beauty strike my ravish'd eyes,
And fairer climes in lovely prospect rise,

Fields pure as Heav'n their ample space display:
Along their whole extent, in bright array,
Methought there stood a range of thrones divine,
Whereon the saints in blazing orders shine:
From the long rest of ages in the grave,
Like Suns emerging from the Ocean wave,
With life renew'd, arose the faithful train,
A thousand years to hold their happy reign,
As priests and kings, before the Saviour-God,
Who deigns to fix with Man his lov'd abode.
Those all engag'd the banded Pow'rs of Night,
And turn'd their whole confed'rate force to flight,
'Gainst Death and Hell the Christian Flag unfurl'd,
And brav'd the terrors of th' Apostate World,
Bent not their knees before the Sea-born Beast,
Nor bore on hand or front his mark impress'd,
Held all his threats and offers in disdain,
Resign'd their lives, and Victors left the plain:
Those, on refulgent thrones, their ranks display,
And with Immanuel bear united sway,
While all the subject realms their laws obey.
Blest Resurrection! first in name and place!
Thrice blest who share in this peculiar grace!
On such the second Death no claim can prove;
God honours those with his distinguish'd love.
A thousand years they sway the blest abode,
And reign with Jesus as the priests of God.
Then shall the brazen Walls which once disjoin'd
The various Sects and Hearts of human kind,
Fall prostrate on the smooth extended plain,
And ev'ry mystic veil be rent in twain,

All men like brethren live with one accord,
And own no king but Nature's gen'ral Lord:
To Zion, then, in brightest beams array'd,
With her fair Frame above all heights display'd,
Th' adoring World in endless tides shall flow,
And ev'ry suppliant knee to Jesus bow;
Hills, valleys, rocks, and wilds, his triumphs sound,
And Ocean's utmost Isles the glad acclaim rebound.
The rest of men whose mould'ring bodies lay
Beneath the shadowy Monarch's iron sway,
Were still to sleep, the pris'ners of the Tomb,
Wrapt in the veil of Night's impervious gloom;
Till the long period fraught with deeds of gold
Had o'er the peaceful world its circle roll'd.
Soon as the happy thousand years expire,
The Dragon, tortur'd in the deeps of fire,
Once more unfetter'd, quits his flaming den,
And hies him to th' abodes of wretched men.
Methought I saw the bellowing Terror fly,
While Night before him shrowded half the sky;
From his foul breath, and shrill resounding wings,
The livid damps of Sin aud Death he flings;
The magic taint through the clogg'd æther spreads,
Perverts each sense, and wraps the soul in shades;
Again, Destruction roars with hellish rage,
And angry realms in dismal war engage:
Ev'n to Earth's four extremes the Tempter flies,
Whence the four sweeping winds turmoil the skies;
His dire illusions Gog and Magog blind,
And stir their deadly wrath against mankind;
A tribe that widely stretch'd their ample reign,
Innum'rous as the sand that lines the main.

Those rouse their swarming throngs from shore to shore,
Intent to drench the world again with gore:
Where'er they roll'd, Destruction mark'd their way,
And Fire and Sword with rage incessant slay.
In steely circuit now they wind their pow'rs
Around where Zion rear'd her stately tow'rs,
The sacred Camp, the Saint's belov'd abode,
Th' eternal Fane of Jacob's mighty God;
To stretch this bulwark prostrate on the plain,
Their utmost force they tried, but tried in vain:
For God commanded; and down rushing came
From heav'n an Ocean of sulphureous flame,
Which, all involving, with resistless sway,
At once consum'd the death-devoted prey.
Forthwith the Serpent, who, with base deceit,
Had lur'd the Rebels to their crime and fate,
Again, in chains of endless torment bound,
Was headlong hurl'd into the great profound;
The Gulf of Hell receives its falling Sire,
Where, mid the horrors of unceasing Fire,
The Beast and lying Prophet, night and day,
Rush whirling down along th' unfathom'd way;
Without redemption, doom'd to feel the rage
Of racks and scorching flames, from age to age!
Now, ev'ry cloud of Darkness roll'd away,
Heav'n op'ning, pour'd a boundless flood of day!
Far, far above, I saw th' IMMORTAL ONE
High seated on a white empyreal Throne!
At once the earth, the seas, the starry sphere,
Torn from their crashing axles, fled for fear!
Creation, as her angry Maker frown'd,
Vanish'd! her ancient place no more was found!

I saw the dead before him, small and great!
I saw display'd the awful Rolls of Fate;
All Adam's offspring hear their causes tried,
And life and death pronounc'd, as those decide!
At length, each dark mysterious knot evolv'd,
The guilty world condemned, the just absolv'd;
As erst when Chaos heard: "Let there be Light!"
The beam wide-blazing sunder'd day and night,
So, sudden as the Judge commands, divide
The parted throngs, and fall to either side:
Those found not in the rolls of Life, were driv'n
Far to the left, exil'd from God and Heav'n,
With Death and Hell in brazen fetters tied,
And swept by lightnings down the gaping void;
In the black empire of the Second Death,
That fiercely burn'd with sulph'rous seas beneath,
Shrieking they fell, tost round in whirlpools dire,
And o'er them rav'd the world of liquid fire!

CHAPTER XXI.

ARGUMENT.—*A prospect of the New Creation.—The Glories of the Celestial Jerusalem described.*

THUS pass'd the ancient scene of things away,
And human works like airy dreams decay;
Earth, with her seas and plains, and mountain spires,
And the vast orbs that roll'd their burning fires

O'er Heav'n's wide plain, in beauteous order rang'd,
Sliding from age to age with course unchang'd!
One moment sunk the whole stupendous frame
To the void gulf of Darkness, whence it came.
When ev'ry trace of the first Scheme withdrew,
At once a fairer system rose anew;
High o'er the ruins of the perish'd world
A purer sky its azure veil unfurl'd,
O'er a new earth, from ev'ry dross refin'd,
A lovely Transcript of th' IMMORTAL MIND!
Less beauteous far Creation's elder Child
On the first Sabbath morn serenely smil'd,
When from his lofty Throne the Maker view'd
The whole perfected, and pronounc'd it good.
Such was the high reward, the destin'd reign
Procur'd by Jesus for his ransom'd train;
His jewell'd Spouse, descending from her God,
Shall, here establish'd, fix her firm abode.
These eyes beheld, as Heav'n its clouds unroll'd,
The sacred Salem burning all in gold!
These ravish'd eyes beheld the glorious Fair,
Down as she mov'd along the pathless air,
In the full blaze of her attractive charms,
To meet her Lov'd, and fold him in her arms.
This dazzling effluence of empyreal Light
Had whelm'd my visive orbs with pitchy night;
But, God supporting, the nerv'd sense endures
A day too strong for Man's unaided pow'rs.
Hark! a celestial Voice proclaims aloud;
Creation gladdens as it flies abroad:—
"Jehovah-Jesus, with his holy Fane,
Descends to dwell among the race of men;

All his Redeem'd shall throng the bless'd abode,
They His peculiar flock, and He their God,
With them he rules while endless ages flow,
And wipes from ev'ry eye the tear of woe.
No more shall pain or dire disease inflame,
No more convulsions rack the tortur'd frame,
No more the shriek of anguish pierce the heart,
No more the King of Terrors wave his dart;
The gloom of former scenes has pass'd away,
And now unclouded beams immortal Day."

Then spoke the glorious Pow'r who fill'd the throne,
That o'er th' æthereal arch illustrious shone:—
" Behold the change: 'tis I make all things new,
Write down: these words are faithful, just, and true:
'Tis done: Completion crowns each wise design,
And all the pow'r of Heav'n and Earth is mine;
Through both Eternities, to come and past,
I reign the Sov'reign Godhead, First and Last;
The sceptred lords that rule yon earthly ball,
Prone at my feet with lowly rev'rence fall.
Come, all ye hungry! taste immortal joy,
And sate your wants with feasts that never cloy;
Ye weary wand'rers! hail your blissful home;
Let him who thirsts, with ample freedom come,
And drink, where Life's perennial fountains roll,
Full draughts of health, to cheer his longing soul.
The man who boldly braves the dire alarms,
Nor quits the field till Conquest crown his arms,
Enthron'd with me shall heir the bless'd abode,
He my adopted Son, and I his God.
But all the faithless, all the dastard race,
And all whose monstrous lusts their kind disgrace,

All who confound the laws of Right and Wrong,
Or, smoothly flatt'ring, ply th' ambiguous tongue,
Who trust to magic Rites, or idol-Gods,
Or with wide slaughter ravage Man's abodes,
In utter darkness their sad lot partake,
Toss'd on the surges of th' infernal lake,
Where brimstone rolling down in ceaseless streams
Feeds and supplies the liquid world of flames;
This is the Second Death, their fate forlorn,
Who sport with God, and laugh his pow'r to scorn."
He said: when, issuing from the radiant quire,
An Angel cleaves the vast on wings of fire;
To me direct he steers his airy way,
While round his form celestial glories play:
One of the Sev'n who flung the wrathful tide
On Man's apostate race, to scourge their pride;
He thus invites me with a smile of love:
"Come, favour'd of the Sire who reigns above!
I lead thee to yon mountain's distant height,
Whence the fair Spouse shall glad thy ravish'd sight,
The Spouse prepar'd to wed th' incarnate King,
While all Heav'n's Vaults with shouts of triumph ring."
Forthwith, unclogg'd by that incumb'ring load,
Which weighs th' immortal down to Earth's abode,
A Spirit pure, æthereal, unconfin'd,
I stood, from all terrestrial dross disjoin'd:
Smooth, without step, as vapours sail the sky,
Methought we clave the balmy tracts on high;
O'er many a wide empyreal realm we pass'd,
Wood, river, valley, plain, and wat'ry waste;
A hill appear'd in view, with forests crown'd,
That high o'ertopp'd the mountains neighb'ring round;

Its tow'ring forehead gain'd, our flight we stay,
And fair, beneath, the boundless prospect lay.
Far distant, in unclouded vision shone
The Palace of the great IMMORTAL ONE!
The sacred Salem, which the Lamb of God,
Delighted, styles his ever dear abode,
All-glorious, borne along the calm serene,
To fix her seat among the race of men!
The day that issued from th' Eternal Sire
Set all her tow'ry battlements on fire;
Her light within, like brilliant chrystal beams,
Mix'd with the jasper's mild refreshing gleams;
Of awful height ascend her walls divine,
Around her twelve majestic portals shine;
At ev'ry gate a watchful Angel stands,
To shut or open, as his Lord commands.
Conspicuous shone on ev'ry polish'd fold
The names of Israel's tribes in letter'd gold:
Three blazing portals front the rosy Morn;
Against them, three the western side adorn;
Three fac'd the south, and three the northern pole;
Each fronting each, made one proportion'd Whole.
Besides, the Guide who led my ravish'd sight
Through the pure regions of eternal light,
With meas'ring wand her wide extent survey'd,
Her stately courts in fuller view display'd,
Her rows of streets, her tow'rs, her palace halls,
And the vast height of her transparent walls;
The length and breadth, twelve thousand furlongs found,
As Angels wont to mete celestial ground.
The circling walls of living jasper shin'd,
Their equal sides in quadrate form combin'd;

Each glitt'ring side bestarr'd with jewels bright,
Twelve twelves of cubits was their measur'd height;
On twelve foundations rose her lofty frame,
And each foundation bore a favour'd name:
The twelve who first announc'd the happy day
When Jacob's Star reveal'd the Gospel-Ray,
Had this peculiar mark of grace assign'd
To crown their worth, distinct from all mankind.
The colour'd base, commingling splendours, shone,
Garnish'd with pearls of ev'ry costly stone:
The Jasper here reveals its pleasing hue,
The Sapphire there, of deep æthereal blue,
The Chalcedon, with lucid radiance gay,
And the green Em'rald shoots a livelier ray,
Here Sardonyx its crimson blush display'd,
The Sardius mix'd a dun contrasted shade,
The Chrys'lite there, and Chrysophrase, unfold
Their beams, where vernal greenness blends with gold;
Green look'd the Beryl; Jacinth sends a stream
Where brown and yellow rays alternate gleam;
Bright Amethyst a deep'ning purple shows,
And, fair as morn, the flaming Topaz glows.
High o'er the wall her arching gates aspire,
Each lucid portal was one Gem* entire;
Immortal gold her spacious streets adorn'd,
And clear as glass the level pavements burn'd,
Her courts surrounding, shone with equal rays,
Streets, tow'rs, and walls, reflecting blaze on blaze.
From the bright scenes that flam'd on ev'ry side,
Full floods of glory issu'd far and wide;

* Pearl. ἑξ ἑνὸς μαργαρίτου.

While all the tints that deck th' æthereal Bow,
Shot from the pearly walls, with dancing splendours glow.
No temples here their stately valves unfold;
No od'rous fumes from smoking altars roll'd,
The shouting myriads hail th' Almighty King,
And the bless'd Lamb their equal anthems sing;
These were their temple, here their off'rings blaze,
Each heart an altar, and each tongue was praise.
No more the Sun his early beam shall spread,
Nor the Moon glimmer through the dusky shade;
Lost in the tide of Heav'n's immortal Day
Sun, Moon, and Stars, and Seas and Skies, decay!
The Race who heard the Gospel's cheering sound,
Obey'd its dictates, and its comforts found,
From Earth's remotest ends shall pour in throngs,
And fill her spacious halls with choral songs:
All the long day display'd her portal stands;
For here no Night her sable veil expands:
Th' unclouded splendours of the Throne divine,
From age to age shall on lov'd Salem shine,
At Jesus' feet th' assembled Nations lay
The shining emblems of terrestrial sway,
And mortal Grandeur, with diminish'd rays,
Shall sink absorpt in Heav'n's unbounded blaze!
But hence debarr'd are all the wily kind,
Who strive with lies the simple world to blind,
The tribes which foster Passion's lawless flame,
And headlong rush on ev'ry vile extreme:
No substance marr'd by Guilt's infectious stain
Must ever those unsoil'd abodes profane:
This is the rest for suff'ring Worth prepar'd,
Here, true Religion meets the just reward;

The Names in Life's eternal Rolls inscrib'd,
Who lov'd the Gospel, and its truths imbib'd,
Held this fair Lamp as their unerring guide,
Fought the good fight of faith, and, conqu'ring, died:
For these her courts unfading splendours beam,
And vital wells through heav'nly Edens stream.
Now pains, and griefs, and fears, and fell dismay,
With all Life's storm of ills, have pass'd away;
Empyreal Skies unveil their pure serene,
And with God's presence glad the happy train:
Here shall the hungry share the plenteous feast,
Here from long toils the weary wand'rer rest,
Fell racks and tortures here shall cease to glow;
Here balm distills, to cure the pang of woe;
The lyre and song their blissful time employ,
And sighs and groans are turn'd to hymns of joy.
Eternal Beauty decks the smiling plains;
And All in All Supreme JEHOVAH reigns.

CHAPTER XXII.

ARGUMENT.—*The River of Life.—Happiness of the glorified.—Authenticity of the Apocalypse.—Promise of Christ's coming.—Conclusion.*

THUS o'er the splendid mansions of the sky,
From scene to scene he leads my ravish'd eye:
The throne august, where, cloth'd with peerless Day,
God and the Lamb th' eternal sceptre sway,

We now survey'd. Beneath its awful height,
There shone, swift-issuing from the Spring of Light,
A stream of liquid amber, gliding round
Through mazy lab'rinths o'er the flow'ry ground;
Life's golden waves, dispensing, as they roll,
Immortal health for man's distemper'd soul.
High on its sloping banks a sylvan scene
Arose in stately grandeur o'er the plain,
The green reflection paints the flood below,
And loads of mellow fruit on the bent branches glow;
The trees of Life, whose dewy leaves distil
All-healing balm for ev'ry tort'ring ill;
From ev'ry realm, the sick, the maim'd, the blind,
Here sight, and ease, and sweet reflection find:
Each rolling month, in this celestial clime,
As saints in glory mete the course of Time,
These blooming Trees to full perfection rear
The luscious Fraught that crowns the heav'nly Year.
Twelve various fruits, with blooming beauty gay,
A lovely scene of mingled hues display.
This happy Seat is Paradise regain'd,
The boon of Works that flow from Faith unfeign'd:
Among these pleasant bow'rs th' elect employ
Their warbling harps, and quaff perennial joy.
No curse shall ever taint the pure abode,
For here the Lamb shall reign enthron'd with God,
Here, the Redeem'd, at ease from all their toils,
Bask in th' eternal sun-shine of his smiles;
Stampt on their front they bear his mystic Name,
Their joy of joys to praise the Great Supreme,
His love to Man their ever-pregnant theme.

No night shall here her murky wings extend,
Its earthly light no glimm'ring taper lend ;
Lost were the cloudless Sun's meridian rays
In the full flood of that unbounded blaze
Which bursts effusive from the Throne above,
And wide illumines all the realms of Love,
Where reign the Bless'd, exempt from Time's decays,
And endless ages hear their songs of praise.

At length Immanuel spoke :—" Let Man be wise,
These are the faithful dictates of the skies :
That God who pierces Time's mysterious gloom,
And leads his Seers through ages yet to come,
His Angel sends, to shew thee things on high,
Things ne'er before vouchsaf'd to mortal eye ;
What woes and triumphs wait the Church of God,
While doom'd to toil on Earth's unquiet abode ;
What certain fates betide the guilty race
Who serve their lusts, and spurn at proffer'd Grace ;
How all events in destin'd order run,
Till final darkness blots the golden Sun :
Though awful shades the mystic truths conceal,
The Heav'n-illumin'd eye can pierce the veil.

Now hear what Jesus speaks :—" The hour is nigh ;
I quickly come, the deeds of men to try :
Thrice bless'd the race which with due care obey
The precepts here contain'd, to guide their way ;
Such I exalt, with kingly glory crown'd,
And worlds unnumber'd shall their fame resound."

Thus, scene by scene, mine eager eyes o'er-ran
The symbols shadowing forth the fates of Man ;
Each great event convinc'd my ravish'd soul
That Love beyond example sway'd the whole,

Amaz'd at views so glorious, down I fall,
Kissing the pavement of the starry hall,
Whereon my radiant Guide sublimely trod,
And fain would yield him homage due to God.
He, smiling sweet, prevents my rash design:—
"Beware! beware! such honours are not mine;
Thy mate in toil, I guard the faithful train
Who read the deep decrees of Heav'n to men,
Who hold the mandates in this book convey'd,
And bear the Cross from realm to realm display'd:
Like thee and those, I serve the Great Supreme,
And thus presume not God's sole right to claim:
Adore no being, but One Sire divine,
And pay thy homage, as his laws enjoin.
Now, this prophetic Roll unseal'd must stand;
For lo! th' appointed hour is near at hand:
Let impious Pow'r perform injustice still;
Let Fraud beguile, and Lust indulge her fill;
Let righteous men pursue the righteous road,
Approv'd of Conscience, and endear'd to God:
"I come," saith Jesus, "on the whirlwind's wing,
The Judge of Earth, and Heav'n's Almighty King,
Rewards or Vengeance to dispense around
To good or bad, as human works are found.
The First, the Last of all created things,
I, Jesus, rule, th' unrivall'd King of Kings;
My potent mandate Fate and Time obey,
And Heav'n's revolving Orbs confess my sway:
My voice the Realm of ancient Darkness heard;
Bedeck'd with stars the swelling arch was rear'd;
Again I nod—the stars shall cease to blaze,
And the vast Frame, like melting smoke, decays.

They who with steady course pursue the road,
Whose rule is Conscience, and whose trust is God,
Safe on this solid Rock, shall stand approv'd,
And hear the crash of falling worlds unmov'd.
For these, behold the gates of heav'n display'd,
And Paradise in all her pomp array'd,
While shouting Angels, rang'd in order bright,
Conduct the Strangers to their thrones of light.

But rav'ning dogs who waste the Christian Fold,
Who bend to shapes of wood, or brass, or gold,
Who strive by magic spells the world to blind,
With all the slaves of Lust, that shame their kind,
They who, to satiate rage, or thirst for more,
Have stain'd the midnight blade with human gore,
The double-tongu'd, who frame the wily cheat,
Whose hollow hearts are nests of black deceit;
These all sequester'd from the Dome divine
Eternal chains in Hell's abyss confine;
For the pure clime brooks no defiling stain,
Where joys unmix'd for endless ages reign.

I Jesus Christ, enthron'd at God's right hand,
Have charg'd mine Angel with the great command,
Through future years to lead thy mental eye;
'Tis thine to preach these myst'ries of the sky:
To all my Church th' important truth proclaim,
That I in heav'n and earth am Lord Supreme,
The Stem and Branch of David's sacred line,
Where God and Flesh in mystic union join,
The Gospel-Star, whose all-enliv'ning ray
Refulgent ushers in immortal Day!
The Sp'rit invites me to my regal home,
The mystic Bride, impatient, bids me come;

Let him who hears repeat the cheering sound:
" He comes! He comes!" let Earth and Skies rebound!
Hither let those who faint for thirst repair,
And life and health with plenteous freedom share;
For here th' immortal Streams of Pleasure flow,
Th' efficient Cure of ev'ry human Woe.

Now, mark my final charge with careful ear;
Let them, who read, the awful threat'ning fear!
Who dares ingraft his own invented lies
On these mysterious dictates of the skies,
Or by false gloss explain their sense away,
With purpos'd aim to lead the weak astray;
Full at his head each fiery vengeance hurl'd,
Herein denounc'd against the Rebel-World,
Shall plunge him deep where Hell's fierce Oceans glow,
And the Great God is his eternal Foe.

Again, the tribe that dare, from base design,
Suppress or mutilate this word divine,
Divulge it in what curtail'd form they choose,
And blot what clashes with their private views,
The righteous Judge who bears supreme controul
Shall blot their names from Life's æthereal Roll,
Expunge their portion from the realms of Rest,
And ev'ry Promise sent to cheer the blest.

The God of Truth, whose Word can never fail,
Hath stamp'd these Records with his sacred Seal:
" Behold! I quickly come!" aloud he cries;
Approach ye Saints; receive the destin'd prize!"
" Come, Jesus! come! thy Saints impatient call;
Assume thy rightful Throne, the LORD OF ALL!

O'er Nature's vast extent thy pow'r display,
And let Earth, Seas, and Skies, adore thy sway!"

Now, may his Grace o'er all the Church preside,
And through this vale of tears her progress guide;
May his All-pow'rful Presence cheer her way,
His Fire in darkness, and his Cloud by day;
Till safe conducted to that happy shore
Where sighs are hush'd, and tortures urge no more,
All met, with shouts of boundless triumph sing
The ceaseless praise of heav'n's Eternal King.

FINIS.

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